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uee son habit de facquin.
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Il faut auouer qu'Arlequin
Fait les delices du Theatre

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Howard, Sir Robert

FOUR NEW

PLAYS,

Viz:

The { SURPRISAL, / COMMITTEE, } Comedies.

The { INDIAN-QUEEN, / VESTAL-VIRGIN, } Tragedies.

As they were Acted by His MAJESTIES Servants at the *Theatre-Royal.*

Written by the Honourable

Sir *ROBERT HOWARD.*

IMPRIMATUR,

March 7. 166$\frac{4}{5}$. *Roger L' Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1665.

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Viz.:

The {SUPERNATURAL, / [illegible]} Comedies.

The {[illegible] / [illegible]} Tragedies.

As they were Acted by His MAJESTIES Servants at the Theatre Royal.

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LONDON.

1837

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the Blew-Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1677.

TO THE READER.

THere is none more ſenſible than I am, how great a Charity the moſt Ingenious may need, that expoſe their private Wit to a publique Judgment; ſince the ſame Phanſie from whence the Thoughts proceed, muſt probably be kind to its own Iſſue: This renders Men no perfecter Judges of their own Writings, than Fathers are of their own Children, who find out that Wit in them which another diſcerns not, and ſee not thoſe Errors which are evident to the unconcern'd. Nor is this ſelf-kindneſs more fatal to Men in their Writings, than in their Actions; every Man being a greater Flatterer to himſelf than he knows how to be to another; otherwiſe it were impoſſible that things of ſuch diſtant Natures ſhou'd find their own Authors ſo equally kind in their affections to them, and Men ſo different in Parts and Virtues, ſhould reſt equally contented in their own Opinions.

This Apprehenſion, added to that greater which I have of my own Weakneſs, may I hope incline the Reader to believe me, when I aſſure him that theſe Follies were made publique as much againſt my Inclination as Judgement: But being purſu'd with ſo many Sollicitations of Mr Herringman's, and having received Civilities from

him if it were possible exceeding his Importunities; I at last yielded to prefer that which he believed his Interest, before that which I apprehended my own Disadvantage: Considering withal, That he might pretend it would be a real Loss to him, and could be but an imaginary Prejudice to me; since things of this nature, though never so excellent, or never so mean, have seldom prov'd the Foundation of Mens new-built Fortunes, or the Ruine of their old; it being the Fate of Poetry, though of no other good Parts, to be wholly separated from Interest; and there are few that know me but will easily believe I am not much concern'd in an unprofitable Reputation. This clear account I have given the Reader of this seeming Contradiction, to offer that to the World which I dislike my self; and in all things I have no greater an ambition than to be believ'd a Person that would rather be unkind to my self, than ungrateful to others.

I have made this excuse for my self, I offer none for my Writings, but freely leave the Reader to condemn that which has receiv'd my Sentence already. Yet I shall presume to say somthing in the justification of our Nations Plays, though not of my own; since in my Judgment, without being partial to my Country, I do really prefer our Plays as much before any other Nations, as I do the best of ours before my own.

The manner of the Stage-Entertainments have differ'd in all Ages; and as it has encreas'd in use, it has enlarg'd it self in business: The general manner of Plays among the Ancients we find in Seneca's *Tragedies for serious Subjects, and in* Terence *and* Plautus *for the Comical; in which latter we see some pretences to Plots, though certainly short of what we have seen in some of* Mr Johnson's *Plays; and for their Wit, especially* Plautus, *I suppose it suited much better in those days than it would do in ours; for were their Plays strictly Translated, and Presented on our Stage, they would hardly bring as many Audiences as they have now Admirers.*

The serious Plays were anciently compos'd of Speeches *and* Choruses, *where all things are related, but no matter*

of

of Fact presented on the Stage: This Pattern the French *do at this time neerly follow, only leaving out the* Chorus, *making up their Plays with almost entire and discoursive Scenes, presenting the business in Relations: This way has very much affected some of our Nation, who possibly believe well of it more upon the account that what the* French *do ought to be a Fashion, than upon the Reason of the thing.*

It is first necessary to consider why probably the Compositions of the Ancients, especially in their serious Plays, were after this manner; and it will be found, that the Subjects they commonly chose drove them upon the necessity, which were usually the most known Stories and Fables: Accordingly, Seneca *making choice of* Medea, Hyppolitus, *and* Hercules Oetus; *it was impossible to shew* Medea *throwing old mangled* Æson *into her Age-renewing Caldron, or to present the scattered Limbs of* Hyppolitus *upon the Stage, or shew* Hercules *burning upon his own Funeral Pyle: And this the judicious* Horace *clearly speaks of in his* Arte Poetica, *where he says,*

——————non tamen intus.
Digna geri, promes in Scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo *Medea* trucidet:
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius *Atreus*,
Aut in avem *Progne* vertatur, *Cadmus* in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.

So that it appears a fault to chuse such Subjects for the Stage, but much greater to affect that Method which those Subjects enforce; and therefore the French *seem much mistaken, who without the necessity sometimes commit the Error; and this is as plainly decided by the same Author in his preceding words;*

Aut agitur res in Scenis aut acta refertur:
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem;
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.—— By

By which he directly declares his Judgment, That every thing makes more impression Presented than Related: Nor indeed can any one rationally assert the contrary; for if they affirm otherwise, they do by consequence maintain, That a whole Play might be as well Related as Acted: Therefore whoever chuses a Subject that inforces him to Relations is to blame; and he that does it without the necessity of the Subject, is much more.

If these Premises be granted, 'tis no partiality to conclude, That our English *Plays justly challenge the Preheminence; yet I shall as candidly acknowledg, That our best Poets have differed from other Nations (though not so happily) in usually mingling and interweaving Mirth and Sadness through the whole Course of their Plays,* Ben. Johnson *only excepted, who keeps himself entire to one Argument; and I confess I am now convinc'd in my own Judgment, That it is most proper to keep the Audience in one entire disposition both of Concern and Attention; for when Scenes of so different Natures immediately succeed one another, 'tis probable the Audience may not so suddenly recollect themselves, as to start into an enjoyment of the Mirth, or into a concern for the Sadness: Yet I dispute not but the variety of this World may afford pursuing Accidents of such different Natures; but yet though possible in themselves to be, they may not be so proper to be Presented; an entire Connexion being the natural Beauty of all Plays, and Language the Ornament to dress them in, which in serious Subjects ought to be great and easie, like a high-born Person that expresses Greatness without pride or affectation; the easier dictates of Nature ought to flow in Comedy, yet separated from obsceneness, there being nothing more impudent than the immodesty of Words: Wit should be chaste; and those that have it can only write well.--------*

Si modo———————
Scimus in Urbanum Lepido seponere dicto.

Another way of the Ancients which the French *follow, and*

and our Stage has now lately practis'd, is to write in Rhime; and this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious Persons, Whether Verse in Rhime, or Verse without the sound, which may be call'd Blank Verse, (though a hard Expression) is to be preferr'd? But take the Question largely and it is never to be decided, but by right application I suppose it may; for in the general they are both proper, that is, one for a Play, the other for a Poem or Copy of Verses; a Blank Verse being as much too low for one, as Rhime is unnatural for the other: A Poem being a premeditated form of Thoughts upon design'd Occasions, ought not to be unfurnish'd of any harmony in Words or Sound: The other is presented as the present Effect of Accidents not thought of; so that 'tis impossible it should be equally proper to both these, unless it were possible that all Persons were born so much more than Poets, that Verses were not to be compos'd by them, but already made in them. Some may object, That this Argument is trivial, because, whatever is shew'd, 'tis known still to be but a Play; but such may as well excuse an ill Scene, that is not naturally painted, because they know 'tis only a Scene, and not really a City or Country.

But there is yet another thing which makes Verse upon the Stage appear more unnatural; that is, when a Piece of a Verse is made up by one that knew not what the other meant to say, and the former Verse answered as perfectly in Sound as the last is suppli'd in Measure; so that the smartness of a Reply, which has it's beauty by coming from sudden Thoughts, seems lost by that which rather looks like a Design of two, than the Answer of one. It may be said, That Rhime is such a confinement to a quick and luxuriant Phansie, that it gives a stop to its speed, till slow Judgment comes in to assist it; but this is no Argument for the Question in hand; for the dispute is not which way a Man may write best in, but which is most proper for the Subject he writes upon; and if this were let pass, the Argument is yet unsolv'd in it self; for he that wants Judgment in the liberty of his Phancy, may as well shew the defect of it in its Confinement; and to say truth, he

that

that has Judgment will avoid the errors, and he that wants it will commit them both. It may be objected, 'Tis improbable that any should speak ex tempore *as well as* Beaumont *and* Fletcher *makes them, though in Blank Verse; I do not only acknowledg that, but that 'tis also improbable any will write so well that way; but if that may be allow'd improbable, I believe it may be concluded impossible that any should speak as good Verses in Rhime as the best Poets have writ; and therefore that which seems neerest to what it intends, is ever ever to be prefer'd: Nor is great Thoughts more adorned by Verse, than Verse unbeautifi'd by mean ones; so that Verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worse, when a Servant is call'd, or a Door bid to be shut in Rhime. Verses (I mean good ones) do in their height of Phancy declare the labour that brought them forth, like Majesty that grows with care; and Nature that made the Poet capable, seems to retire, and leave its offers to be made perfect by Pains and Judgment: Against this I can raise no Argument but my Lord of* Orory's *Writings, in whose Verse the greatness of the Majesty seems unsullied with the Cares, and his unimitable Phancy descends to us in such easie Expressions, that they seem as if neither had ever been added to the other, but both together flowing from a height; like Birds got so high, that use no labouring Wings, but only with an easie care preserve a steadiness in motion: But this particular Happiness, among those multitudes which that excellent Person is Owner of, does not convince my Reason, but employ my Wonder: Yet I am glad such Verse has been writ for our Stage, since it has so happily exceeded those whom we seem'd to imitate. But while I give these Arguments against Verse, I may seem faulty that I have not only writ ill ones, but writ any; but since it was the fashion, I was resolv'd, as in all indifferent things, not to appear singular, the danger of the vanity being greater than the error; and therefore I follow'd it as a Fashion, though very far off.*

For the Italian *Plays I have seen some of them which have been given me as the best; but they are so inconsi-*

derable,

derable, that the Particulars of them are not at all worthy to entertain the Reader; but as much as they are short of others in this, they exceed in their other performances on the Stage; I mean their Opera's, *which consisting of Musique and Painting, there's none but will believe it is much harder to equal them in that way, than 'tis to excel them in the other.*

The Spanish *Plays pretend to more, but indeed are not much, being nothing but so many Novels put into Acts and Scenes, without the least attempt or design of making the Reader more concern'd than a well-told Tale might do; whereas a Poet that endeavours not to heighten the Accidents which Fortune seems to scatter in a well-knit Design, had better have told his tale by a Fire-side, than presented it on a Stage.*

For these Times wherein we write, I admire to hear the Poets so often cry out upon, and wittily (as they believe) threaten their Judges, since the effects of their Mercy has so much exceeded their Justice, that others with me cannot but remember how many favourable Audiences some of our ill Plays have had; and when I consider how severe the former Age has been to some of the best of Mr Johnson's *never to be equal'd Comedies, I cannot but wonder why any Poet should speak of former Times, but rather acknowledg that the want of Abilities in this Age are largely supply'd with the Mercys of it. I deny not but there are some who resolve to like nothing; and such perhaps are not unwise, since by that general resolution they may be certainly in the right sometimes, which perhaps they would seldom be, if they should venture their Understandings in different Censures; and being forc'd to a general liking or disliking, lest they should discover too much their own weakness, 'tis to be expected they would rather chuse to pretend to Judgment than good Nature, though I wish they could find better ways to shew either.*

But I forget my self, not considering, That while I entertain the Reader in the Entrance with what a good Play should be, when he is come beyond the Entrance he must be treated with what ill Plays are: But in this I resemble

the greateſt part of the World, that better know how to talk of things than to perform them, and live ſhort of their own Diſcourſes.

And now I ſeem like an eager Hunter, that has long purſu'd a Chaſe after an inconſiderable Quarry, and gives over weary, as I do.

THE SURPRISAL,

Sarah A Harriot,

COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable

Sir *ROBERT HOWARD.*

IMPRIMATUR,

March 7. 166$\frac{4}{5}$. *Roger L' Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1665.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Caſtruccio, Uncle to *Miranzo*.
Miranzo.
Cialto, Friend to *Miranzo* the late General.
Brancadoro, A rich Senators Son.
Villerotto, A bold Fellow caſhier'd by *Cialto*, and got into *Brancadoro*'s Service.
Moreno, Father to *Emilia*.
Bottolo, His Servant. Two or three *Bravoes*.
Baptiſta, Servant to *Miranzo*. A Friar.

Women.

Samira, Siſter to *Miranzo*.
Emilia.
Taccola, Her Governeſs. A Nun.

Scene *SIENNA*.

PROLOGUE.

SInce you expect a Prologue, we ſubmit:
But let me tell you, this Exciſe on Wit,
Though undiſcern'd, conſumes the Stock ſo faſt,
That no new Phancy will be left at laſt.
Wit's not like Money; Money though paid in
Paſſes about, and is receiv'd agen:
But Wit when it has once been paid before,
There it lies dead, 'tis currant then no more.
Nor muſt we plead for what we do preſent,
As in Law-Caſes, by a Preſident:
Poets and Mountebanks in this ſtrange Age
Practiſe with equal hopes upon the Stage;
For 'tis expected they ſhou'd both apply
To every Humour ſome new Remedy:
And one's as likely every man to pleaſe,
As t'other to cure every mans Diſeaſe.
----But you are welcom all; and what men ſay
Before a Feaſt, will ſerve before a Play:
Here's nothing you can like: Thus he that writes
Or makes a Feaſt, more certainly invites
His Judges than his Friends; there's not a Gueſt
But will find ſomthing wanting or ill-dreſt.
The Proverb but thus varied ſerves I fear;
Fools make the Plays, and Wiſe-men come to hear.

THE Sarah Harriott's SURPRISAL.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Miranzo *and* Samira.

Mir. 'Tis strange, Sister.

Sam. 'Tis true, Brother.

Mir. Perhaps it is; but few such wonders have been heard of.

Sam. Nor ever such a wonder caus'd it.

Mir. There needs indeed a powerful Charm
To raise up Spirits fettered long in Age.
(They say that) Love is the Souls business here,
When Youth seems to promise
It shall have a long share in Time; but his
Is fitted for its journey; Age already
Hath pack'd up all his Faculties.

Sam. Fie, fie, 'tis otherwise with him; he endeavours
Nay and (I think) believes he shall grow young again:
The warmth of Love serves for the heat of Youth.

Mir. Where (in the name of wonder) could this Love
Find entrance in his breast? or how live there?
It has no blood to feed on; Nature sure in him
Is at low ebbe.

Sam. There needs small fewel (Brother) to assist her influence;
She, like the Sun, warms all things with her sight,
Yet is not wasted with expence of heat.

Mir. You speak a miracle, Sister.----- [*He studies.*

Sam. -----You seem troubled, Brother.

Mir. Not much----but----I did believe,

When my dear Father left us to his care,
He did not apprehend my Uncle apt
For such a folly; and I little thought
To have been first saluted with this News
At my return from Travel.
Sam. My Uncle still pretends
To remain just to us; and I believe he will.
Mir. It may be so:
But when is this hot Lover to be Married?
Sam. To morrow morning.
Mir. But what mov'd her consent
To take this Mummy in her Arms?
Sam. She's all obedience to her Father, and
With him my Uncles wealth pleads high.
I do believe she thinks choice were a sin,
And would seem guilty to her self,
As if she fell from perfect Innocence,
If that a partial thought for any
Should make a way for passion in her breast.
Mir. Then it seems her Father wooes;
I hope my Uncle spares his pains.
-----But Sister, since we are in dicourse of Lovers,
'Tis not unseasonable to ask for yours,
The brave *Cialto*; the last Intelligence I had
Was of his glorious Victory; such a Lawrel
Nere yet adorn'd a Brow so youthful.
Believe me, Sister, though you may be cruel,
And unconcern'd, I must confess I share
In all that's his good fortune.
Sam. Alas, Brother, since that time
His condition is much alter'd.
Mir. Ha-----you amaze me:-----Why do you appear
So sad? He is not dead I hope!
Sam. No, perhaps his life
Is now the greatest part of his misfortune.
Mir. Still I am lost in admiration. What
Changes a little time produceth?
Sam. The Story is too long to tell you; only for what
Concerns my self, I have observ'd,
That since the loss of all his Fortunes, he
Shuns all occasions of seeing me.
-----My Uncle will be with us presently;
I would not therefore ingage my self in a disorder,
Which the relation of his miseries
Cannot but bring upon me.
Mir. Where is my Uncle?
Sam. Abroad upon a strange design.
He has imploy'd the best Wits in *Sienna*

To

To make a Song, or indeed an Appology.
For his doting at these years;
And that which he likes best when
He salutes his Mistress, must to
Morrow be presented before her Window.
Mir. I am amaz'd; yet I'le suspend my thoughts,
And trouble (if I can) till fitter time.
Sam. See, Brother, where he comes; [*Enter* Castruccio.
Buis'ness and Love are mingled in his postures.
Mir. How he mumbles to himself!
Sure he does chew the cud of some set Speech.
What an amorous look was there?—with that amiable smile?—
Which only adds a few wrincles in new places.
Sam. Pray lets stand close;
He's neer beginning; a rising wind
You know is ever usher'd with a murmur.
Cast. How am I swell'd by expectation!
As the day breaks before the rising Sun,
So is *Emilia's* fair approach prepar'd
Within me, by a precious sense of happiness.
[*He studies and searches his pockets for Papers.*
Sam. Peace; he has hit a fault, and now begins
To hunt again.
Cast. O, these be they; now to my choice;
For I resolve to morrow 'fore the Wedding
One of them shall be sung, that which I judg
Will best describe my Passion.
——Let me see,——
Couldst thou be yet more fair or good, [*He reads.*
This Fool begins with impossibilities,
I'le have none on't:——What this other?
Since phansie makes all Women fair,——
Worse and worse, he lies abominably:
What ways are our Poets got into,
They cannot make a Song without a lie,
A vapour, or impossibility?
There's none of these has hit my phansie yet:
Once again.——Oh, this I like well;
A very pretty Masque, short, and full of variety;
The Charges wont to be great,——let me see,——
Here is a *Hymen*, a *Cupid*, a *Charon*, and the *Destinies*:
For the *Hymen* a saffron Robe and a Torch,——
Hang cost at such a time; it shall be presented
Instead of a Song before her Window,
When I first appear; 'tis better
Than after the Wedding at night, when every body's sleepy.
Now I'le go see my Nephew,
And bid him welcome from his Travels.

Sam. Step out, Brother, there's your Cue.
Mir. Can these Lovers see, trow?
Cast. My dear Nephew!-----
Were thy brave Father living,
Thou couldst not fill his Arms and Breast
With a more welcome joy; I'le be sworn thou art return'd
With all advantages in Fame and Person.
Mir. Your kindness, Sir, sees more in me than your eyes.
Cast. Nay, believe me, Nephew, I joy in't;
And that I could not do, were it not visible
What cause I have for't.
Mir. I wish I may continue, Sir,
Worthy your fair opinion.
Cast. And how, man? merry still?
Mir. I take nothing to heart, Sir; It seems you do;
For my Sister tells me, I am come seasonably
To see your Joys made perfect every way,
At least as you imagine.
Cast. Oh, Nephew, 'tis past Imagination.
Nephew, thou canst not phancy what she is;
In Woman-kind no president is found,
To shew thee her: But you it seems
Do apprehend that all my future Actions
Will shew me more her Husband then your Uncle.
Mir. You mistake me, Sir;
Neither my Nature nor my Fortunes yet
Are prest with such mean thoughts; what I have said
Was more my care for you than for my self;
I would not have your last days
Shut up with Folly or Misfortune.
Cast. Fear not, fear not; I must be happy;
It is an injury to her to doubt it.
Mir. He is unreasonably possess'd. [*Aside.*
Cast. But I forget-----My dearest Niece,
You shall perceive that neither my concerns
Nor passion hinder my just care of thee,
My best *Samira.*
I have provided such a Fortune for you; [Samira *Starts.*
Nay, start not at it.-----
'Tis the rich Heir young *Brancadoro*;
This day he comes to visit thee,
We'l quickly make it up.-----
Come, good Nephew, I have much to do;
Within I'le tell thee all my mind.
Sam. How----
Mir. Peace, Sister. [*Ex.* Castruccio *and* Miranzo.
Sam. Marry *Brancadoro!* Is that the happiness
I hope, I may depend? I shall enjoy

With him the Curses of his ill-got Wealth,
And rise upon the poor *Cialto*'s ruines.
Oh what a Crime was my feign'd cruelty!
Methinks I am as guilty
As this thriving Asses Father,
And seem an accessary to all *Cialto*'s wrongs,
Because I did not openly declare
My Passion for him; that would have rendred me
Uncapable of being now a Party:
It is too much,
That poor *Cialto* at one time should find
Both me and Fortune equally unkind. [*Exit.*

Enter Brancadoro *and Tayler.*

Tay. Morrow to your Honour; how do you like your Clothes?

Bran. I like my Clothes well enough, but my man *Jocamo* says You are such a dear cheating kind of Tayler; that I vow He'l have me turn you away; my last Mourning Suit did Not cost me half so much.

Tayl. Your Man is a pick-thank Knave.
Call me Cheat! I'le ne're work stitch
For ye more as long as I live,
Unless you pay me for calling me Cheat.

Bran. Nay, stay, stay;
What a devilish Fellow are you now to exact upon me,
Because you see I love you? The Divel take you for me;
What Composition must you have?

Tayl. I'le have forty shillings, and I'le have it in Gold too.

Bran. Pox take you for me; will not Silver serve your turn,
When you know I love Gold so well?
Pray ye heartily now *Jack* take Silver.

Tayl. I vow Gold, or fare you well.

Bran. Stay, and be hang'd then; here, here; now are you Good Friends *Jack*? nay, I vow now speak truth.

Tayl. Yes, I vow I forgive you.

Enter Man.

Bran. Look ye here's my Man. What a devilish Rogue are you To rail at my Taylor *Robin*, and say he cheats me?

Serv. Pray Sir view his Bill; in the first place
Here is fifteen Shillings a yard for Stuff of half a Crown.

Bran. Why look ye there now *Jack*; what a strange Rogue Are you now to cheat me so?

Tayl. What a strange piece of Ignorance is your Man, to call it Stuff? I protest my Lord 'tis o'th' same piece that the King of *France* his Wedding Suit was on; the Stuff is call'd *Adam man*

hee

hee; King *Haccamantacu* sent the King of *France* three pieces of it; and I bought this of his Tayler a purpose for you; and your wise Man calls it Stuff, forsooth.

Bran. Look you there now, you blockheadly Fool you;
What would you more? prethee how do ye call the Stuff,
And the King that sent it, *Jack*.

Tayl. The Stuff is call'd *Adam mah hee*,
And the Kings name is *Haccamantacu*.

Serv. What a Mountebank Rogue is this?

Bran. I vow that's fair satisfaction;
I wou'd not for my Money but know this;
I vow, I vow, 'tis very pretty.

Serv. Pray ye ask him why he sets down forty Shillings
For making a riding Coat.

Bran. Nay, but I vow, *Jack*, the Devil take ye
For me, for being so base; why forty shillings now?

Tayl. There is ten Shillings for making your Coat,
And thirty shill. for a Port-hole for your Sword to peep out at.

Bran. Why, is not that very fair now?
Why, art thou grown a stark Fool now?
Prethee, *Jack*, what is a Port hole?
I vow thou hast the prettiest Names.

Tayl. A Port hole is, as the vulgar have it, a kind of Slit; but in *France* it is call'd Port-hole, and is made with a whise down Here, and a whise down there; they are very chargable.

Bran. I vow, thou art a pretty Fellow:
But has the King of *France* his Port-hole made
With a whise down here, and a whise down there, as mine is?
But here's *Villerotto*; I vow I must talk [*Enter* Villerotto.
A little wiser to him. [*Ex. Tayler and Servant.*
How dost thou like my Clothes, *Villerotto*; are they not brave,
Fit for my quality?

Vil. Exceeding brave, Sir.

Bran. I long'd to be out of Mourning, to shew my self;
For whilst my Father liv'd I never could appear.

Vil. No, he was asham'd you shou'd. [*Aside.*

Bran. Besides, I hate this Mourning, it makes my hands so
Deviliſh dirty; and I will not wash them till my Mother dies;
And when I have done mourning for her, I'le wash them
For good and all.----
Well, and what says my Council?

Vil. Why, they say, Sir, by these Writings
Cialto has no justice to redeem,
Nor can it bear dispute in any Court of Equity.

Bran. Why, this 'tis to have a wise Father;
As he has order'd it, 'tis not a farthing matter
If I were an arrant Ass.
Thou saist, my Council says,

There's

There's no relief can now be had.
Vill. None, Sir,----but by the Senate.
Bran. That were fine y'faith,
To ſave him they had a mind to ruine,
Which my Father help'd to do (peace be with him)
And dy'd when he had done; two Courteſies at once.
Vill. But ſuppoſe, Sir, the Senate wants his Conduct,
They can be kind again on ſuch occaſions.
Only the obeying part of men
Obſerve the rules of Honour in their Friendſhip.
They can as quickly too produce the Sum,
And compel you to give him up his Land.
Bran. But they won't, I hope.
Vill. So do I; but how if ſuch a thing ſhou'd be?
Bran. Piſh, piſh, they'l not diſpleaſe me,
They uſe to borrow money of my Father;
Yet for all that, it puts me juſt in ſuch a ſudden ſweat
As the ſtumbling of my Horſe uſes to do.
Vill. I ſhall hardly work him to't.---- [*Aſide.*
But, Sir, 'tis not amiſs to talk of things
That may be; Plots of prevention are not made
Extempore; nor is haſte a Friend to Counſel:
Beſides, I take it,
You go the ready way to make *Cialto*
Yet more your Enemy.
Bran. How ſo?
Vill. You are about to rob him of his Miſtreſs,
The fair *Samira*; what kindneſs can you expect,
When you poſſeſs at once his Love and Fortunes?

Enter Meſſenger.

Bran. What care I.-----How now?-----what's your buſineſs?
Meſſ. Signior *Caſtruccio*, Sir, preſents his Service to you,
And has by me ſent you a Counter-part
Of the Writings which concern your Marriage.
Bran. Oh, I thank him; 'tis very well.
Vill. How's this? it ſeems ſtrange to me,
You ſhould agree with him, and never ask
The Ladies free conſent.
Bran. Why, doſt thou think I need doubt that?
Would any Woman be ſo ſimple to refuſe me?
Why Man, there have been many of them have faln
Stark mad for me at firſt ſight.
Vill. Will it not be dangerous for you to go?
Bran. Whither?
Vill. To viſit your Miſtreſs? you may meet *Cialto* there.
Bran. Let him be afraid of me if he will.

Vill.

Vill. I doubt he will not.

Br. I am told the pittiful fellow dares not come neer her now;
This 'tis to be poor: And I go boldly;
This 'tis to be rich.

Vill. But if he ſhould hear you were like to have her,
It might perhaps move him-----

Bran. To what?

Vill. To cut your Throat.

Bran. Let him be hang'd: But if Signior *Caſtruccio*
Admit ſuch Ruffians in his Houſe, I'le ſend her word
Flatly, I'le have nothing to do with her.

Vill. But your Writings and Covenants,----
You can't in honour break them.

Bran. I care not; who dares ſue me? If any do,
I am rich enough to make them weary on't;
Though I confeſs I like the Gentlewoman well enoguh.

Vill. Yet there's another way would do your buſineſs.

Bran. Saiſt thou ſo? nay, and there be another way,
I care not if I take it, ſo I may do nothing
Unbefitting my Eſtate and Quality.

Vil. You'l pardon, Sir, this liberty I take;
It ſprings from my affection to you;
For ever ſince I came into your Service
All your concernments have been mine.

Bran. I do believe it, and have truſted thee
With every thing; and for my part, I have told
Thee my mind, I care for any body
As little as they care for me;
Thou may'ſt ſee I love thee,
Otherwiſe I regard no body that is not richer then my ſelf.

Vill. What an inſenſible ſtock have I to work on? [*Aſide.*
But you forget what I propoſe, Sir.

Bran. No, I do not; 'tis that I ſhould have *Samira*;
Why ſay no more, I will have her.

Vill. You conſider not the danger of *Cialto*'s revenge.

Bran. I care not for *Cialto*, nor her neither;
I can let her alone, if there be ſuch adoe about her.

Vill. But you may prevent it.

Bran. How, prethee?

Vill. Why, if *Cialto* were once dead,
There were no further trouble;
You might enjoy his Miſtreſs, and his Fortune.

Bran. Wou'd he wou'd die then.

Vill. Men do not uſe to do it for a wiſh.

Bran. Why, how then?

Vill. Wou'd you hang your ſelf if *Cialto* ſhou'd deſire it?

Bran. It may be I would, if I were as poor as he;
For this is the caſe,---ſay now---

Vill.

Vill. Now will he ramble again into another matter.----- [*Aside.*

But, Sir, he does not think himself so poor
As you imagine, while he lives in hope
That what you now possess of his may once
Again return; yet if he be unwilling
To depart this World, he may be forc'd.

Bran. Which way, which way?

Vill. Why, for a little money Instruments
May be found.

Bran. To do what?

Vill. To kill him.

Bran. Um, that may be found out,
And so good-night to my Estate.

Vill. Nay, if you please, Sir, he shall live, and do you
The Curtesie to cut your Throat.

Bran. Talk no more, good *Villerotto*; another time,
Another time, and that in private too.
I hope no body has heard us; men may hear
At a distance: I have heard of a Conjurer
That could make a Glass for a man to look in,
And hear his Enemies fourty miles off.

Vill. Do you believe such stories?

Bran. The Devil may do much, that's certain:
But for the present I am going to see my Mistress,
Fair *Samira*; 'tis fit I shou'd see her
Before I Marry her.

Vill. 'Twere strange if he should Marry her
Before he saw her.----- [*Aside.*
Why, are you neer marrying her?

Bran. To morrow, man, to morrow; her Uncle and I
Make but one business on't.

Vill. To morrow Sir, and her leave yet unask'd!

Bran. What needs that? her Uncle has done it for me.
Thou hast the Agreements; I must away.

[*Exit* Brancadoro.

Vill. This suits with my Designs:—
And yet it startles me,
To have so dull a Fooll to work on:
But easie paths do seldome lead us to revenge;
Let them be rough, as are the ways
Through troubled Seas, I'le tread 'um.
The base injury I receiv'd from *Cialto*,
Cashiering me from my Command for a petty plunder,
And a Rape (as the Wench call'd it) was the first cause
That brought me to *Brancadoro*'s Service,
Whose Father was his mortal Enemy;

By which means I hope to find a time
To right my wrongs upon *Cialto*'s heart.
[*Exit* Villerotto.

Enter Moreno, Emilia, *and* Bottolo.

Mor. Come, my beſt Daughter, this day thou ſhalt
Be made a happy Woman; fear not, fear not,
Nor look upon his age with prejudice;
Age is far ſteadier than Youth, *Emilia*;
He'l never make thee jealous.
Bot. No more than an Eunuch wou'd, I dare ſwear for him.
[*Aſide.*
Emil. You ſpeak, Sir, as if you thought me alter'd,
Or elſe as if I ſtill had been an Hypocrite;
But truly, Sir, you need not doubt me,
I do believe I ſhall be happy with him,
Becauſe a bleſſing waits upon Obedience:
You might command me 'gainſt my Inclination,
But I am bleſs'd with ſuch indifference,
That 'tis no trial of my Duty, Sir,
To give my free conſent.
Mor. That's my beſt Girl; get thy ſelf ready,
The Bride-groom's neer at hand; I muſt about,
There's nothing done if I be not at their elbows.
[*Exit* Moreno.
Bot. The Devil had as good be there.
Why, how is it, Miſtreſs?
Emil. Very well, *Bottolo*, I thank you.
Bot. I wiſh it may continue ſo, Miſtreſs.
Emil. Doſt thou fear I ſhall be ſick?
Bot. Nay, I can't tell; it may be the Palſey
Or Cough o'th' Lungs is not infectious;
You are going to venture, Miſtreſs.
Emil. What doſt thou talk of?
Bot. Why, of that which is nothing elſe
But talk, of Old Age;
Sure, Miſtreſs, it will never agree with you;
Has not your Father perſwaded you
Y'are above Fifty? And that you were born
Before the Battle of *Lepanto?*
Emil. Why ſhould he do that?
Bot. Why, 'twere convenient he ſhould
Either perſwade you that you were old, or
That *Caſtruccio* were young.
Emil. Away, you Fool.

Bot.

Bot. Well, Mistress, hang me if ever frosty day
Did well at Fruit-time; for my part, I wonder
The old Gentleman has no more Conscience
Than to marry you.-----
If I were worthy to advise you, Mistress,-----
Emil. Peace, you Fool, and be not rude.

[*Exit* Emilia.

Bot. Go thy way.----I am half perswaded
Thou art no Woman, or at least
Thou dost not know thou art one,
More then by thy Petticoats.-----Well,-----
If thou art pleas'd, thanks to the Powers Divine;
For my own Cares I'le try the power of Wine. [*Exit.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS,

Scena Prima.

Enter Miranzo *and* Cialto.

Mir. I Should not thank you for this Visit then.----
Fie, my dearest Friend.
Cialto. Forget that name, and me; I try'd
To begin first no more to think on you;
But I was womanish in my temper;
My fondness of you had a power above
My generous Reason.
Mir. Is there a generous cause for breach of Friendship?
Cial. It were a guilt to say I am your Friend:
Wonder not; for I'm grown so miserable
That Friendship would be paid to me
As unseasonably as to Men in graves,
Where dissolution wraps up every Title,
And buries Names with Things.
Mir. What storm tosses his noble Soul! [*Aside.*
Why does my Friend thus wrong himself and me?
I did not think the brave *Cialto's* Mind
Had been so much within the reach of Fortune;
Use her as thou wouldst a phantastical Woman,
If thou would have her kind, slight her.

Cial. Pray say no more; you understand me not;
Nay, spare your Lectures; after this I fear
That we must meet no more.-----Farewel.
[Cialto *offers to go out.*

Mir. You are too quick; think with your self;
Sure you may be perswaded, e're you go,
To see my Sister.

Cial. Ha!----that was too severe; departing Souls
Are sometimes thus call'd back with cruel kindness,
To share more miseres on Earth.----
Did you not name your Sister?

Mir. How he's mov'd!---- [*Aside.*
Yes, I did; my Sister *Samira.*

Cial. You might have spar'd the Explanation;
I have her Name engrav'd in several Characters,
By Love and Fortune.----Why do you stare upon me so,
As if you were amaz'd at my disorders,
That are not ignorant of my disasters,
Nor of my Passions? What do yon think?
Is't not a pretty mingle? [*Enter* Samira.

Mir. See, my Sister.

Cial. How, *Samira!*-----'tis she.----
With what an horror now that lovely Shape
Appears, that I have so much joy'd to gaze on!
Such a confusion would an Angel bring
Upon a Man loaden with Sins,
As I am with Misfortunes.-----
I am so much amaz'd I cannot find my way! [*He offers to go.*

Sam. Cialto.

Mir. Stay; what means this strangeness?
Come, 'tis too much forc'd.

Cial. Cruel *Miranzo*, cruel in your kindness,
That only holds so fair a Mirror to me,
To let me see how much I am unhappy.

Mir. You are mistaken, and throw a blemish on her;
She is the same she ever was.

Cial. Why, that was Cruel still to me.
I complain'd not, faireſt *Samira*,
That you were so, when I was Fortunes Favorite;
And sure I will not hope for pity,
Now I am turn'd her Slave.

Sam. As my thoughts were never mov'd
With Arguments drawn from Prosperity; so believe,
I shall have no aversion for the Virtuous,
Although Unfortunate.

Cial. Oh, do not with mistaken Charity
Attempt to palliate my Disease;
'Tis Fortunes Plague, that's never to be cur'd;

I ſhall infect thoſe I come neer,----and yet----
I love you ſtill----above----all----
I have ſuch Tides of Paſſions when I but name you,
Much more now I ſee you, that my words
Are over-flown, and like drown'd men
Diſorderly pop up, and ſink agen.
Diſtempers ſeize me,----I talk wildly too, I fear.
Sam. I underſtand you not; pray recollect
Your ſelf, ſpeak freely to me. [*She weeps.*
Cial. Why do you both expreſs ſuch wonder in your looks?
Is miſery ſo ſtrange? [*He ſinks down.*
Mir. Why, Siſter, you are ſtill inſenſible;
If you ever lov'd *Cialto*, tell him now;
And be not like the reſt of the mean World,
To own nothing that is unhappy.
Sam. If I ſay little, Brother, I give you leave
To think my grief ſtops more my words,
Than want of kindneſs for *Cialto*:
Yet to content you, hear me--- [*He ſtarts up.*
Cial. Hold——
Your pity, if y'ave any, comes too late;
Thoſe gentle Tears that once had been my Bleſſing
Do now but aggravate and haſte my deſtiny.
Juſt ſo the drops of Heaven, which firſt caus'd
The thriving Plant to ſpring and flouriſh,
When by ſome rough and fatal accident
Its ſhaken roots have loſt their hold,
Then the ſoft rain no longer gives it life,
But makes it periſh faſter.
Sam. Oh my heart! The throng of all his griefs
Has crowded in my Breaſt, and I muſt ſpeak
Or burſt.——*Cialto.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir.
Mir. What's the matter?
Serv. Your Uncle, Sir, is coming hither,
And with him Signior *Brancadoro.*
Mir. Signior Coxcomb.—Miſchief on his unſeaſonable Viſit.
Has not my Uncle preſs'd you, Siſter,
To morrow when he Weds, to Marry with
This Fool *Brancadoro?*
Sam. Moſt earneſtly, even to threatning me.
Mir. He may be injurious.—— [*Studies.*
Cial. How! would the Fool purchaſe my Love,
As his damnd griping Father did my Fortune?
I have not mortgag'd ſure my Wiſhes to him.
If I am urg'd this way I ſhall grow weary

Of

Of politick patience, nor with tired hopes
Wait longer the falſe Senates leiſure.
——Still ador'd *Samira*, am I not too confident,
That in all my miſeries, when I do not nouriſh the leaſt hope
Of e're enjoying you my ſelf,
I ſhould now ſeem jealous of you.
Sam. Have I ſhew'd my ſelf ſo eaſie, that you need fear
I will be ſacrific'd unto a Fool?
Mir. Peace, they come; be temperate, *Cialto.*

Enter Caſtruccio, *and* Brancadoro.

Caſt. Come, Nephew, (for ſo I dare venture to call you.)
Mir. Heaven ſend us joy of our wiſe Kindred. [*Aſide.*
Bran. Ha, upon my conſcience that's *Cialto*;
I know him by his fierce looks; 'tis he, I vow:
I am like to have a fine wooing on't.
Wou'd I were hid under a Bed,
Or behind the Hangings, I wou'd breath
No more than a Mouſe that ſleeps all the Winter.
Why, wh, what a terrible look was there!
D' hear, Uncle? I proteſt I left one of my Gloves
Behind me in the Window, and I'me afraid
It will be ſtoln.
Caſt. Why, you have them both on.
Bran. I had forgot, like an Aſs as I was, to hide one. [*Aſide.*
Caſt. Come, come on.
Bran. Nay, as I am an honeſt Man,
There's my Almanack with Notes and *Memorandums* in't,
I'le go back and come preſently.
Caſt. Fie, Nephew, my Niece ſees you.
Bran. You can't tell how ſhe likes me, can you, Uncle?
Caſt. O, fear not that.
Bran. Never ſtir, Uncle, I have mighty need——
——I muſt needs do you know what.
He looks vengeance ſurley: [*Aſide.*
He makes me wink as bad as a flaſh of Lightning wou'd.
Caſt. Come, Nephew, what are you baſhful?
Niece, this is the Perſon I told you of,
That to morrow will make you an happy woman,
And be an evidence of my care and kindneſs.
Sam. I need no ſuch teſtimony, Sir.
Bran. What does ſhe ſay, Uncle, that ſhe has no need of me?
Why then I have no need of her;
I'le be beholden to no body living.
Caſt. No, no, you are too miſtruſtful.
Come, Niece, prepare againſt to morrow,
To be made Miſtreſs of the greateſt Fortune

Sienna boaſts of.

Bran. I think I can tell ſome few particulars without book,
Of ſome ſmall Lordſhips that ſerve my turn
To cover this poor out-ſide, and ſome ſlight
Equipage of Servants and Attendants.——
Now dare not I proceed to particulars, for fear
I ſhould come to name that wild-looking Mans Eſtate,
Which ſhou'd make up the Catalogue.
I'le tell you a pretty Jeſt, Miſtreſs;
A Friend of mine would have had me married
A Kinſwoman of his,—and—

Sam. I wou'd you had, Sir.

Bran. Why, how ſhou'd I have had you then?

Sam. I muſt have been content, Sir.

Bran. Nay, I thank you for that; ſo I might have forfeited
My Covenants to your Uncle; I may be ſued
If I don't marry you to morrow.

Cial. How's this! [*Aſide.*

Mir. Peace, does this Coxcomb move you?

Caſt. 'Tis as he tells you, Niece.

Sam. I wonder, Sir, you ſhould diſpoſe of me ſo abſolutely,
Without allowing me ſome larger time.

Caſt. You had need conſider indeed for ſuch a Fortune.

Sam. Is there nothing but Fortune to be thought on?
Conſent ſprings not alone from Wealth:
Marriage you know admits no ſeparation;
And if Affections ſhou'd not be united,
The Perſons muſt be miſerable.

Caſt. Hey day, no more of this Love-Logick:
What, you would have it a Romance,
And after ſome long time, and ſtrange Adventures,
Diſcover pity for your Knight Errant.
Remember, your Father left you to my care;
If you marry not *Brancadoro* to morrow
I'le throw you out of it.

Sam. 'Tis ſtrange, Sir, that you ſhou'd preſs me thus,
So ſuddenly to diſpoſe my ſelf for ever.
What ſay you, Sir? I hope you are ſo civil [*To* Brancadoro.
As not to urge it.

Bran. Why, I ſay, A bargain's a bargain.

Cial. This is monſtrous! I can hold no longer. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Conſider, you may do hurt.

Cial. I care not.——Signior *Caſtruccio*,
I think it does not much become you
To force your Niece to any thing;
Her Father ne're believ'd that you would uſe
The Truſt which he repos'd in you, to ſuch an end.

Bran. Nay, for my part, if ſhe be'nt as willing as I,

A fig for her, and you too.
——I am horribly afraid. [*Aside.*
Mir. How the Ass shakes and bristles both together. [*Aside.*
Cast. Signior *Cialto*, I wonder more that you
Shou'd give your unask'd Counsel, to disturb
The Advancement of my Niece and Family.
Cial. He can make large Jointures indeed,
Thanks to his Fathers base and griping practises.
Cast. You are uncivil in my House.
Cial. You are old, and *Samira*'s Uncle;
These are Protections; you may say any thing:
But I would not advise this wealthy Coxcomb,
For all your Articles, to venture upon Marriage;
'Twill be dangerous, Signior *Brancadoro.*
Cast. Pray leave my House, Sir; I desire no such
Rude Company.
Sam. Pray Sir go; this does no good.
Mir. Come, you are to blame; you may do injury.
Cial. Pardon me, fair *Samira*, I am gone;
My Prayers were heard, could but your happiness
Be divided from all Mankind, though I am one. [*Exit* Cialto.
Bran. He's gone;-----wou'd I might never live
If I han't a great mind to bolt the door after him.
Now perhaps I shall venture to say somthing,
If I knew what.----He won't pop back trow, will he?
Cast. Come Niece, you will hereafter thank me for
This happiness; I know you will command
Him and his whole Estate.
Bran. Nay, she may do what she will in reason;
But if I'm urg'd I am as stout and surly
As the stoutest of 'um, let it be Man or Woman.
This Gentleman thought to bluster me
Out of my Bargain; but I think he was deceiv'd;
He had best let me alone.
Mir. Seem to comply, dear Sister; I'le tell you why hereafter.
[*Aside.*
Sam. I hope, Sir, you will allow me a few hours
To think, perhaps to perswade my self
To an obedience which you press so much.
Cast. Do, my good Niece; for to morrow
I must needs have your company:
Speak for your self, Nephew.
Bran. I can't tell what to say, for fear
This blust'ring fellow shou'd peep in again: [*Aside.*
Yet I'le set a good face on't.
Did you know my Father, Mistress?
Who's that at dore? [*Aside.*
Sam. I have seen him, Sir.

Bran.

Bran. I doubt he liſtens;----well, I care not,
I am reſolv'd *Villerotto* ſhall get his Throat cut, [*Aſide.*
That he ſhall.---- And now I will ſpeak boldly.
Why, Miſtreſs, he would have been your Father-in-law,
Had he liv'd to't, I had help'd you to a wiſe Father,
I can tell you that.
Mir. Wou'd he had had a wiſer Son. [*Aſide.*
Bran. As for my Mothers part----
Mir. She brought forth an Aſs. [*Aſide.*
Bran. I'le ſpeak a bold word,
Though I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it,----
Sam. You promis'd, Sir, to leave me to my thoughts
For a few hours.
Caſt. Well Virgins will be modeſt; Come, Nephew,
We'l leave her to her ſelf to day; to morrow
She ſhall be yours, or mine no more.
Your Brother, I hope, is more ſenſible then you
Of your own good; you know my mind; Farewel,---
Be wiſe.
Bran. Your Uncle gives you good Counſel, Miſtreſs;
Farewel till to morrow; In the mean time
I'le go find *Villerotto*;
I dare not for my ears venture to marry,
Unleſs he makes ſafe this furious *Cialto*,
Then I ſhall keep all quietly,
Or elſe I may perhaps be invited to an honourable Duel,
Which how I can endure-----
Caſt. Farewel Niece, and prepare to make
Your ſelf and me truly happy.
[*Exeunt* Caſtruccio *and* Brancadoro.
Sam. Now, Brother, to what purpoſe
Did you adviſe me to ſeem willing?
Mir. I have ſome thoughts which only want of time
Yet hinders me to ripen; I like not
My Uncle's picking Quarrels thus, all's in his power,
He may do miſchief; therefore ſeem to conſent;
Yet fear not, though the Wedding is ſo near,
At the laſt minute I know a way to free thee;
Within I'le tell thee my deſign:
This Muſhrome never ſhall be yoak'd to thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brancadoro *and* Villerotto; *They whiſper.*

Vill. Now Sir, do you yet believe it is a conſequence,
That you muſt not expect to live, if proud *Cialto* does?;
Or wou'd you have the Pariſh Prieſt to make you friends,

And all the Neighbourhood invited to the reconciling dinner?

Bran. Why thou seest I look'd thee out for the nonce
To know if thou canst have him quickly dispatch'd;
Why man, I cannot marry else.

Vill. Well, be secure, reckon that insolent Enemy
To your Repose and Fortunes, in his Grave:
[*Enter* Montalto *and his Companions.*
----But see, Sir----yonder are an odd parcel of men,
I think I have seen the face of one of them before;
If I mistake not, they are a sort of People
Fitted by their own wants for my designs.
Retire, Sir, and leave me to sound them.
[*As he goes out he returns and speaks.*

Bran. But be sure, man; be sure, I say:
If thou should'st miss, and *Cialto* find me married,----
Um----I might give my life for a farthing. [*Exit* Brancadoro.

Vill. Fear not, fear not. Save you, Gentlemen.

Mont. And you, Sir.

Vill. You seem Persons that have not been
So kindly us'd by Fortune as your merits
Might justly challenge; your carriage speaks you
To have been men of Action.

Mont. We have seen danger, Sir, and have not shrunk;
When those that live at ease have shook to hear
The Story told.

Vill. 'Tis pity, at least to our frail Reason it so appears,
That neither Virtue nor Courage shou'd be safe
From mixtures of Necessity.

Mont. We are us'd as our Swords are;
When the danger's past, hung by.

Vill. And yet if such as you, whose haughty minds
Brook not the sight of other mens Enjoyments,
Or think it barbarous injustice to starve
Amidst that Plenty which your Swords
Secur'd or purchas'd; if such men as you
But snatch at some small share,
You wou'd be punish'd certainly.

Mont. We have found that.

Vill. Nay, the Clergy wou'd declare your Souls
In dangerous condition.

Mont. Yes, damn'd, without dispute.

Vill. Come we are betray'd and fool'd;
Those that have power over us
Confirm themselves by Cruelty and Cheating;
One they call Justice, th'other Pollicy.
Mean while the poor must starve, or else be whip'd;
The Souldier out of War want, or be hang'd;
Nature's relieving Laws are lost in theirs;

And ſhe whiſpers unto man his own advantage;
If he be guilty then in that purſuance,
The fault ſtill reſts in thoſe that urg'd the Act;
The rich and powerful part of Men
Are anſwerable for thoſe deeds
To which they force the poor and the neceſſitous.

2 *Com.* Oh admirable Reaſon!

Mont. 'Tis moſt profound, and never to be anſwer'd.

Vill. Are you convinc'd then?

Mo. 1 *C.* & 2 *C.* Yes, yes, yes.

Vill. Then I may tell you, I have a buſineſs for you,
If you dare attempt it, in which there will not be
Much danger, but great profit.

Mont. Piſh, Danger's our Companion;
Name the thing, Sir.

Vill. Follow me then to a more private place,
Where you ſhall know your taſk; my own Sword
Shall ſhare a little with you, far as I dare;
I may, for ought I know, keep with the boldeſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cialto *ſolus.*

Cial. No news yet, and the dangerous time ſo neer!
And ſhe for ever may be loſt to me,
And forc'd into a Fool's Embraces!
For though ſhe never can be mine, I cannot
Suffer ſhe ſhou'd be anothers.
----I hardly can be jealous of *Miranzo*;
Yet Friendſhip it ſelf is not ſecurity enough
To give him credit for *Samira*; I dare not truſt
That Treaſure thus uncertainly; I muſt prevent
The quickeſt way; Friendſhip and Fate
Have their ſlow pace; but Paſſions will not wait.
[*He offers to go out.*

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Whither ſo faſt? hey day, which is now
Predominant, Love or Fortune? One of 'um
Is ever vexing thee.

Cial. 'Tis well you can continue merry.

Mir. Come, what's the matter?

Cial. Nothing.

Mir. That's unkind.

Cial. Pray urge me not.

Mir. Is there any thing to be conceal'd from Friends?

Cial. Yes, trouble and misery.
Mir. No more, or find some other friend.
Cial. You do not well to press me thus;
It will not please you when you hear it.
Mir. Pray let me know it.
Cial. You shall; but I must beg another thing.
Mir. What's that?
Cial. Only to save you and me trouble;
Pray when you have heard it give no Counsel.
Mir. O, by no means, Sir, not for a World.
Cial. Why, 'tis no great matter,---I'le kill *Brancadoro.*
Mir. How!
Cial. Nay, your wonder is as unnecessary as your Counsel.
Mir. Have you consider'd what you said?
Cial. Yes, and I find it reasonable, I admire you do not.
Mir. Faith not I; I think 'tis an unreasonable thing
To kill an Ass; some think that Fools are damn'd
For their original Ignorance; thou wou'dst not
Send him to hell on thy Errand, wou'dst?
Cial. Ha, ha, shou'd I for fear of sending him to Hell,
Let him enjoy my Heaven here!----
Perhaps it grows indifferent to you.
Mir. Do you suspect that *Brancadoro*'s wealth
Has brib'd me, Sir? I thank you.
Cial. I do not say, It has; but yet----
Mir. But yet! It looks scurvily: A Friend when he's jealous
Is like a Child that's froward;
He knows not why he's out of humour.
Come, trust all to me, you shall not be deceiv'd;
I've a design; spare me but for a few minuts.
Cial. Methinks your kindness gives me greater joy
Then a bare Friendship cou'd:----all thoughts
Of my revenge on others vanish;---yet---
When I am too much press'd with Misery,
Be but so kind to give me leave to die. [*Exit* Cialto.

Miranzo *stays and studies.*

Mir. It shall be so, if I can frighten him,
And make him decline the Marriage with my Sister;
'Twou'd be excellent; for certainly he's a rank Coward:
See where most luckily he comes, [*Enter* Brancadoro.
Now Fortune;----yet if this fail I've a sure remedy at last.
Noble Signior, I was going to look after you.
Bran. What, I warrant your Sister sent to me;
I am coming.
Mir. No Sir, 'twas a business of another nature.
Bran. Nay, I cannot stay to talk of business now.
Mir. You must, Sir.
Bran. Must, Sir!

Mir.

Mir. I think you must; your Honour will enforce you.
Bran. Why, what has my Honour to do with't? Must!
Mir. It concerns it; and I must beg your pardon,
That am th'unwilling Messenger.
Bran. Why, if you be unwilling, let it alone;
I'le excuse you.
Mir. I dare not, Sir; I am oblig'd so far
In common ties, that every Gentleman
Is bound unto another by; I was
Unhappy that it was requir'd from me.
Bran. Well, another time, another time.
Mir. None but this can serve, Sir; 'tis the last request
That you will have from Signior *Cialto*.
Bran. The last! well, that mollifies somwhat; What is't then?
Mir. Why, it seems reasonable that you have his Fortune,
And are now going to possess his Mistress;
He but desires that you wou'd now be pleas'd
Fairly to take away his Life too.
Bran. What's this! I hope I am not discover'd [*Aside.*
By *Villerotto*! Fairly, quoth he!
Mir. Life in his condition is but useless to him.
Bran. Why, he may hang himself.
Mir. That he's unwilling to do; you shall try
To free him with your honourable Sword.
Bran. I'le not try, Sir.
Mir. You must, Sir; and for that end he stays for you
Hard by the Nunnery, in the Cypress Grove.
Bran. There let him stay; you know, as well as I,
I am ingag'd, and cannot come.
Mir. No ingagement, Sir, ought to be above your Honor.
Besides, mine will engage me not to receive
So slight an Answer.
Bran. Why, 'tis your Sister I am going to marry;
Is it not?
Mir. I consider not that, Sir.
Bran. If *Cialto* sends me a Challenge,
I hope I may appoint my Time and Weapon.
Mir. That I think you may. Sure he dares not fight, does he?
Bran. Why then tell your Friend from me, I'le meet him the
Next day after I'm married, any where:
I'le not delay such matters as these.
Mir. Why, he has Courage sure. [*Aside.*
But, Sir, 'tis handsomest to end these matters quickly.
Bran. So 'twere, Sir, if a man were free;
But since I am engag'd I will be married first,
And then have at him.
If he be in haste to fight, let him fasten a Quarrel
On somebody else, to pass away the time

Till

Till I am Married.

Mir. 'Slid, he amazes me.

Bran. Thus, Sir, I shall preserve my honor every way;
I hope he understands himself as well as I do.

Mir. There is no help, this will not do. [*Aside.*
How the Rascal has couzen'd me!----well----
Who knows but he may be valiant?
This is your resolution, Sir.

Bran. I marry, Sir; nor will I alter it.

Mir. I shall acquaint *Cialto* with it, Sir,
And then attend you to your Nuptials:
Farewel, *Signior.*

Bran. You shall be welcome, Sir; there will be [*Ex.* Miran.
A fine sight, I pay some on't.
Ha, ha, how I have couzen'd 'um!
Miranzo has no mind I shou'd have his Sister,
And so they agreed to frighten me from't; I found it;
Poor silly Fellows, 'twas too late; I have promis'd
To meet *Cialto* the next day after I am married,
That is the next day after he is dead;
'Tis the same thing;----um----but
If *Villerotto* shou'd fail I were in a fine case,
Positively ingag'd to fight with him;
I'le look him, and make sure work;
I grow horribly afraid to think of fighting,
Though I never intend to come to't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Montalto *solus.*

Mon. What has this Rascal perswaded us to!
Nay, rather, what have I perswaded my self to!
To fancy I have Courage, and know all the while
What a dangerous Lie 'tis to own it;
For I had talk'd so loudly of my killing,
That 'twas very probable I shou'd be set to work;
And as luck is, 'tis to kill one
That will not easily be kill'd, unless
I cou'd catch him asleep:
Wou'd this Rhetorical Gentleman had his Money again.
He gave me Earnest very formally.
The Devil's to raise Forces, and he's his Agent
To give the Press-money.
Here come my engag'd Friends: [*Enter* 1, 2 *Companions.*
What made ye stay behind?

1 *Com.* Why the Gentleman, you know who——

Mon. That hir'd us to do you know what.

1 *Com.*

1 *Com.* Had ſtill more to ſay to us, he's very earneſt.
Mont. I had rather he were in jeſt. [*Aſide.*
1 *Com.* He promiſes to double our Reward,
If we ſtrike home, and loſe no opportunity;
We ſhall hardly have ſuch another Bargain.
Mont. That's likely; for 'tis very probable
We may be hang'd for this:
I find I have more Conſcience then I thought I had.
1 *Com.* As good hang as ſtarve; nay, Captain,
If you'r in Dialogue with Fear and Conſcience,
I ha' done.
Mont. I do but caſt the worſt to try your Spirits:
I am a Villain if Fear be not Gentleman-uſher
To Conſcience; I thought I had had no ſuch thing;
Now, I am afraid, I find,
I have a moſt troubleſom ſtock of it.
----Um----the Devil has ſent his Reſident again; [*Enter* Vill.
The Fiend knew I had a good thought or two,
And his Agent's come to treat for 'em;
Yet if I fall back, he'l cut my Throat, that's certain.
Vill. Gentlemen, ſome new thoughts made me overtake you;
'Tis to tell you, I am now reſolv'd
Still to keep near you, that no opportunity be loſt;
Nor I rob'd of my part in th' Action.
Mo. I wou'd afford any one a pennyworth of my ſhare. [*aſide*
Vill. It were a fault to doubt your Courages;
But words waſte time; no more:
Go preſently and ſtay for me
In the Cypreſs Walk that leads unto the Nunnery.
This Captain methinks looks ſomthing ſuſpiciouſly;
I muſt not be long from them:
My Sword ſhall make ſure work.
How----my wiſe Maſter! [*Enter* Brancadoro.
What buſineſs ſends him hunting after me?
Bran. Villerotto, haſt bargain'd? *Caſtruccio* has ſent
Me word that he has got his Nieces conſent:
But all's one for that; if thou canſt not get
Him kill'd, they ſha'nt get me to marry,
For a reaſon beſt known to my ſelf:
Yet prethee bargain as cheap as thou canſt;
For all that I dare truſt thee though
To uſe thy own diſcretion.
Vill. I will do more then uſe my own diſcretion;
I'le uſe my Sword too: Go marry, Sir,
And think not of a dead man.
Bran. Haſt got him diſpatch'd already?
Vill. As good, Sir; 'tis ſure.
Bran. But had I beſt marry before it be quite done?

Vill.

Vill. Fear not, Sir; truſt to my care and faith.
Bran. But be ſure.
Vill. Nay, if you ſuſpect me, Sir.
Bran. Why then I'le venture, fall back, fall edg;
Let him meddle with me if he dares.
Diſpatch quickly, good *Villerotto*. [*Exit* Brancadoro.
Vill. Yet again!
He needs not doubt me, if he knew all;
But when 'tis done I muſt propoſe
Some conſiderable Conditions to ſet up for my ſelf,
And leave his wiſe Worſhip:
He dares not but conſent; the guilty muſt
Submit to be the Slaves of thoſe they truſt. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. HOw that Fire-brand the Cook ſputters!
There's no coming neer to have a cut for breakfaſt:
I am a Villain if the Butler too
Be not grown as outragious a Beaſt as he.
What coil's here!----O Mother,----how!---- [*Enter* Taccola.
What, you in a pelt too! Do the Quinces prove rotten?
Or is all the Biſket-flabber ſpilt?
Tacco. Out upon thee, thou tak'ſt care for nothing;
She has been my Charge theſe ſeventeen years,
And I do not mean to quit my care yet a while.
Bot. Yes faith, Mother, you muſt deliver up;
She's going to have another Governor,
And as luck will have it, as old as your grave ſelf:
We are like to plant our fair young Twig
In hopeful ſoil; does it not trouble you, Mother?
Tacco. What's that to thee, Sirrah? Thou art ever full
Of roguiſh thoughts; the Man may do well enough;
Age is not ſo contemptible.
Bot. Nay, I dare ſwear, Mother, you believe
You cou'd entertain the youngeſt of them all
With wondrous proweſs.
Tacco. Come, leave your prating; the Bride-groom's
Neer at hand, with ſuch a gallant Troop;
They are hard by: Nay, I'le tell thee what----
Out upon't,----what do I here!
The Jelly will be ſpoil'd. *Exit* Taccola.
Bot. O take care of that by all means;
The old Gentleman will need it.

Enter

Enter Moreno.

Mor. How now, Sirrah? what, loit'ring here?
The Company's just coming to the Gate;
Get you gone, and mind your business within.
----Why Daughter, Daughter.

Emilia *appears above.*

Emil. Your pleasure, Sir.
Mor. Be ready there, Daughter; the Bride-groom
Will salute you with Musick presently.
I had almost forgot the chiefest News;
This day the fair *Samira*, *Castruccio*'s Niece,
Must marry the great and rich *Brancadoro*'s Heir.
Be ready, Daughter, I cannot stay.----Hark,----they come.
Emil. Governess. *Taccola.*

Taccola *appears above.*

Tac. Here, Sweet Charge.
Emil. Come, it must be your part to tell me the Names
Of every one; have you inform'd your self?
Tac. Yes, yes, I know them all.
Emil. Peace then, and observe.

Enter first some bearing Bays and Rosemary, then Moreno *and* Castruccio, *then* Brancadoro *and* Samira; *then* Miranzo *and others; As these pass over the Stage they speak above.*

What be these men?
Tac. They bear Loves Ensignes:
You know the Gentleman that follows.
Emil. Yes, yes; who's that leads his fair Niece?
Tac. The wealthy *Brancadoro*, who is to marry her this day;
They say he's an Ass, though his Trappings be rich.
Emil. A sudden Wedding! But what young man
Is that which follows next?
Tac. I marry, that's his fine Nephew *Miranzo*,
Newly return'd from Travel.
Emil. Peace, they begin.

As soon as the Masque begins the Curtain draws, and Emilia *appears;* Miranzo *keeps his eyes fix'd on her all the while the Masque is presented.*

The Persons being all plac'd about the Stage,

Enter a Cupid, *who waves an Arrow, and speaks.*

Cup. Hymen, O gentle *Hymen*, come away.

Enter Hymen.

Hym. When Loves great God commands, I never stay.
Cup. Then light thy Torch. *Hym.* For that I hither came,
And see 'tis ready to receive a flame,
Whenever by thy powerful Summons prest.
Cup. Then light it at that aged Lovers breast.
Hym. Where Time has been destroying, can there be
A warmth for him, much less a flame for me?
Cup. Those grosser flames that feed on wanton hearts,
Burn not in his; the sharpest of thy Darts
Had found no way, where Nature frozen lies,
But that 'twas thaw'd by fair *Emilia's* Eyes.
Hym. Call hither all thy Votaries to gaze,
That with such Fires thy Altars still may blaze;
Not fed with loose Desires, but purest Hearts;
So I my Torch may save, and thou thy Darts.

Enter Charon.

Cup. But stay, what dismal Apparition's this,
That mingles horror with approaching bliss?
Cha. Charon I am, that o're the Stygian Waves
Waft only Fares that first have pass'd through Graves:
From thence I came, where all the Destinies
Do sit and smile at these unequal ties:
'Tis vain to sing an Hymeneal note;
Light not thy Torch, for I prepare my Boat.
Hym. Why, *Charon*, why? *Char.* Know, I did lately view
The Fatal Sisters, whilst his Thred they drew;
The last remains were on the Distaff put,
And one prepar'd the feeble twine to cut.
Hym. Fond fool, go back again, and thou shalt find
So fair a Thred with his so fitmly twin'd,
No Destiny will venture to divide
A life that is with fair *Emilia's* ty'd.
Gaze, and submit. *Char.* What's this appears more bright,
Then Souls prepar'd for the *Elysian* Light?
Appear, appear, you Fatal Sisters, come
Before a Power that can reverse your doom.

Enter Destinies.

See, they obey; 'tis just that Love and Fate
Shou'd on the fair *Emilias* Nuptials wait.
Cup. First I resign my Arrows and my Bow.
Hym. The Fates submit their dreadful Ensigns too.
Char. *Charon* will leave his unfrequented Shore,
And at *Emilias* feet lay down his Oar.
Hym. Ascend, ascend, you happy Shades, and move
In various measures with the God of Love.

Enter Spirits.

Cha. They come, they come; hark, hark, our charmed ears
Are struck with Musick from the moving Spheres.

The Spirits first dance an Antick; Then the Destinies join in a grand Dance.

Mir. How my eyes are chain'd unto that glorious Object!
She acts like what she is, a Miracle;
And I am lost in wonder!
Cast. Good morning to my fairest Mistress;
May but my Joys this day, be yours forever;
I know not how to wish you more.
Bran. Uncle, must I bid her good morrow too?
These Spirits have so amaz'd me, I can scarce fetch my breath.
Cast. By all means.
Bra. Why then,--Good-morrow, Mistress; 'tis Sig^r *Brancadoro*
Bids you good-morrow: I wish you as good luck as my self.
As I suppose, you may have heard of me;
For I am going the way of all Flesh too.
Mir. If I cou'd speak, I find I cannot joyn
In Wishes of this nature: How my Soul struggles in me!
Mor. Come down Daughter, and meet us in the Hall,
Soe to the Temple, where all Complements
Are quickly ended. Come, Son, your Ceremony
Defers your happiness. [*Exeunt.*

The Curtain draws. *Manet* Miranzo.

Mir. The lovely Apparition's vanish'd; O for a spell
To call it back again; but the black Spirits only
Are subject unto charms, and not the brighter Angels:
At what a distance she surpriz'd!
Had the great God of Love us'd other Eyes,
He had at rovers vainly shot his Dart;

Hers had the power alone to carry level to my heart.
How hapleſs muſt my deſtiny needs prove,
That in one inſtant both deſpair and love! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Taccola *and* Bottolo.

Tac. Good *Bottolo*, ſet theſe things upon the Shelf;
I muſt ſtay here to give my Lady her Things,
She's coming down this way; I had forgot
Her Vail; nay, prethee do ſo much for me.
Bot. Well, well; pox on't, I take no joy in this Wedding.
Tac. Nay, prethee no diſcourſe now, honeſt *Bottolo.*
Bot. O rare! honeſt *Bottolo!* before night
You'l ſcold at this honeſt *Bottolo.*
Tac. Thou deſerv'ſt it twice, where I do it once, ſirrah.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. What's the matter?
Bot. Nothing, Miſtreſs.—Ah, 'tis a thouſand pities.
[*Exit* Bottolo.
Emil. Have you brought my Things, Governeſs?
Tac. Yes, my ſweet Charge.
Emil. Where's the Company?
Tac. They all ſtay for you in the Hall.
Emil. I go, I go. [*As ſhe offers to go, enter* Miranzo.
Mir. Stay, ſtay, faireſt Maid.
Emil. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Mir. I dare not tell her 'tis to gaze on her. [*Aſide.*
Madam, the buſineſs I muſt acquaint you with
Deſerves a privacy; pleaſe you to command
Your Woman for a minute to withdraw.
Emil. Leave us a little, Governeſs.
Tac. By my troth a comly Gentleman; had luck been
This might have made the better Husband.
Pray Sir be not tedious, here's buſineſs to be done.
Mir. Not by the old Gentleman. [*Exit* Taccola.
I am a Stranger to you, Madam;
My buſineſs will ſeem ſtrange too.
Emil. Pray quickly, Sir; I am ſtaid for.
Mir. That's part of it.
Emil. Of what?
Mir. Why, of my buſineſs, to deſire you not to go.
Emil. What mean you, Sir? why do you gaze ſo wildly?
I hope your thoughts are not ſo much unſettl'd
As your looks; why do you deſire me not to go?

Mir.

Mir. Why, you go to be married, do you not?
Emil. Yes; what do you mean? Pray leave me.
Mir. I muſt not, nay, I cannot leave you.
Emil. Not leave me! What is the buſineſs
That thus unſeaſonably you ſtay me for?
Mir. I know I have done ill to trouble you;
But who can help it; Love and Whirlwinds
Will have their giddy courſes.
The ſtory's ſhort, I ſaw and lov'd you.
Wonder not; Lightning burns at a flaſh,
When leſſer Fires do by degrees conſume.
Emil. It is not well to give me this ſtrange trouble.
How did you come to meet me?
Pray ſay no more; I muſt obey and marry.
Mir. Do, and be happy.---'Tis true,
I might have dy'd without afflicting you;
For that I ask forgiveneſs.
Emil. I forgive you freely.
Mir. This then finiſhes my Wooing. [*He draws a Poniard.*
Emil. Hold; you do not mean ſo madly!
Mir. I mean thus, ſoberly.
Emil. Where is your Reaſon and your Juſtice, Sir!
Think on't; wou'd you rob another of his right?
Your neer Relation too!
Mir. Not by dying, do I?
Emil. That offends Heaven, at whoſe diſpoſal
You ought to be.
Mir. I am ſo; you are my Heaven here,
And you diſpoſe me to my Fate.
Emil. Why d' you cruelly diſturb me? I know
You dare not be ſo injurious as to
Deſtroy at once your ſelf, and all my peace.
Mir. You miſtake; Alaſs! I have not courage enough to try
Whether or no I can endure to live.
Emil. Oh, you have ruin'd me! what ſhall I do!
Mir. I am ſorry I have troubled you, indeed I am;
But you began to plague me firſt:
I was at peace with Woman-kind; that is,
I lov'd none till your eyes began the quarrel.
Emil. What wou'd you have me do? how can I now
Avoid this Marriage, ready for the Temple,
Ingag'd by my Obedience, and my Promiſe!
Mir. You may pretend a ſudden Sickneſs, Madam.
Emil. I need not much pretend it;
But what is your deſign in this?
Mir. I dare not name a Pardon at the firſt;
I only beg to be Repriev'd, that I may try
If it be poſſible to love you leſs,

And

And you may try to love me more:
But if you think it too much mercy to Reprieve me,
Pronounce my Sentence quickly, you shall find me
Your faithful Executioner.

Emil. You press me strangely;
I dare not be the cause of any murther:
Live----I will not marry; by all that's good I will not:
But from this time see me no more,
Cruel disturber of my Peace.

Mir. I lost mine first by seeing you;
And though I promis'd to obey one Sentence,
Yet this is too hard, dying's easier:
I cannot promise never to see you more and live.

Emil. Be gone, and leave the most unhappy of all Women.

Mir. I go, remember only this vow I leave behind,
Never to live to see you wretched or unkind. [*Exit.*

Emil. Ah me!----I need not wholly counterfeit
Sickness; I have an Ague in my thoughts,
Which shakes my Soul; I shall grow faint indeed.
Governess. [*Enter* Taccola.

Tac. O, sweet Charge, there's old calling for you.

Emil. I cannot go yet; lead me to my Chamber;
I fear I shall grow ill.

Tac. How, how!

Emil. Prethee peace.

Tac. Why, what a Gods-name hath this young Fellow done?
What is he gone and left you?

Emil. Nothing, nothing; prethee along, I faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. Hey day, what doings there's within!
Signior *Brancadoro* has lost his Mistress;
By this time they are hunting on a cold scent,
Or else have quite given her over.
I wonder my Mistress had not the wit
To run away, and hide for good and all,
From her old Catterpillar.
Hark, there's a new noise within, [*Noise within.*
And louder too then ever; I'm a villain
If I don't fancy I hear *Taccola's* shrieks
A note above them all; what shou'd this mean?

Enter Brancadoro.

Br. O, *Bottolo*, didst thou see my Mistress? As I live and breathe I never

I never took more pains a Sqirrel-hunting,
Than I have done in seeking her;
I would give any thing in reason to any
That could but bring Tale or Tidings of her.

Bot. That reasonable Reward would prove a *Julio*.

Bran. Come, *Bottolo*, prethee come and help to look her.
[*Exit* Brancadoro.

Bot. I had rather help to hide her from such
A covetous vapouring Coxcomb.
How now! [*Enter* Moreno *hastily*.

Mor. O *Bottolo*, *Bottolo!* run, run, *Bottolo*.

Bot. Whither, Sir?

Mor. Any whither; run, run, fetch a Physitian quickly.
O, my Daughter, my Daughter!
What, art thou here yet?

Bot. Why, what ails my Mistress?

Mor. Dying, dying; she fainted suddenly,
And lies without a sign of life.

Bot. A pretty Wedding towards; poor Soul,
Who can blame her to be afraid to be clasp'd by an old Ivy,
Whose embraces never suffer any thing to prosper?

Mor. Art thou not gone yet? Run quickly, Sirrah,
To *Leonardo* the Physitian; make all the haste thou canst.

Bot. I knew there wou'd no good come of this Wedding,
First or last. I go, Sir, I go. [*Exit* Bottolo.

Enter Castruccio.

Cast. O mischief! No hearing of my Niece!

Mor. My Daughter, my Daughter's going.

Cast. And my Niece is quite gone:
Every corner has been search'd, but no finding her.
Oh, oh, what a sad day is this!

Mor. Never a hopeful morning so o're-cast!

Cast. O my Mistress! O my Neice! Undone, undone.

Mor. Let's in and advise together;
I have sent *Bottolo* for a Physitian. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. There's yet some hopes; the subtle Politician
That cannot reach his ends in peace, throws all
Into disorder.
He snatches others first from their enjoyments,
And that makes way for his designs.
I find we are alike; for Peace must be

More

More fatal than Loves Civil War to me.
What a world of thoughts now offer
Their troubleſom ſervice to me!
Wou'd my man *Baptiſta* were come:
Heaven prevent miſchance; I cannot doubt his truth:
I truſted him to help my Siſters flight to the Nunnery;
No way was left at laſt but that,
To cozen *Brancadoro* of her:
The Fool had almoſt flown her to a Mark.
O *Cialto*,----I have ſtrange News to tell thee. [*Enter* Cialto.

Cial. Your looks expreſs as much.
I thought ſorrow and wildneſs
Had hung upon no brow but mine.
Where have you been? What, is the Wedding finiſh'd?
Why are you thus confus'd?----ha!----where's *Samira*?

Mir. Not married to *Brancadoro*, nor ever ſhall.

Cial. O, my beſt Friend, pardon my fears;
How ſafe I am in thee! But where is ſhe?

Mir. You ſhall know preſently;
I appointed my man *Baptiſta*
To wait my coming to this place;
But an accident has brought me ſooner than I thought.

Cial. Bleſs me! What accident?
In thine eyes appears
A ſtrange diſorder.

Mir. No, no, no great matter; we may be friends, Sir,
Now at your own rate; I am turn'd Lover too.

Cial. Why, 'tis impoſſible! Who *Miranzo!*
He that us'd to brag his heart was fortifi'd
With ſcorn and chearfulneſs!

Mir. O, Sir, I rejoyce you are in ſuch perfect memory;
But ſee, *Baptiſta* is return'd. Now,---what News? [*Enter* Bapt.

Bapt. As you directed, Sir, I found an opportunity
That favour'd the deſign your Siſter had:
The idle Perſons, that had no buſineſs
But to mind others Actions, I got
Into the Cellar, whilſt ſhe made her eſcape.

Mir. To the Nunnery.

Bapt. Thither ſhe told me ſhe wou'd go.

Mir. 'Tis well.

Cial. How! to the Nunnery! ſhe may be willing to ſtay there,
'Tis probable; for nothing here below
Is worth her Love: I find I cannot yet
Submit; my Paſſion will reſiſt,
Though Heaven it ſelf does prove my Rival.
[*Exit* Cialto *haſtily*

Mir. Cialto, friend *Cialto*; he's gone.
Hey day, how Love tumbles us about!

Yet

Yet I admire not now at this diſtraction;
For mad men wonder not at one another.
Bapt. But, Sir, I have ſtrange News to tell you;
The fair *Emilia*, with her old Governeſs,
Is fled to the Nunnery too.
Mir. How! is 't poſſible?
Bapt. 'Tis certain, Sir; and to that purpoſe
She left a Note upon her Table:
All the Houſe is in an uproar,
And fancy 'twas a plot between the Ladies.
Mir. Above my hopes ſhe then has kept her word,
Not to beſtow her ſelf; but what a devil
Does ſhe do at the Nunnery?
That may be worſe than th' other; if ſhe ſhou'd
Turn Nun now; like enough; when people are croſs'd
And vex'd, they grow Religious preſently.
I muſt do ſomthing.----How my thoughts work, [*He ſtudies.*
Heaving like labouring Moles within the Earth!
Ha, *Baptiſta.*
Bapt. Sir.
Mir. Haſt thou not told me thou haſt a Brother is a Friar?
Bapt. I have, Sir, in the next Covent.
Mir. Cou'dſt thou not prevail with him to lend me
A little of his holineſs?
Bapt. What mean you, Sir?
Mir. Nay, I mean none of his Prayers nor Meditations;
At this time I have no uſe for a good thought:
'Tis his Habit only for a few hours; I'le not abuſe it,
On my honour; Thou dar'ſt truſt me, dar'ſt not?
Bapt. You cannot doubt that, Sir; and I am ſure
My Brother's thoughts of you are as as mine are:
I'le try preſently, if you pleaſe, Sir.
Mir. Come, I'le go along with thee;
For my deſign requires ſome haſte:
Thy care and love ſhall be requited. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. Worſe and worſe; my Daughter, my Daughter!
Couzen'd, abus'd, and cheated!
Signior *Caſtruccio*, *Brancadoro*, where are you?

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Brancadoro.

Caſt. What's the matter?
Mor. Oh, my Daughter! gone, fled, run away,

With her old Beldame.

Cast. How, fled and gone!

Mor. Gone, gone.

Bran. My Mistress shew'd her the way.
Villerotto shall let him alone now,
If I cou'd but find him. No Wedding, no Killing. [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Cast. How now? any news yet?
Where's my Nephew *Miranzo*?

Serv. He's not in the House, Sir.

Mor. We are all abus'd and cheated.

Bran. I am couzen'd too of my Mistress; but as long
As I can keep my money, the care's the less.

Cast. It is in vain longer to vex our selves;
Let's in and consult; then if we judg it fit,
We'l go together to the Nunnery,
And there make our demands,
You for your Daughter, I for my Niece.

Mor. You advise well; come, let us not delay:
Signior *Brancadoro*, you must along too.

Bran. With all my heart; I long to see
What the meaning of these tricks are:
Every body's couzen'd, as well as I. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Montalto, *and two Companions.*

Mon. We are marvelously kept on duty; not one allarm yet?

1 *Com.* Our Scout is watching for Intelligence;
To say truth, the Gentleman takes a world of pains.

Mont. Wou'd he wou'd take less; he pays well,
And 'tis no matter how long 'tis a doing.

2 *Com.* What are you squeamish still, Captain?

Mont. Pox on't, I can't conceal my villainous apprehensions
From these Rascals; without doubt the Rogues
Are as timerous as I am, though they hide it better. [*Aside.*

[*Enter* Villerotto *with another, and pulling in* Samira.
How now? what's here to do?

Vill. Nay, do not seem angry:
This is strange rambling on your Wedding day.

Sam. Impudent Rascal, unhand me:
How dare you assume the boldness to examine me?

Vill. Spoil not your good face with frowns;
'Tis to no purpose; You must be my pris'ner.

Sam. Your Prisoner, Slave!

Vill. Yes mine, till I know

In

In what condition you have left my Master;
Your flight's suspitious; perhaps y'ave muther'd him.
Sam. No, the Fool's alive to thank you
For your officious rudeness.
Vill. If he be not, your life shall satisfie.
Mon. 'Tis not in our bargain to deal with women. [*Aside.*
Vill. There's something more than ordinary;
For guilty persons use such flights;
Here, take her away.
Sam. What, will you murder me? help, help.
Vill. Stop your mouth, or I'le spoil the passage to't,
[*He shews a Dagger.*
And make an hole to let your clamors out
By th' way, before they climb up to your Throat.

Enter Emilia *and* Taccola.

What have we here? more Quarry on the wing?
How the Covies scatter'd?
Sure 'tis she; 'tis, 'tis *Emilia.*
Here has been some mischief practis'd;
I'le seize her too, else tother will want company.
Stay, who are you?
Emil. Ah me!
Vill. Whither this way so fast?
May be you cannot speak for want of Air,
I'le give you vent.----I thought so,---'tis she. [*He unvails her.*
Emil. Oh, I am ruin'd.
Vill. Troth, like enough; and possibly you have deserv'd it.
Emil. Pray stop me not; but rather, if you have pity,
Conduct me to the Nunnery.
Vill. O, do your mischiefs prompt you to a refuge?
I'le find you out a place of safety.
Two of you come along with me;
Bring them along too.
Tac. Rascal, what dost thou mean to do with us?
Vill. Nothing with your Antiquity.
Sam. Conduct us to an Officer of Justice;
We dare appear, Sir.
Vill. Stop her mouth; I'le consider what to do with you;
Bring them along, I say.
Do you wait here till I return;
A minute brings me back. [*Exeunt with the Women* Villerotto,
and the second Companion.
Mont. Why, this is horrible Injustice;
We must only it seems do the worst work.
Why, methinks one might serve this unconscionable stomack:
But it may be we, like Serving-men,

May be permitted to fall too after him.
This plunder though ought to be divided
Among us that did the duty.

1 *Com.* 'Tis but reasonable; perhaps he thinks
That full temptation cannot live
In our hunger-starv'd bodies.

Mon. Before I saw these sprightly Wenches
I thought so too; but I am not hungry now:
A man has never any stomach
When he is over-heated.

Enter Villerotto *hastily, with the second Companion.*

Vill. Whist, whist; this way, this way:
Now bravely seize the prey, he's coming directly to you.

Mont. Pox o' th' News: Now have I no mind
To the Wenches neither; this fear can lay that Devil,
That will obey nor hunger, nor poverty.

Vill. Come, follow me; thrust home and sure.

Mont. I, I, so we might.

Vill. Doubt not your full reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Miranzo *in a Friars Habit, with a Friar and* Baptista.

Mir. Thanks, holy Sir; and pray be confident
That I have no design nor thought
Which may abuse this habit.

Fri. You are too noble.

Mir. In that rest assured; now Sir retire,
I need no farther your protection.

Fri. Heavens direct and send you peace of mind.

Mir. Thanks, holy Father.
Baptista, wait at my Uncle's house till you hear from me;
I shall need nothing now but an old Shoo cast after me.

Bap. I will not fail, Sir. This is strange!
He uses not to be so disturb'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cialto *solus.*

Cial. Love's constant diet is not hope, I see;
For mine wou'd then be starv'd; but it is still alive,
And strangely on despair knows how to thrive.
Yet think, *Cialto*, how preposterous 'tis

To fear the loss of that which 'twere unworthy
In thee now to wish.
But though the Sun must at a distance shine,
It would beget an horror in mankind,
Shou'd they but fear he wou'd for ever set.
Though in this place she rises a degree
Up towards Heaven, yet she sets to me.

Enter Villerotto, Montalto, *and two Companions, with their hands on their Swords.*

Ha! who are these, whose dismal looks
Are seconded by their postures!----
Which is your way, Gentlemen?
You stare as if you had lost it.
Vill. No, we know our way, 'tis to thy heart,
And thus we force it.
Cial. 'Twill be hard to find.

As they fight, enter Miranzo *in his Friars Habit; he snatches a Sword from one of them, and by his help the Assailants are beat off.*

Mir. What horrid Act is this! How, *Cialto!*
Vill. Villains, make up; sure I have sped him.
Cial. So bold, Sir?
Vill. Bold as your self, Sir.----It is in vain;
Hell take these Rascals.
Mir. What caus'd this foul play, Sir?
Cial. Holy Sir, you know as much as I.
Mir. How do you feel your self?
Cial. Hurt, Sir; but not to any danger, as I guess;
Yet I bleed: Your timely aid
Makes my life yours; I shou'd not have expected
Such a relief from any in your Habit.
Mir. How, *Cialto*, do you not know me?----not yet?
Look again; sure if you lov'd me
There's no disguise cou'd hide *Miranzo* from you.
Cial. How, *Miranzo!* O, my Friend, what means this Habit?
Mir. You bleed; I dare not spend the time to tell you
All my story; I doubt here was foul play.
One of these Villains I know to be *Brancadoro's* Servant:
But whither were you going?
Cial. To the Nunnery; but prethee satisfie my longing,
What's to be done in this disguise?
Mir. A very pious work, I can assure you;---why,---
I am going to confess my Mistress.
Cial. Thy Mistress!

Mir. You may remember my Uncle was in a fair way
To marriage.
Cial. Why, is he not married?
Mir. No.
Cial. How so?
Mir. I frighted his Mistress away, and in this Nunnery
She has taken Sanctuary; her I am going to confess;
I should be abominably out of countenance----
Cial. At what, man?
Mir. Why, if she shou'd confess, amongst her sins,
That she lov'd me, for one.
Cial. You wou'd absolve her, wou'd you not?
Mir. Yes, and her pennance shou'd be to continue in her Sin;
But we trifle here, forgetting thy condition.
Cial. Pish, I scarce feel my hurts.
Mir. Come, our Adventures lie together; lean on me;
Nay, yet more; counterfeit enough, 'twill move the more
Pity; thy Wounds and my Habit will without doubt
Open these charitable Gates. [*They knock.*

A Nun appears.

Nun. What is your business, Father?
Mir. I am sent from Father *Vincentio*, unto the Lady *Emilia.*
Nun. Here's no such person.
Mir. How! 'tis not the Custom of holy places to deny truths.
Nun. Nor is it now practis'd.
Mir. Why her Father sent away Father *Vincentio*,
Immediately to dispatch some holy man,
To reconcile her troubled Spirit,
Which caus'd her to fly hither.
Nun. She came not to this place.
Mir. Nor *Samira*, *Castruccio's* Niece?
Nun. By all that's holy, neither.
Mir. I dare not but believe you,
Pardon me for pressing you so far.
Nun. All Peace dwell with you. [*Exit Nun.*
Cial. How, not here! did you not mistake, *Miranzo?*
And have forgot, and sent her to some other place?
Mir. I am amaz'd!
Cial. Do not wonder; you cannot lose your Sister, sure.
Mir. Not lose her!
Cial. I hope so; for 'tis probable she knows your mind.
Mir. I scarce understand yours, nor do you know your own;
If you do, 'twill be ingenious to speak it plainer.
Cial. If I shou'd be jealous, or dislike any thing,
'Twou'd seem ridiculous; such humors
Are only fit for those that either hope,

Or

Or else are in possession.---Farewel.---
I wish your Sister happy. [*He offers to go out.*
Mir. Stay;----consider this is the second time
That you have started into mean suspitions:
You will repent.
Cial. I do repent that I pursu'd your Sister
With a passion that hath out-liv'd all my prosperity,
As if a Ghost shou'd love; for 'tis not I,
But 'tis *Cialto*'s shadow that you gaze on.
Mir. 'Tis indeed his shade, or something less,
That bears no shape of him, nor of his mind.
Cial. I know it but too well;----yet perhaps
You may have so much friendship left, at my request,
To give it out that I am dead.
Mir. What's your design in that report?
Cial. You will not do it then.
Mir. I wou'd know why.
Cial. Nay then.
Mir. Come, your humour shall have its course,
I'le do't without a question:
But why shou'd I report that you are dead?
Cial. You said you wou'd not ask me; nor need
You fear to give out an untruth; it may be shortly so:
In the mean time I must disguise my self,
As from henceforward I shall every day
Resemble less and less what once I was.
Things running to decay grow every moment
More unlike themselves; and so do I.
That at the last the name of Friend
Will not fit you or me; for I shall be decay'd,
Never to be repair'd again; and we must part
Still more and more, till at the last our distance
Will grow so great that none will guess
We ever were united: So Lines
Both from one Centre drawn, still more and more divide,
Till for the World at last they grow too wide. [*Exit.*
Mir. I forgive thee, poor *Cialto*; for I am sensible
What a distraction governs thee, by the confusion
That throws my thoughts into as much disorder;
For I have rais'd a War where Peace still flourish'd,
In the calm Empire of *Emilia's* breast;
And she is fled from me back to her peace.
——Yet—— [*He studies.*
What is the meaning that my Sister fails?
I know not what to think; I stand like one has
Lost his way, and no man near him to enquire it of.
Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct

Enquiring

Enquiring Justice: The Passengers that travel
In the wide Ocean, where no paths are,
Look up, and leave their Conduct to a Star. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Montalto, *and his two Companions.*

1 *Com.* 'Troth, Captain, I did not perceive
That daring Valour you talk of.

Mont. Thy fears blinded thee, else thou might'st have seen
What furious thrusts I exchang'd with that Devil
In a Friars Habit. You are a courteous Gentleman,
To lend your Sword at such a time.

2 *Com.* He came behind me on the sudden,
And wrench'd it from me:
Who wou'd have suspected a Friar for such tricks?

1 *Com.* All our reward is lost; if we might have it,
I think we shou'd be asham'd to ask it;
He that hir'd us was hurt himself.

Mont. Why, 'twas his own cause, and his own fault;
As for example, I'le shew you what he shou'd have done;
Observe me.----

Enter Miranzo, *and* Baptista *following at a distance.*

How now----what apparition's this, as a Friar?
I hope 'tis not another fighting Friar.
'Slid, 'tis he; my villainous apprehensions
Go as true as a Sun-dial.
What an unluckie posture he has found me in,
Wou'd my sword were up to th' hilts in him
Or a dunghill, or any thing that wou'd but hide it. (now;

Mir. What, more mischief towards? I am provided for them
They are those very rascals:--- I know that blustring
Fellow again: Now Heav'n prosper my designs;
I have a fair occasion to improve them.
How now, Gentlemen? what means a weapon drawn?

Mont. We, Sir, are men that have been us'd
To handle Swords; when there's no War to imploy them,
We play with 'um in peace: I hope 'tis no offence
To have a kindness for our best Friends.
Sure he knows us not.—— [*Aside.*

1 *Com.* Alter your countenance as much as possible,
Captain; perhaps he may not know us.

2 *Com.* I'le seem blowing my nose, and so hide my face.----

'Slid,

'Slid, I have no handkerchief to do it with.

Mir. You ſtare as if you did not know me.

Mon. Know you? how ſhou'd we know you?

Mir. No? that's ſtrange; one of you was ſo civil
To lend me a Sword lately;
Can you yet call me to remembrance?

Mon. We know not what you mean; if we were friends,
We are not now at leiſure to anſwer idle queſtions.
[*He offers to go.*

Mir. Nay, you muſt ſtay; come no bluſtring;
I am provided now, look you---- [*He ſhews a Sword un-*
I ſhall not trouble you for a Sword again. *der his Gown.*

Mont. Wou'd he had mine, where I cou'd wiſh it.

Mir. I am ſorry I have an unpleaſant queſtion to ask you;
But yet it muſt be anſwer'd.

Mon. Muſt!

Mir. Yes, muſt; and you will do it calmly,
For all your ſtormy looks.
Bladder, if thou continueſt thus to ſwell,
I'le make an hole to let out your vain humour.

Mon. 'Tis well you are a man of peace, or elſe----

1 *Com.* Not half ſo much as he is.

Mir. Never at peace with Murtherers; Impudent Villains,
Who hir'd you to that damn'd act
Of murthering the generous *Cialto?*
Had not your feet been nimbler then the Sword,
I'de paid you your juſt hire, Sir.----Come, confeſs.

1 *Com.* We are undone.---Lord, how our Captain looks big,
And trembles all at once!

Mon. We do not underſtand you.

Mir. Well, I cannot ſtay to parley;
Here, take away theſe Raſcals Swords.

Mon. How, our Swords!

Mir. Come, come; nay, it muſt be ſo;
I know your gentle natures.

Mon. Why, Sir, I deny nothing to one of your Coat,
Or elſe-----

Mir. You wou'd deliver them however.

1, 2 *Com.* Good Sir, diſgrace us not.

Mon. Pox on't, wou'd that were the worſt;
How the Rogues ſtand upon their credit?

Mir. Diſgrace you! is that poſſible? Come, deliver, deliver,
Or you ſhall have ours, d' ſee, where you do not wiſh them.

Mon. Well, our Religion obliges me to this; but it ſhall be upon
Condition you uſe it well till you return it;
'Tis a good Blade. [*They deliver their Swords.*

Mir. If the Blade be good you ſhall have a Knife out of it,
'Tis your only Weapon, this was not well mounted.

Mon. Well Sir, you are merry, and we take our leaves.
Mir. O, by no means; you must deliver your selves up too.
Here carry these Gentlemen Murtherers
To *Cialto*'s Kinsman; these are the Rogues
He has been looking for; I leave them to his Examination.
Mon. O, good Sir, we wil do any thing.
Mir. Away with them; I'le follow at a distance,
If they stir; and d' hear---- *He whispers to* Baptista.
Bapt. Yes, Sir.----Come, my Masters. [*Exit* Miranzo.
Mon. What say you Friends? umh---
This was a good Bargain; we shall never have such another:
How plaguily you guess'd! we are not likely
To live to make another: What say you
To a dialogue with Fear and Conscience?
1 *Com.* Why, if we hang we shall be in no more wants,
And you'l be in no more frights, Captain.
Bapt. Come along, Gentlemen of the peaceable Blade:
But, d' hear? if you can yet be honest,
And confess truly and penitently,
You may scape, I'le undertake it.
Mon. We will confess all we know, Sir.
1 *Com.* Yes, and more too, if that will do't.
Bapt. Come, despair not then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter, as to the Nunnery, Castruccio, Moreno, Brancadoro, *and* Bottolo.

Bran. If they be here, we'l fetch them out with a vengeance;
Knock *Bottolo*, break the Gate down. [Bottolo *knocks.*
Bot. They are deaf, or else at prayers.
Bran. I, so they had need, to ask forgivness
For all their tricks. How out of countenance, Uncle,
Will my Mistress be when she sees me?
Cast. And my Mistress too, Nephew.
Bran. Why there's one comfort yet, they did not run
After other men; I'de have made any man smoak
That shou'd have been so bold to have ventur'd
On my Mistress.----What, no body come yet?----Knock again;
These be fine tricks. [Bottolo *knocks.*
Bot. Not a distressed Damsel yet appears
Out of the sacred Castle:----Now one bolts; [*Enter Nun.*
We shall have a godly Exhortation,
Whither we get any Women, or no.
Nun. What means this earnest knocking at the Gates?
Bran. What a foolish question's that? we wou'd come in.

Nun.

Nun. Our Laws forbid that men shou'd enter here.
Bran. Fiddle faddle, I'le come in, and fetch others out too;
See who shall say me nay.
Nun. Use no rude force, 'twill be a disrespect
To Heaven, as well as want of manners:
Is there a cause for all this passion?
Bran. Yes, that there is; here you shelter every Run-away;
Bring 'um out, or I'le feeze you.
Bot. Why he'l beat her; 'tis a fierce Hector.
Nun. What is it you demand, or whom?
Bran. Why, we demand *Samira* and *Emilia*;
Here is her Uncle, and the others Father:
My name's Signior *Brancadoro*; you have heard on't
I warrant you, e're now.
Nun. I know not what you mean.
Mor. 'Tis true, holy Maid, such we have lost,
And hither they are fled.
Nun. Certainly, Sir, there are none such here.
But I'le go in and ask the truth.
Cast. We thank you. [*Exit Nun.*
Bran. 'Slid, if she had not left her tricks and denials
I wou'd have hit her a dowse in the chops.
Bot. Like enough; perhaps he ne're struck any body in his life,
And now wou'd flesh himself upon a Woman.

Enter Nun.

Nun. Here are no such persons as you enquire for.
Mor. How, how! why my Daughter *Emilia* left a Letter
Upon her Table, expressing she fled hither,
For some trouble she had within her.
Nun. There's some abuse in this; for but e'ne now
There was a Friar that enquir'd for these Ladies;
He held a Gentleman seem'd hurt to death:
He was earnest, as you are; but he was satisfi'd,
As you may please to be.
Bran. No, it does not please us to be satisfi'd;
Nor will we be satisfied; let's in and search.
-----That hurt Gentleman was *Cialto*, without question.
-----Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress. [*Aside.*
Nun. I hope you do not mean to be injurious.
Cast. I hope you do not think it lawful
To conceal Children from their Parents; this wou'd be
The refuge then of every wilful Child.
Nun. Pray believe you are not now abus'd;
By our best hopes there are no such Persons
Within our Walls; we wou'd not for a world deny a Truth.
Mor. This is strange; but we must believe.

Bran. But we may chuse whither we will or no.

Nun. Heaven restore all you have lost,
And then preserve it to you.

Cast. We thank you. [*Exit Nun.*

Bran. I'le not thank her; a pox of her truths;
I'le not be couzen'd by any holy Jugler of them all.

Mor. Come, let's not neglect to enquire some other way;
'Tis vain to linger here.
Signior *Brancadoro*, what course take you?

Bran. I'le go about a little business, and presently
Set some to enquire; if she be above-ground, I'le have her.

Cast. Farewel, Signior; we'l lose no time neither.
[*Exit* Castruccio *and* Moreno.

Bran. Some comfort yet, that I have such fair hopes:
Cialto's dead; now I shall keep my Estate quietly;
And if I cou'd but find my Mistress, I shou'd have her too.
Now the roaring Lion's dead, I dare look after my prey.
Well,----what's best to do? let me consider.

Enter Villerotto.

Vill. What, is he studying? why the devil
Does he thus seem to search for prudent thoughts,
That has not lodging in his brains for one?
Yet he studies; somthing is in the matter.
Fortune, that brought those beautious Prisoners under
My power, prosper me now in driving of my bargain.---Sir.

Bran. How now?----O *Villerotto*, come just in the nick;
I want thy advise and help; my Mistress
Is not here at the Nunnery.

Vil. How, Sir! not at the Nunnery! why, you told me that
Emilia had left a Note upon her Table,
That she was fled hither; and is neither here?

Bran. Pox of her Note; neither she nor *Samira* are here.

Vill. Who told you this?

Bran. Why a little harlotry Nun.

Vill. She lied sure.

Bran. I said so; I was going once to hit her a cuff o'th' ear,
But that she told me some good news.

Vill. What was that?

Bran. She told me a Gentleman was dying, and a Friar
Has carried him away; that's you know who.
Hast heard any news?

Vill. Yes, your enemy is dead.

Bran. For certain?

Vill. So 'tis reported generally.

Bran. Why, I have nothing then to fear but his ghost;
And if that shou'd be troublesom, I'le quiet him,

If

If *Chriſtendom* can afford a Conjurer.
Now if I cou'd but find my Miſtreſs.---- But *Villerotto*,
If any of the Rogues ſhou'd be taken that know thee.
Vill. I hope not, Sir.
Bran. Hope!---is't come to that? Art not ſure,---ha?
Now ſhall not I ſleep one wink this night;
I ſhall do nothing but think and dream,
And dream, and think of Judges, Serjeants, Bars,
And Hangmen; wou'd I had ne're medled with it.
Vill. There is a way, Sir, to ſecure you.
Bran. Name it, name it, good *Villerotto.*
Vill. I muſt go plant, Sir, in another Country;
Then you are ſafe.
Bran. Why, faith and troth I ſhall be loth to part with thee;
But what muſt be, muſt be; Friends muſt part.
---Wou'd I were well rid of him. [*Aſide.*
If thou think'ſt it fit, I ſhall be rul'd.
Vill. And conſent I ſhall be gone.
Bran. But againſt my will, as I'me an honeſt man;
For let the worſt come to the worſt, I know thou woud'ſt not
Betray me,---wou'dſt thou, *Villerotto?*---ha?
Vill. Nay, I cannot tell what operation
A Rack and Torture might have on me; I am fleſh and blood.
Bran. So am I too, I know it by my ſhaking.
This was a bugs word;---wou'd he were gone. [*Aſide.*
Nay, *Villerotto*, 'tis for thy ſafety too as well as mine,
That I conſent; when wou'd'ſt go?
Vill. Soft, Sir, ſomthing is firſt to be conſider'd on.
Bran. What's that? what's that?
Vill. Firſt tell me, Sir, is there no news of the Ladies?
Bran. No, no; neither tale nor tidings.
Vill. Have Signior *Caſtruccio* nor *Moreno*
Heard nothing neither?
Bran. Not a ſyllable; I have told you all.
Vill. Are not the old Gentlemen much troubled?
You bear your loſſes pretty well, Sir.
Bran. I have took on too, that I have,
As much as the beſt of 'um; it has made me
Ready to hang my ſelf; but while my money's left
I ſhan't part with this world eaſily; yet I wou'd give ſomwhat
More than I'le ſay, to get my Miſtreſs once again.
Vill. What wou'd you give, Sir?
Bran. Nay, nothing, unleſs I were ſure to have her,
And then ſure ſhe wou'd not run away agen.
Vill. What wou'd you give to marry her?
Bran. I, I, that's the buſineſs that I am to look after;
I muſt get ſome Heirs quickly,
For fear the *Brancadoro*'s Race ſhou'd ceaſe.

Vill.

Vill. That were pity.---- [*Aside.*
But if I cou'd be instrumental, nay, the only means
To find your Mistress out, and then marry her to you, what then?
Bran. Why, she may run away afterwards, for ought I know.
Vill. But what if I shou'd put you to bed together? after that
'Twill bee too late for her to take her flight.
Bran. I marry sir; do this, and Ile give thee twenty Crowns.
Vill. I thought so----You are wondrous bountiful:
But not to trifle longer, look you, Sir,
If you sign this for my comfortable subsistence, I'le be gone;
[*He shews a Writing.*
'Tis to secure you in a certain Safety:
And into the bargain I'le help you to your Mistress;
You shall wed her, and bed her.
Bran. What is't? let's see.
Vill. There's the Sum, Sir. [*He points in the writing.*
Brancadoro *reads it.*
Bran. How! Two thousand Crowns a year!
I le give two thousand of my Teeth as soon.
Vill. Why then, Sir, take your chance, and I'le take mine:
I must not starve, nor will I.
Bran. But if thou shoud'st not help me to her.
Vill. Then I'le be gone, and forfeit my reward.
Bran. I wou'd fain have her; but I wou'd fain keep my money:
But if I don't he'l betray me, or cut my throat; [*Aside.*
'Tis a terrible dogged Fellow.
Well, *Villerotto*, I'le think on't; come along, we'l go try
If we can drive a bargain:----But dost know where she is?
Vill. That I do not tell you; 'tis enough, I'le run the venture.
Hark you, Sir. [*He whispers.*

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Ha!---'tis he; 'tis *Brancadoro* and his Rascal,
That did attempt *Cialto*'s life: Fortune sure
Has offer'd them thus fairly to me, to make some use of:
I hope they know me not; I'le try:
Save you, Gentlemen;----may it not appear rude to ask you
If you know one call'd Signior *Brancadoro?*
Bran. Yes, I know him as well as I know my self.
Mir. I have a little business with him, Sir,
And wou'd be glad to know where I might find him.
Bran. Why, did not I tell you I knew him as well as my self?
That's as much as to say, I am he, if you mean
The Honorable *Brancadoro*, Son
And Heir to *Brancadoro*, who was lately
The great rich Senator.
Mir. 'Tis he, Sir, I mean, whose known worth

Made

Made it a duty in me to acquaint him
Of a black ſcandal ſome wild tongues have caſt upon him.
Bran. What's the buſineſs? if they talk of me,
I'le make 'em hold their Tongues.
Vill. How's this! [*Aſide.*
Mir. It will deſerve your ear, Sir:
The cauſe that made me knowing of your wrongs,
Such I dare call 'um, was by ſome diſcourſe
That happen'd of the unfortunate *Cialto*'s death;
There 'twas reported, that an idle Fellow,
Who takes on him the title of a Captain,
Gives out that he was hir'd by a Servant of yours
To murder him; and they talk as if the Captain,
And his leud Companions, had been ſecur'd,
At leaſt ſearch'd after, by the direction of a Friar,
But what Friar I cou'd not hear.
Vill. Plague on that holy Raſcal. [*Aſide.*
Bran. Hey, hey, a Friar! what Friar, *Villerotto?*
Vill. Why the devil do you ask me? I know no Friar.
O the damn'd Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*
Mir. They grow concern'd; it works. [*Aſide.*
Bran. Villerotto, d' hear? if thou cou'dſt be ſure to help me
To *Samira*, and then wou'dſt be gone into another Country,
I wou'd ſign the Writing.
Vill. I'le do it, Sir; nor ſhall you ſet your hand too't,
Till I have ſhew'd you I can do it:---But hark you, Sir,
If you ſhall then refuſe it, I'le betray all.
Bran. Like enough; I muſt do't. [*Aſide.*
Vill. Ha,----a lucky phancy mingles on the ſudden
Among my crouding thoughts; 'tis excellent;
This Friar may be a fit perſon,----I'le try him.----
Let me ſee,---'tis right.---If I joyn *Brancadoro* to his Miſtreſs,
That way my Fortune's gain'd; and to be ſafe,
This Friar ſhall make *Emilia* mine;
That done, her Friends will ne're endure to ſee
Her Husband hang'd; though *Brancadoro* ſhare part of the Feaſt,
Yet by his leave I'le taſte both diſhes firſt.---Sir,
Pray give me leave to ask this honeſt Friar
Some queſtions in relation to your ſervice.
Bran. With all my heart.
Vill. You cannot tell, Sir, whither theſe Raſcals
Are yet in cuſtody, or not?
Mir. No, Sir.
Vill. Nor cou'd you hear what Friar this is?
Mir. I am almoſt a ſtranger in *Sienna.*
Vill. I like that.---- [*Aſide.*
You have expreſs'd a great kindneſs and reſpect
For my Maſter *Brancadoro*; poſſibly, Sir,
I cou'd propoſe a ſervice you might do him That

That might deſerve a large Reward.

Mir. I ſhou'd be glad to have that in my power, Sir.

Vill. Perhaps men of your Profeſſion may ſcruple
To do a thing in private, without the allowance of all Parties.

Mir. What mean you, Sir?

Vill. Hark you, a word in private.

Mir. Let me alone, Sir, to make good the title,
And fit the party ready for poſſeſſion.

Vil. O happy accident! I am raviſh'd with my good fortune.

Mir. What means all this? I'le try the bottom of it. [*Aſide.*

Vil. Come, Sir, be chearful, and be confident [*To* Brancad.
In a few hours I'le make you ſafe and happy.
If your occaſions, reverend Sir, permit you
To undertake what I have mention'd to you,
I'le ſhew you ſuddenly your Clients.

Mir. I am ready, Sir.

Vill. You muſt engage to ſecreſie.

Mir. Upon my holineſs.

Vill. Nay, you have forſworn that already in your diſcourſe.

Mir. Upon my life, Sir.

Vill. Come, Sir, to your houſe then, there you ſhall ſee
What I will do in order to my promiſe.---Sir,
I hope this reverend perſon ſhall receive
Rewards proportionable to that ſervice
He is engag'd to do you:----but----
When we come there you muſt be pleas'd to uſe
A little patience, till I have brought together
The perſons you muſt tye in ſacred Bonds.
I'le on before, Sir. [*Exit* Villerotto.

Mir. I ſhall obſerve all you direct.

Bran. What does he mean tro?

Mir. I cannot gueſs; but I beiieve 'tis ſomthing
In order to your ſervice.

Bran. Nay, 'tis a notable Fellow; and you wou'd ſay ſo,
Did you know as much as I:
As cunning as my Miſtreſs is, he'l go near
To hunt her out, let her make as many doubles as ſhe will.
Come, Sir, I'le bid you welcom at my houſe;
'Tis not the worſt in *Sienna*; you ſhall take a full view of it.

Mir. You oblige me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Villerotto *ſolus.*

Vill. So, now to my Priſoners:
A ſingle Beauty cou'd not have the power
To keep my blood thus at high tide; if one
Permits my veins to find but the leaſt ebb, The

The other makes 'um riſe, and ſo kept alwayes
Flowing by one or to'thers eyes:
And like my blood, my flames finde no retreat:
-----I muſt allay my fires,----or waſt
In this expence of heat.----Come forth, come forth,
Enter Samira, *and* Emilia, *and* Taccola.
My Lady Brides, you ſhou'd have made ſuch fools
Of men.----'tis not amiſs to give you joy.
Sam. What means the Villain?
Em. O give him gentle words, his looks are dreadful.
Sam. Give him Rats-bane.
Em. O ſpeak gently to him! when I was a girle
They us'd to frighten me with ſuch a one.----I tremble.
Sam. Fear not, *Emilia*; the villain dares not wrong us.
Vil. But the villain dares revenge his wrongs.
Sam. Who has injur'd thee?
Vil. He that did it will do ſo no more,
I can aſſure you.
Sam. What doſt thou mean?
Vil. Why, this Wound, as ſhallow as it is,
Was fathom'd by *Cialto*'s Sword,
Sam. Piſh.
Vil. 'Tis true indeed; but I was more bold with him;
And put in farther; he had no time
To make a Will; I doubt he left you nothing.
Sam. What do'ſt thou mean, ſcreech-Owle?
Vil. Oh, you have no minde to underſtand;
This 'tis plainly, *Cialto*'s dead;
I kill'd him in my own defence.
Sam. Villain thou lyeſt, in every thing thou lyeſt;
He cou'd do nothing baſely; nor could thy power
Reach his generous life.
Vil. Why, in good truth, 'twas he that ſtir'd my blood,
And made this hole to let it out at; but
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas not deep enongh:
I ſaw his error, and did rectifie it;
I thruſt my Sword two or three inches deeper,
And that laid him to reſt.
Sam. O heaven protect us.
Vil. Why now you run on that miſtake again;
No help can come ſo quickly as you'l want it.
Tac. Thou doſt not mean to raviſh us, doſt thou, Varlet?
Vil. Us! canſt thou be raviſh'd, old willingneſs?
Tac. How do you know Jackanapes,
Whether I am willing or no? you never try'd yet.
Vil. Nor ever will: This ſhe devil will raviſh me.
Be quiet, or I'le ſlit your tongue; d'ſee this.
[*He ſhews a Dagger.*

Sam. O for ſome help! I'le tear the Villain.
Em. Peace, pray peace, let me beg again;
Good Sir let's go, why do you fright us ſo?
You dare not be ſo wicked as you talk.
Vill. Pretty; their different tempers bring to my enjoyment
Variety of bliſs; in her embraces
I ſhall enjoy a calm, and childiſh innocence;
In th'other, loftineſs of minde, and ſpirit,
As if kinde nature had preſented now
All that ſhe cou'd produce for me to rifle.
Emil. Do you not hear me Sir? I pray releaſe us:
You have no cauſe to keep us priſoners;
Yet we will pay a ranſome.
Vill. Why, ſo you ſhall before you go,
Pretty one: is't more unjuſt for you to be my Priſoners,
Then me to be your Slave?
Sam. Our Slave!
Vil. Nay, put not on a ſcornful look;
I ſhall not beg your pitty.
Em. But we are willing to beg yours, good gentle Sir.
Sam. Beg not ſo meanly, he dares not injure us.
Vil. O, by no means; why that Frown?
Thoſe ſtorms ſhall caſt away no heart of mine;
I'le force my way to harbour in your armes.
Sam. What do you mean?
Vil. I mean to make my ſelf as fortunate
As man can be in his full crown'd wiſhes;
I will enjoy you both.
Tac. Which two d'you mean?
Vil. Pox on thee, wou'dſt thou be one?------
Nay wonder not, nor bleſs your ſelves, unleſs
It be in admiration of my juſtice,
Shew'd to the equal power of your beauties;
You may ſee the image of it every day;
'Tis in the labouring Bee, that gathers ſweetneſs
From every Flower that contends in beauty.
Tac. By that ſimile he ſhould go near
To venture on us all.
Sam. Monſter, dar'ſt thou entertain a thought of ſuch a villlany?
Vil. Alas, 'tis paſt that, I am almoſt ready for action;
Yet for all that you ſhall be honeſt women
When I have done.
Em. For heavens ſake, Sir, what mean theſe dark expreſſions?
I hope they include no evil.
Vill. Not any; perhaps you may ſcruple it
A little at the firſt; but I'le allow you
Some ſmall time to conſider on't:
What an excellent contrivance 'twill be!

You ſhall have all Love's ſtolen and ſweeteſt Joyes,
And yet be honeſt; come prepare.
Sam. For what?
Vill. For my embraces.
Sam. For thoſe of Snakes firſt.
Vill. O, mine are gentler far.
Sam. Villain, thou————
Emil. Pray peace, and let me beg once more,
Upon my knees; pray Sir do not affright us,
I know you cannot mean the thing you threaten;
You are too wiſe, by our unhappineſs
To bring on your own ruine.
Vill. Ha, ha, why you will not publiſh your own ſhame;
This will not do; no, if I were ſure
That death waited for me, as ſoon as I had crown'd
My paſſion and revenge, I wou'd think it
A good bargain, to chop a little time for ſo much ſatisfaction.
Sam. Be merciful, and kill us.
Vill. That's to be cruel to my ſelf----but I trifle time,
A little buſineſs calls me; be wiſe, and meet
My embraces willingly; if not, know your doom;
For by thoſe powers that govern me, Love and Revenge,
I'le ſacrifice both your enjoyments to them,----
So ponder till I return. [*Exit* Villerotto.
Em. Ah Madam, what ſhall we do?
Sam. Dye, *Emilia.*
Em. When Madam?
Sam. Preſently.
Em. Alas, I tremble at your naming it.
Sam. Why do you ſhake? you muſt dye one day?
Em. I know it, by that time I may be willing;
Old age, or a Diſeaſe may make it welcome,
At leaſt more gentle, then it now appears
By an approaching violence-----but----
Sam. O rather with a juſter apprehenſion
Recount the lingering Torments a Sickneſs
Or old Age may bring on; a violent Feaver
May make the body a furnace for the ſoul
To ſuffer, not to live in; or old Age
May take away our reaſon, and the uſe of ſenſe and faculties,
And rob the body and ſoul both of their eyes: this way
A minutes pain aſſures felicity for ever.
Em. Which way ſhou'd we do it?
Sam. See, this I had ſtill about me in all my fears *She draws*
Of being forc'd to be made *Brancadoro* *a ſhort Dagger.*
Why do you wink? the brightneſs of it ſhines
Moſt lovely in my eyes, when I but think
What ſervice it may do in ſending us

To a perpetual peace.
Emil. Can a ſoul be carried through a ſtream of Blood,
To peace in to'ther world? is't not a Sin to deſtroy life?
Sam. 'Tis to avoid a greater ſin we do it:.
Dare you, nay, can you live ſtain'd with this----
I tremble more to name or think on that,
Then on the death that will prevent it.
But I have given you my opinion,
And will afford you my example:
If you ſtay behinde me you will repent,
Among thoſe miſeries that I am freed from.
Emil. Oh! do not ſpeak of leaving me behinde you,
To the rude paſſions of this horrid villain;
I know not how to live without you,
Nor dye, but as you teach me;
Pray blame me not, nor take it ill of me:
Sick men, though they are told, and do believe
That health is offer'd in a bitter potion,
Shrink at the taking of it; 'tis no more in me:
I know, at laſt I ſhall chuſe death, rather then ſhame;
-----Yet I know not how I ſhall endure to hurt my ſelf,
I have cryed when I have but cut my Finger.
Sam. That only was, becauſe 'twas unexpected;
Your reſolution now for a juſt cauſe
Will make this welcome, and prepare you for it.
Emil. I fear I ſhall hardly ſtrike home,-----
Then I may ſuffer all that ſhame and miſchief
I would avoid; pray therefore grant me one thing.
Sam. What is't?
Em. To kill me firſt.
Sam. That were to commit murder.
Em. Why, have a better title to your own life,
Then unto mine; you purchas'd one no more
Then you did 'tother; there is no contract, or permiſſion,
Granted from Heaven, that allows the difference.
Sam. But alas, my ſweet *Emilia*,
I never ſhall endure to hurt thee.
Em. Nor your ſelf neither, did not that vertue prompt you
Which bids me beg it, and then the Argument's the ſame for me.
Sam. Pretty reaſon'd; but it will be needleſs
To diſpute this; I know my fair example,
In dying firſt, will arme thy feeble hand,
With double ſtrength, to force a paſſage
For thy unſtained ſoul to fly with mine,
Where every thing is in perpetual luſtre.
Em. Shall we know one another there?
Sam. No queſtion of it, elſe this bad world
In ſomething might exceed the beſt.

Em. You

Emil. You have confirm'd me, Madam, pray forgive
My simple, if not unbeseeming fears;
'Twas no dispute my vertue did admit of,
But a confusion brought upon me suddenly,
By nature, and still flattering hope, reasons, and vertues enemies.
Come dear *Emilia*, we'l prepare our selves,
And make the circumstances of our death
Familiar to us; for 'tis practice only
Takes the sharp nature off from things,
And gives them new ones, that at the last
We shall be so much strangers to the thoughts
Or the desires of life, that all will seem
Already done, which we resolve to try,
And we shall both seem dead before we dye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Cialto *solus.*

Cial. WHy do I still pursue, what still must fly,
And what I dare not wish to overtake?
It seems like the pursuit of night, which follows day
In the same track, and yet can never reach it;
That distance nature did for them decree,
And honour has design'd the same for me:
Yet still there is a mutiny within
Against those Laws which honour strictly makes;
And passion like a cunning Traitor sets
The name of liberty on its own Rebellion.

Enter Baptista, Montalto, *and his two Companions.*

Bap. Sir.
Cia. Ha, *Baptista*!
Bap. A word, Sir, in your ear----My Master, Sir, by chance
Has lighted on the Villains that attempted you;
He thought it fit that you shou'd first examine 'um,
As Kinsman to your self, and to that end
Has sent them to you; farther, he bid me tell you
That in a little time you will perceive
You wrong'd him in your thoughts.
Cia. Prethee say no more;
My thoughts have so much disproportion in them,
That they are neither just nor equal unto my self, or him;
Has he not sent his pardon by thee?
Bap. He can take nothing ill of you Sir,

Per-

Perhaps he did admire a little.
Cia. He is a perfect friend, and can love one
Whose Minde is lost, as well as Fortunes.
-----Now Gentlemen have you received your wages?
Mon. For what, Sir?
Cia. For killing my Kinsman *Cialto.*
Mon. We hope he is not dead.
Cia. D'you hope so, rascals; come confess
Every circumstance, how it was done,
And who hir'd you to't; if you miss a tittle----or----
Mon. This Gentleman told us,
If we did confess, we shou'd not suffer.
Cia. Well, if you do it truly, and afterwards
Perform all I enjoyn you, I will make good his word:
Come, who hir'd you?
Mon. It was an ill minded man, Sir,
One that belong'd to Signior *Brancadoro.*
Cia. Was it his Masters instruction?
Mon. I, no doubt on't, Sir.
Cia. Did he say so?
Mon. Yes, and more too.
Cia. What more?
Mon. Why, he told us, it was an honourable action,
And therefore wou'd share in't himself;
And accordingly he said his Master shou'd reward us.
Cia. You know him when you see him?
Mon. Yes, yes, Sir.
1 *Com.* Good Sir, let us not suffer, we have your word.
Cial. Trust to it; have you any more to say?
Mon. Nothing Sir, of any consequence.
Cia. Well, what trivial thing have you?
Mon. When we were waiting Sir,
For that worthy and unhappy Gentleman *Cialto,*
A couple of silly women by chance came by, and the rascal
Snatch'd them up too; all was fish that came to his net.
Cia. How, Women? what Women? speak, quickly, ha----
Mon. Why does your worship grow angry?
Cio. Speak Dogs, what Women?
Mon. What a rogue was I to name them,
'Slid, 'tis he himself. [*Aside.*
1 *Com.* You must be over-doing it.
Mon. Plague on you, did not you advise to tell all?
Nay, more then all if need were?
Cia. It may be it was *Samira* and *Emilia*: rogues, what women?
Mon. Good Sir, we know not;
But he talk'd of their running away
Upon their Wedding day,
And took them, as he said, upon suspicion

Of

Of murdering his maſter *Brancadoro.*
Cia. It muſt be they, the circumſtance aſſures it.
O you dogs, did you help take them! I'le ſend
Your miſchievous ſouls to that devil that inſtructs them.
Mon. O good Sir, we hope you are the Gentleman,
And there's no hurt done, O good Sir.
1 *Com.* Remember your promiſe, Sir.
Mon. We have more to confeſs Sir;
Or if you pleaſe, we'l unconfeſs it all again.
Cia. I had forgot to ask, what did the ſlave do with them?
Mon. He ſent them priſoners to his maſters houſe, as we think.
Cia. O heavens! Rogues, Priſoners! come along with me;
For if I finde you tell me any lyes,
I'le ſpoil your throats from venting any more.
Come good *Baptiſta*, help guard the Raſcals;
If they but offer to ſtir, kill 'um.
I'le carry back to the ſlaves heart
All theſe intended miſchiefs,
And break upon them like a whirle-winde,
Wrapping them up together into nothing. [*Exeunt haſtily.*

SCENE II.

Enter Samira *and* Emilia.

Sam. Come, come, *Emilia*, dry thoſe tender eyes,
We are not going to be miſerable,
But to be ſafe from miſeries.
Em. Wou'd it were paſt; I am willing to reach
My journeyes end; yet I ſtart like one
That travels in the night, in unknown wayes;
For we muſt through darkneſs,
Wander in places, from whence none that went
Ever return'd to tell us what they were.
Sam. O do not ſhake thy vertuous reſolution
With feeble apprehenſions; 'tis a journey
That we muſt one day take: All the diſpute
Which can be rais'd is only from the loſs
Of ſome uncertain time, which yet perhaps
May prove ſo full of miſeries, you'd wiſh
That Fate which now you wou'd ſo much decline.
Em. My reſolution's firm; for all my ſhakings
They are but ſtarts which ſometimes nature makes;
As Wolves kept tame may now and then
Provok't by appetite, or ſome diſpleaſure,
Start into actions like their uſual wildneſs,
Before they were reduc'd to an obedience;
So 'tis with me, though I have brought my nature

To

To a tameneſs, and ſubmiſſion:
Yet at the unwelcome proſpect that it takes
Of my intended diſſolution.-----
It ſtarts within me, and wou'd fain break
Thoſe ſevere Fetters, Vertue and Reaſon tyes them up with.
Sam. Here take thy choice then; [*She ſhews a Knife and a Dagger.*
This knife by chance
Taccolla had about her: which will you have?
Em. The Dagger, if you pleaſe; that ſeems the ſharpeſt,
And will be beſt for my weak hand.
Sam. Nay do not weep that we ſhall dye;
But ſmile to think how we ſhall live in Fame.
Em. I muſt weep, ſince I muſt part with you.
Sam. We ſhall meet again ſo quickly,
Thy tears will be but thrown away:-----
Now hide that fatal friend unto thy honour,
And when I ſtrike, ſtrike too, that we may fail
In one anothers armes, and go to reſt together.
------See, the Monſter comes, be reſolute.
Em. Fear me not. [*Enter* Villerotto.
Vil. How fare my beauteous priſoners? what is't,
Sadneſs, or modeſty that fixeth thus
Your down-caſt eyes? come, come, I'le be more ingenuous,
And acknowledge the happineſs I ſhall enjoy;
But you muſt be baſhful; go in, go in,
And there I'le hide your bluſhes, that if you pleaſe,
You ſhall unſeen bluſh that you were unwilling.
Sam. Sure thou canſt not be ſuch a prodigious Monſter;
Haſt thou neither fear of earthly puniſhment,
Nor heavens vengeance?
Vil. Piſh, I'le not trifle, nor defer my joyes
[*They draw their Dagger and Knife.*
A minute longer: Thus, I'le force you two-----how!----
Sam. Are you amaz'd? were you ſo unacquainted
With all good, nay, with any thought of it,
That you could never think there might be women
That wou'd prefer their death before diſhonour?
Vil. Indeed I have read of a fooliſh *Lucrece*;
But I believe the ſtory otherwiſe
Then perhaps you may do; yet if you have
A minde to imitate that wilful Matron,
Kill your ſelves as ſhe did, when you know what was done.
Sam. Stop thy lewd breath, thou Monſter;
We need not to be told when we ſhou'd dye,
We are prepar'd, but not as your damn'd tongue
Directed us.
Vil. And this you think will ſtop me;
No, your Romance trick will not do:

I know you dare not venture to hurt your ſelves;
And therefore---thus----
Sam. Strike *Emilia*, ſtrike home be ſure.
Vill. Hold excellent Ladies, hold;
Pardon my cruel curioſity, that led me
To make this tryal of you; you have ſhew'd
There is a vertue, which I thought impoſſible
To live with women; I have call'd back to me
The opinion of your Sexes ſtedfaſt goodneſs,
Which has been ſo long baniſhed from me.
Em. Can this be real!
Vill. You ſee it muſt be ſo; 'tis no faint repentance,
Charm'd from your tears, or ſad expreſſions,
Which might be feign'd in women; but my converſion
Comes from the real knowledge of a vertue
That wou'd have ſhook mans faith to think in woman.
Sam. This amazes me.
Vill, Why do you wonder? is't not poſſible
A man may once grow good? why do you miſtruſt?
Are you not in my power ſtill? take heed, fair Saints,
Of ſharing any guilt, that ſeems like mine,
So ſlowly to believe goodneſs in man,
As I have done in woman: you know what virtue is;
I ſcarce knew it till you taught it me;
And you will be more guilty then I was,
If you believe as ſlowly as I did.
Em. Sure 'tis real?
Vill. You then will know it, when I have reſtor'd
You to your liberty, as you have done
Me to my long-loſt goodneſs.
Sam. If this be real, we ſhall believe our ſelves
As much preſerv'd by you, as if another
Had been the intended raviſher; for 'tis greater
Virtue to reſcue us thus from your ſelf,
Then from another; as much as 'tis harder
To overcome our paſſions, then an enemy:
Vill. I glory much in that high character
You raiſe me to; pray give me leave to ſeal
My pardon on your fair hands? nay, permit
[*They offer their left hands.*
My moſt ambitious lips to receive it
Upon thoſe noble hands that were to write
The horrid Tragedy, with your vertuous Blood.
Sam. Ha, deceived? [*He offers to kiſs their right hands,*
Em. Ah me? *and ſo ſnatches away their weapons.*
Vill. I cann't but laugh to think how we have couſen'd
One another; did you believe I was turn'd virtuous?
Troth I never thought you were ſo fooliſh to be ſo really.

Sam. Doſt thou take pains to appear Devil?
Vill. No, not at all; I do it eaſily:
The truth on't is, I fear'd you might have acted
Some pretty odde phantaſtical Scene,
Perhaps to let a little blood out, and then
Talk finely, whileſt the purple drops diſtill'd;
Calling your ſelves, your Virtues Martyrs;
Then, in a tone moſt neatly counterfeited,
Fall into high notions of meeting in *Elyſium*,
And walking in perpetual ſpringing Groves,
Or ſome ſtrange imagin'd pleaſure;
Perhaps all the while believe as much as I:
But by this means you might have loſt ſome of that blood,
Which I have ſo much uſe of for to ſtir you.
Sam. Monſter, devil, wilt thou not permit us a way to dye?
Em. Kill us, Sir, and yet we will believe you gentle.
Vill. After I have done, you may do what you pleaſe.
-----Come.----
Sam. Help, help. [*Enter* Taccola.
Tac. Help, help.
Vill. Plague of this clap of thunder;
I'le diſpoſe of you,
And ſpoil the ſpring of your chops.
[*Exit with* Taccola.
Em. Some help, good heaven.
Sam. Let's ſtop our breaths,
Or tear the devils throat out.
Em. No help left us! [*Enter* Villerotto.
Vill. Who ſhou'd help you? I have gag'd
Your foul mouth'd hound, ſhe can fill up the cry no more:
Yield quietly, or i'le drag you----thus----
Sam. Emil. Help, help, murder, murder! [*They buſle.*
[*Enter* Miranzo.
Mir. What noiſe is this; blaſt me! are my eyes true?
Or is that bleſſed ſhape ever before them?
It was their cryes.
Hold, what's the matter?
Vill. Ha, who wanted your ſacred company
Before your time.
Mir. I heard a noiſe, Sir, and I did not know
Whether you might not be in danger.
Vill. You ſee I am not;
Wait where I told you, till I ſend for you.
Mir. Then 'twas the Ladies, Sir, cry'd out, it ſeems.
Vill. What then?
Is it a uſual call for you when women ſqueak?
Sam. O Sir, for heavens ſake help us: we ſhall be----
Vill. Stop your mouth, or i'le ſtop it for you. [*Draws.*
Mir. Good

Mir. Good Sir, use no violence; perchance the Ladyes
May be a little frightned from reason,
If you but give them time.
Sam. O heaven! are all men ill? under that habit
Can there be hid the love of sin?
Vill. Well, be gone;
I want not your advice, nor your assistance yet.
Mir. If you please Sir, I will endeavour to perswade them:
I can prove that necessity may excuse many things,
That wou'd be sinful, uncompell'd---if you please, Sir.
Vill. No, no, be gone; you grow impertinent.
Mir. But if you please Sir, to hearken to my opinion.
Vill. Hang your opinion;
I do not like this fellow; I'le trust him no more.
Ha,----what noise is this. [*A noise.*

[Brancadoro *calls* Villerotto *and enters.*

Mir. A seasonable interruption.
Bra. Villerotto, why where have you been man?
I have been looking you up and down all the house:
Here's *Bottolo* come from his Master,
And has strange news for me, he sayes:
I told him I car'd not a farthing what 'twas.
-----But for all that, I wonder what it should be?
-----How now, what here *Villerotto*?
Ha----hast got her? hast got her i'faith? prethee let me----
Vill. You had best spoil all Sir, and destroy
The pains I have taken for you?
Bra. Nay, prethee, I will but---
Vill. Come, you shall not But; have not I been careful,
And dare you not trust me now? Come along with me.
Bra. What, I must salute her first man, in good manners.
Vill. You must not, 'tis unseasonable;
I have not wrought her yet enough----Nay.----
Bra. But why thy Sword drawn man?
Vill. You shall know the reason suddenly:
Come, be quiet, and I'le perform all I promis'd.
----Hell---how I am troubled with him: Come Sir.
Bra. Push me no pushes; I will not go;
And see who dares make me.
Vill. Come, you must Sir.
Bra. 'Slid. whose master? you or I? take heed of my fury.
Sam. Good Signior *Brancadoro*, help us; hear us.
Vill. To be fool'd again;
You have not a minde to be cousen'd
Once more, have you?
Bra. What's that to you? I will hear 'um.
'Slid, I will stay, and I will not go yet.
Vill. I'le betray all, if you play the fool thus:

Come, you muſt go now; *Bottolo* ſtayes for you.

Bra. I will not, I ſay.

Vil. Go, go.

Mir. I'le follow him, and get ſome help.

[*Exit* Brancadoro. *The Friar offers to go out too.*

Vil. Hold Sir, you my worthy ſpiritual counſellor;
Stir not, nor attempt to come near the door;
If you do—no more but ſo:
Within there, ho!----You Raſcals, how came this Friar in?

[*2 Appear.*

1. He told us you appointed him when he heard a noiſe,
That he ſhould come.

Vil. Pox on your credulous coxcombs; now remember
You hear me ſay, if he offers to come out, let me
Finde him dead: Stir not, but guard the door;
He has robb'd our Maſters:---If you fail, I'le cut your throats.

[*Exit* Villerotto.

Mir. Yet I am pleas'd that I am brought to dye before her.

[*Aſide.*

That with my laſt breath,
Which ſeldom unſucceſsfully petitions,
I may at once beg of the fair, and wrong'd *Emilia*
Forgiveneſs, and belief;---yet I wou'd know
A little more, if it were poſſible.
My paſſion makes me vainly inquiſitive.
I muſt do't; yet it is but an idle curioſity
To ask for news the minute I muſt dye.

Sam. What means this Friar; does that habit harbour
An inſtrument fitted for that vile Monſter?

Mir. Was there not a great noiſe Ladies,
Something like womens cryes?

Sam. They were our cryes, Sir.

Sam. If you cannot help us to live with honour,
Help us to dye; we had two Weapons:
Arme us but again, he has yet not diſarm'd our mindes.

Mir. Wou'd I knew how; wou'd you accept it
As a true witneſs of my ſorrow, if I dye firſt
In the oppoſing that miſchief I know not which way to prevent?

Em. Ah me, we do not ask of you to dye,
But to help death to us.

Mir. 'Tis impoſſible.

Sam. Strangle us then. Why do you turn away your head?
It is a charity to grant it.

Mir. Alas, I need not ſay I muſt deny; you will believe it
When I let you know you ask it of *Miranzo.*

[*He diſcovers himſelf.*

Em. Miranzo!

Sam. My Brother!

Mir. Fair

Mir. Fair *Emilia*, 'tis the criminal *Miranzo*,
That loves *Emilia* ſtill.
Em. O *Miranzo*! I bluſh to think how you increaſe
My ſence of dangers, while you are mingled with 'um.
Mir. I ſee I am to blame in all conditions,
To wiſh your kindeneſs; I but ſtrive to nouriſh
A ſickneſs that ſends infection to your peace.
Em. What muſt become of us?
Mir. Thus naked as I am, I will defend you;
And with my breaſt I'le dull his Sword, perhaps his cruelty.
Emil. O do not talk more cruelly; Death is gentler,
Which you may help us too.
Sam. Ah brother, be not ſo raſh, do not deceive your ſelf;
A thouſand lives loſt in our defence
Would not give ſtop to his lewd purpoſes:
Heaven ſure will ſend ſome remedy. O brother! O *Cialto*!
Mir. Forgive me deareſt Siſter, I had forgot
To tell you, *Cialto* lives; though this villain was one
Of them that did attempt his Murder.
Sam. O do not flatter me, for I ſhall grow
As much out of love with death, as even now
I was with life.----Is there no hope?
Mir. The villain has appointed them to murther me,
If I attempt but to go forth.----Ha,---
Now I think on't, it was the Friar
He gave them charge of: I am none; I'le try
If they will let me out; ſo I may call [*He takes up his Diſguiſe.*
Some help.
Em. O take heed!
Mir. 'Tis but attempting.----But firſt
I'le ſet the Friar in the beſt poſture I can.
Here Siſter, ſupport my ſhape a little,
To countenance my deſign;---nay, no trifling---
[*He ſets his Habit on his Siſter.*
So----now to your prayers,----within there, ho:----
1. How now, who are you?
Mir. A friend of *Villerotto's*, who left me to
Stay a little while for your aſſiſtance:
Now I am going, have the greater care
Of the Friar there; he may venture to eſcape,
For he has robb'd your maſter.
1. We warrant you: Sir Friar, you had not beſt try to bolt.
[Miranzo *goes out, and returns back ſuddenly.*
Mir. I have done ill, I dare not venture
Them a minute; honour and reaſon turn me back----
Bleſt opportunity,----Rogue-----
[*He ſtrikes up one of their heels, to'ther fights a little, and runs out with a noiſe; he gets a Sword from one of them.*
1. How

1 How now, what do you mean Sir ?
Help help.
Mir. So, I have ſomething now to frame an argument
For my ſelf with, and to diſpute a little.
Em. Now you may kill us ; you have got a Sword.
Mir. Dear *Emilia*, do you believe, I know not how
[Emilia *weeps.*
To make a better uſe of ſuch a Weapon ?
----Pray weep not, do not unman me now.
Hark, a noiſe.
[*Enter* Villerotto *with him that run out, and another.*
Vill. Ha, *Miranzo*, are you metamorphoſed from a Friar ?
Mir. Do you ſtare Monſter ? is a Sword bright mettal ?
The mirror that can onely ſhew
Th' affrighting ſhapes of thy unheard of villanies.
Vill. Alas, I have not been afraid a long time ;
I have forgot what 'tis.----Hark, a noiſe--- [*A noiſe within.*
Diſpatch him quickly, you ſhall tell no news Sir.
---Ha, who is this new face for ? [*Enter* Cialto.
Cia. This ſhall tell thee Villain. [*They offer to fight.*
Mir. Hold---
[Miranzo *drives out the two men, comes back, and parts them.*
Cia. Miranzo, rob me not of that revenge,
Which only can belong to me.
----Hark, a noiſe,---guard the paſſage, or we may all be loſt.
[*A noiſe ſtill.*
Nay, trifle not ;----hark, the noiſe increaſes, diſpatch.
----Now Sir, do you ſtare to ſee *Cialto*,
Whom you hir'd Rogues to murder? [*Exit.* Miran.
Vill. I do not ſtare, nor am I frightned :
What, y'are not dead it ſeems ?
Sam. O *Cialto* !
Cia. Ha, ſince thou haſt given me cauſe
To view thee with a ſtrickt ſurvay, my eyes
Are grown clear ſighted,
And finde thee not the villain which thou ſeem'ſt,
But what thou art ; the baſe *Borazzo.*
Vill. 'Tis well, we know one another then.
Cia. Excellent raſcal, has your hot revenge
Been rak't up all this while ?
Vill. Cou'dſt thou expect leſs from me, whom thou haſt diſgrac't
And ruin'd, by caſhiering me from my command ?
Cia. And what canſt thou expect, villain,
But that fate thou didſt deſign for me ?
Vill. My Sword ſayes no.
Sam. Hold, hold, I command you hold *Cialto* :
Hold, Sir, I will enage for your forgiveneſs.

Vill. My

Vill. My forgiveneſs! this is my Indempnity.
Cial. Do not hang upon me, unleſs you mean
To have me murder'd in your Arms.
Vill. Nay, I think I may drive this through your Shield.
Cial. For heavens ſake let me go.
Sam. And heaven protect you. [*They fight*, Villerotto *falls.*
Cial. Now, Sir, what think you?
Vill. That I ſhall preſently be quiet, and think no more.
Help, help.
Cial. 'Tis vain to call, no man has Charity
Left for thee; trouble not thy throat,
Unleſs thou haſt ſome Divel to call upon. [*Enter* Miranzo.
Mir. Let me embrace my dear *Cialto*,
For whom ſtill ready Victory ſpreads her wings,
When e're his wav'd Sword gives her but the ſign.
Cial. Can *Miranzo* forgive all thoſe diſtracted Jealouſies
My miſeries begot within me?
Mir. You injure me to ask it; go dry *Samira's* eyes.
Cial. I dare not now approach you, fair *Samira*,
But as I wou'd thoſe Powers (I durſt not hope to reach
With any thing but Prayers:) Permit me to receive forgiveneſs.
Sam. For what?
Cial. For purſuing you with all my miſeries.
Sam. If you lov'd me as well as you profeſs,
My kindneſs wou'd infuſe ſuch joy into you,
As wou'd admit no ſenſe of your misfortunes.
Cannot my Love and Paſſion for you,
Have as much power as a little Sleep,
To render you inſenſible of miſeries,
To which you only give afflicting natures?
Cial. Fool that I was, to think that I cou'd be wretched,
Whilſt you were kind; forgive me, dear *Samira*:
Permit me, fair *Emilia*, to kiſs your hands too.
Emil. Generous Sir, I owe an equal obligation to you.

Enter Brancadoro.

Cial. Now ſpare me a minute.
Sam. What means he?
Mir. I know not.
Cial. Signior *Brancadoro*, I think *Miranzo* told me once,
You did engage to fight with me.
Mir. Now I gueſs; peace, this will be good ſport.
Bran. I, that was when I was maried to *Samira*;
But not elſe.
Cial. Wou'd marriage make you valiant?
Bran. When I have try'd, you ſhall know my mind.
Cial. By no means, Signior; I ſhall forbid the Banes:

But

But I muſt have your anſwer now; look ye,
Here are two Swords, take your choice.
Sam. What does he mean?
Mir. Nay, ſtand ſtill.
Cial. Here, Sir.
Bran. 'Tis neither here nor there, Sir; I'le not fight
With any man that has a leſs Eſtate
Then my ſelf; ſuch a one ventures nothing.
Cial. Troth, you will hardly fight then.
Bran. Why, what care I; if there be no body fit
To fight with me---- I hope they know nothing yet. [*Aſide.*
Cial. But, Sir, as I remember, you have ſomthing
Did once belong to me; are you not weary of it?
Bran. It's no matter whether I am or no.
Cial. Pray let me hav't again.
Bran. So you ſhall, when I have nothing elſe to do with it.
Cial. You are ſevere, Sir; I will aſſign you your money
That you lent, to receive it of the Senate.
Bran. No, do't your ſelf, Sir.
Cial. I'le fetch others to perſwade you:
Miranzo, pray look to the rich Gentleman. [Cialto *goes out.*
Sam. What is the meaning of all this?
Mir. I gueſs now, you'l perceive all preſently.
Vill. Oh!
Mir. How is it?
Vill. Too well; I have life enough to ſpend in curſes.
Mir. O Devil!
Emil. He makes me tremble ſtill.

Enter Cialto *and* Baptiſta, *with* Montalto *and his* 2 *Companions.*

Cial. Now, my moſt wealthy Signior, do you know
Theſe Gentlemen?
Bran. Not I; 'tis not likely that I ſhou'd be acquainted
With ſuch Ragamuffians.
Cial. Do you know them, angry Sir?
Vill. Yes, I know them to be raſcally Cowards;
Ten ſuch wou'd not venture to cut one throat.
Cial. Why, you need not be angry;
They have not had their full hire.
Vill. They deſerv'd none, they did not do their buſineſs.
Bran. I know the Rogues now: [*He whiſpers.*
Why *Villerotto*, thou wilt not betray me, I hope.
Cial. What was that buſineſs they ſhou'd have done?
Vill. Why, cut your throat.
Cial. Brave Villain! D' you ſee, Signior?
Theſe were your Penſioners; the confidence it ſeems
Of their performances, made you ſo bold,
To promiſe when you were married to fight with me;

That

That was, after I was dead, as you believ'd.
But now, Sir, the Hangman ſhall end our quarrel.
Bran. Good Sir, ſpeak ſoftly; I vow, that Villain perſwaded me,
And told me I ſhould never keep my Land
In quiet elſe, nor ever have my Miſtreſs.
Mir. Compound, Signior; 'tis your beſt way.
Cial. What ſay you, noble Undertakers?
Mon. Why Sir, we muſt confeſs-----
Bran. 'Tis needleſs, Sir, 'tis needleſs; I will do any thing.
Mir. Offer him his Eſtate again; you are rich enough beſides;
You'l cheat ſombody elſe in a little while of as much more.
Bran. No, Sir, I am not wiſe enough to do't;
My Father's gone, peace be with him; he perhaps
Might have given a ſay to ſome ſuch matter.
Mir. Are you willing? you may hang elſe.
Bran. No, I can't indure that I'me ſure, nor hardly th'other.
Mir. Come, *Cialto*; Signior *Brancadoro*,
So he may have your Friendſhip, is content.
Cial. What to do?
Mir. To reſtore your Eſtate again.
Cial. Well, I love peace; he ſhall have an Aſſignment
To receive his money from the Senate.
Bran. That I ſhall never get; but I muſt conſent.
Mir. Fear not, Signior; you have the publick Faith for't.
Cial. Now, *Samira*, I can forgive my ſelf, if I preſume
With my reſtor'd Fortunes too.
Sam. Take heed, Sir; for if you name it,
That generous cauſe that forc'd me to declare
I lov'd you, will urge me to deſpiſe you.
Cial. I am charm'd.
Bran. I hope, noble Signior, you will forgive *Villerotto* too.
Cial. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not *Villerotto*;
'Tis *Borazzo*, an ancient Friend of mine.
Mir. Pray forgive him, Sir; he may repent.
Vil. Yes, I do repent.
Mir. That's well ſaid; of what?
Vil. Why, that I did not rifle thoſe Treaſuries,
And leave you nothing to enjoy, but what
I feel, the torments of a vexed Soul:
I ſhou'd have fitted them for your Embraces,
And wou'd have taken care you ſhou'd have known it.
Mir. Bold impudent dog.
Cial. He was ſtill furniſh'd with too great a Courage;
So much boldneſs was not fit to have been truſted
But in a frame where it was ballanc'd with much Virtue.
Mir. Come, we'l force him to be good.
Vil. I think it muſt be forc'd.
Mir. He will die ſnarling.

Vil. I wou'd die biting.

Bran. Wou'd he had been hang'd before he bit me.

Mir. Here, come hither, you that were once his Creatures;
Take him up, that he may be deliver'd from us,
Into the hands of the ſevereſt Juſtice.

Vil. Do you believe my Spirit will endure
Tamely to wait upon a formal Sentence,
And ſtay till you ſhall force it out of doors?
No, I will tear theſe wounds ſo wide,
I'le make a room enough to go, if it be willing.

Enter Bottolo, *after him* Caſtruccio *and* Moreno.

Cial. Away with him.

Bot. What, no body to be found in the houſe?----
Hey day, what's gather'd together!
My Maſter! my Miſtreſs!

Mir. See, *Emilia*, your Father, and my Uncle.

Bran. Gentlemen, no words; you remember our bargain.

Cial. Doubt us not.

Emil. O my dear Father, are you ſtill
As ready to forgive me as you were wont?

Mor. If I were angry, the ſight of thee
Wou'd bring a joy enough to force it from me.

Mir. Your pardon, Uncle, joyn'd to this, will make
Me and *Emilia* happy.

Caſt. Is't ſo? was this the trick on't? Well, well,
What muſt be, muſt be; I am friends, Nephew;
I was partly in the fault my ſelf; I dare ſwear
I made thee half in love, with praiſing her.
Well,----I am glad all troubles are at an end:
But ſhe ſhall ſtill be ſo much mine,
That I may give her to thee.

Emil. You honour me, to own a Title in me.

Sam. One pardon more, Sir, for me, that in
No other thing will ever diſobey you.

Caſt. What ſay you, Signior *Brancadoro?*

Bran. I ſay any thing, Sir.----God's my life,
I can ſcarce hold from crying.

Cial. Many things, Sir, may ſeem ſtrange to you;
But you ſhall know it all at better leiſure.

Mor. Come, no more; but let forgiveneſs
Dwell in every breaſt: Back to the Nuptials now again;
This will ſcarce ſeem an interruption:
Come, let's away; our Meat is hardly cold yet.

Cial. The God of Love, if he can borrow Eyes,
Will be more pleas'd with this new Sacriſice;
Since by that change which he himſelf has made,
More equal Hearts are on his Altar laid. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE COMMITTEE,

A Sarah Harriot

COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

Imprimatur.

March 7.
1663.

Roger L' Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.
1665.

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in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.
1666.

Persons.

Colonel *Carleſſe*.
Colonel *Blunt*.
Lieutenant *Story*.
Nehemiah Cacth.
Joſeph Blemiſh.
Jonathan Headſtrong. } Committee-men.
Ezekiel Scrape.
Mr. *Day*, the Chair-man to the Committee.
Abel, Son to Mr. *Day*.
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee.
Tavern Boy.
Bayliffs.
Souldiers.
Two Chair-Men.
Goale-Keeper.
Servant to Mr. *Day*.
A Stage Coach-man.
Book-ſeller.
Teague *Servant to Carleſs*

Women.

Mrs. *Arbella*.
Mrs. *Day*.
Mrs. *Ruth*.
Mrs. *Chat*.

Scene London.

Prologue.

TO cheat the moſt Judicious Eyes, there be
Wayes in all Trades, but this of Poetry:
Your Tradeſman ſhews his Ware by ſome falſe Light,
To hide the Faults, and ſlightneſs from your Sight.
Nay, though 'tis full of Bracks, he'l boldly ſwear
'Tis excellent, and ſo help off his Ware.
He'l rule your Judgement by his Confidence,
Which in a Poet you'd call Impudence;
Nay, if the world afford the like again,
He ſwears he'l give it you for nothing then:
Thoſe are words too a Poet dares not ſay;
Let it be good or bad, you're ſure to pay.
----Wou'd 'twere a pen'worth;----but in this you are
Abler to judge then he that made the Ware:
However his deſign was well enough,
He try'd to ſhew ſome newer faſhion'd Stuff.
Not that the name Committee *can be new,*
That has been too well known to moſt of you:
But you may ſmile, for you have paſt your doom;
The Poet dares not, his is ſtill to come.

THE Sarah Harriot's COMMITTEE.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Mrs. Day, *Mrs.* Arbella, *Mrs.* Ruth, *Colonel* Blunt, *and a Hackney Coachman.*

Mrs. Day *enters bruſhing her Hoods, and Scarfs.*

Mrs. Day. NOw out upon't, how duſty 'tis;
All things conſider'd, 'tis better
Travelling in the Winter; eſpecially for us of the better ſort,
That ride in Coaches; and yet to ſay truth, warm weather is
Both pleaſant and comfortable: 'tis a thouſand pities
That fair weather ſhould do any hurt. Well ſaid, honeſt
Coachman, thou haſt done thy part: My ſon *Abel*
Paid for my place at *Redding*, did he not?

Coach. Yes, and pleaſe you.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, there's ſomething
Extraordinary to make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a groat of more
Then ordinary thinneſs.----- [*Aſide.*
Plague on this new Gentry, how liberal they are. Farewel,
Young Miſtris; farewel, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by
Redding let *Toby* carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now Mrs. *Arbella*?
What, ſad? why what's the matter?

Arbel. I am not very ſad.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, by my honour you need not;
If you knew as much as I. Well----

I'le

I'le tell you one thing, you are well enough, you need not fear
Who ever does; say I told you so,--- if you do not hurt your
Self: for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as
He will, I can see with half an eye, that my son *Abel*
Means to take care of you in your Composition, and will
Needs have you his guest: *Ruth* and you shall be bed-fellows.
I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time
Will wish his Sisters place; or else his Father ne're
Got him: though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do
Say it----'tis a notable fellow.----

Arb. I am fallen into strange hands,
If they prove as busie as her tongue---- [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* And now you talk of
This same *Abel*, I tell you but one thing,
I wonder that neither he nor my husbands Honours
Chief Clerk *Obadiah*, is not here ready to attend me: I
Dare warrant my son *Abel* has been here two hours
Before us. 'Tis the veriest princox;
He will ever be a galloping, and
Yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances:
He never stole this trick of galloping; his father
Was just such another before him,
And wou'd gallop with the best of 'um: he and Mistris *Busies*
Husband were counted the best horse-men in *Redding*, I and
Berkshiere to boot. I have rode formerly behinde Mr. *Busie*,
But in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach;
My own was at present in disorder, and so I was fain
To shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour, Mr. *Day*,
Chair-man of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations,
Shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage-Coach, he
Wou'd make the house too hot for some.----Why, how is't
With you, Sir? what, weary of your Journey? [*To the Col.*

Col. *Bl.* Her tongue will never tire---- [*Aside.*
So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach
Has a little distemper'd me with heat.

Mrs. *Day.* So many Sir? why there was but six.----
What wou'd you say if I should tell you,
That I was one of the eleven that travell'd
At one time in one Coach?

C. *Bl.* O the devil! I have given her a new Theam---[*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why, I'le tell you----Can you guess how 'twas?

C. *Bl.* Not I truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. *Day.* Look you, thus 'twas;
There was, in the first place, my self,
And my Husband, I shou'd have said first; but his Honour
Wou'd have pardoned me, if he had heard me;
Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife;
The Mayor of *Redding*, and his Wife;

And

And this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our laps----
But now, where do you think the rest were?
C. *Bl.* A top o'th Coach sure.
Mrs. *Day.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd
Never guess---why----
Wou'd you think it;
I had two growing in my belly,
Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayoress of *Redding*
A chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards in hers;
As like the Father as if it had been spit out of his mouth;
And if he had come out of his mouth, he had come
out of as honest a mans mouth as any in forty miles
Of the head of him:
For wou'd you think it,
At the very same time when this same *Ruth* was sick,
It being the first time the Girle was ever coach'd,
The good man Mr. Mayor,
I mean, that I spoke of,
Held his Hat for the Girle to ease her Stomach in.----

Enter Abel *and* Obadiah.

----O are you come,
Long look't for comes at last.
What,----you have a slow set pace,
As well as your hasty scribble sometimes:
Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found
Attendance ready for me when I alighted.
Obad. I ask your honours pardon; for I do
Profess unto your Ladiship I had attended sooner,
But that his young honour Mr. *Abel*
Demurr'd me by his delayes.
Mrs. *Day.* Well, son *Abel*,
You must be obey'd,
And I partly, if not, guess your business;
Providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye;
Read her and take her:
Ah, is't not so?
Abel. I have not been deficient in my care forsooth.
Mrs. *Day.* Will you never leave your forsooths,
Art thou not asham'd
to let the Clerk carry himself better,
And shew more breeding then his Masters Son.
Abel. If it please your honour, I have some business
For your more private ear.
Mrs. *Day.* Very well.
Ruth. What a lamentable condition has

That Gentleman been in, faith I pitty him?
Arbel. Are you ſo apt to pitty men?
Ruth. Yes, men that are humorſome,
As I would children that are froward;
I wou'd not make them cry a purpoſe.
Arbel. Well, I like his humor, I dare
Swear he's plain and honeſt.
Ruth. Plain enough of all conſcience;
Faith I'le ſpeak to him.
Arb. Nay prethee don't, he'l think thee rude?
Ruth. Why then I'le think him an aſs.----
How is't after your journey Sir?
C. *Bl.* Why, I am worſe after it.
Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach Sir?
C. *Bl.* No forſooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.
Ruth. I ſhou'd be loath
To interrupt your meditations Sir:
We may have the fruits hereafter.
C. *Bl.* If you have; they ſhall break looſe ſpite of my teeth;
This ſpawn is as bad as the great Pike. [*Aſide.*
Arbel. Prethee peace Sir---We wiſh you all happineſs.
C. *Bl.* And quiet good ſweet Ladies,----
I like her well enough.----
Now wou'd not I have her ſay any more, for fear ſhe
Shou'd jeer too, and ſpoil my good opinion;
If 'twere poſſible, I wou'd think well of one woman.
Mrs. *Day.* Come Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you,
Abel has done it; ſay no more: take her by the hand *Abel.*
I profeſs ſhe may venter to take thee for better, for worſe:
Come Mrs. the honourable Committee will ſit ſuddenly.
Come, let's along. Farewel Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

C. *Bl.* How, the Committe ready to ſit. Plague
[*Manet C.* Blunt.
On their honours; for ſo my honour'd Lady,
That was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'um.
I had like to have come a day after the fair:
'Tis pretty, that ſuch as I have been, muſt compound
For their having been raſcals.
Well, I muſt go look a Lodging, and a Soliciter:
I'le finde the arranteſt rogue I can too:
For according to the old ſaying,
Set a Thief to catch a Thief.

Enter Col. Careleſs, *and Lieutenant.*

C. *Careleſs.* Dear *Blunt*, well met,
When came you man?

C. *Bl.* Dear

C. *Bl.* Dear *Careleſs*, I did not think to have met thee
So ſuddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant;
I am landed juſt now man.
C. *Car.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou hadſt been at Sea?
C. *Bl.* It's pretty well gueſt, I have been in a ſtorm.
C. *Car.* What buſineſs brought thee?
C. *Bl.* May be the ſame with yours:
I am come to Compound with their Honors.
C. *Car.* That's my buſineſs too;
Why, the Committee ſits ſuddenly?
C. *Bl.* Yes, I know it;
I heard ſo in the ſtorm I told thee of.
C. *Car.* What ſtorm man?
C. *Bl.* Why, a tempeſt as high as ever blew from
Womans breath: I have rode in a Stage Coach, wedged in
With half a dozen; one of them was a Committee-mans
Wife; his name is *Day*:
And ſhe accordingly will be call'd
Your Honour, and your Ladiſhip; with a tongue that
Wags as much faſter then all other womens, as in the
Several motions of a Watch, the hand of the minute
Moves faſter then that of the hours. There was her
Daughter too; but a Baſtard without queſtion;
For ſhe had no reſemblance to the reſt of the noch'd
Raſcals, and very pretty, and had wit enough
To jeer a man in proſperity to death.----
There was another Gentlewoman,
And ſhe was handſome, nay very handſome;
But I kept her from being as ſad as the reſt.
C. *Car.* Prethee, how man?
C. *Bl.* Why, ſhe began with two or three good words,
And I deſired her ſhe would be quiet
While ſhe was well.
C. *Car.* Thou wei't not be ſo mad?
C. *Bl.* I had been mad if I had not,----
But when we came to our journeys end, there met us two
Such formal and ſtately Raſcals,
That yet pretended Religion,
And open Rebellion ever painted:
It was the hopes,
And guide of the honourable Family, *viz.*
The eldeſt Son,
And the chiefeſt Clerk-rogues-----
——————————————And hereby hangs a tail.}
This Gentlewoman I told thee
I kept civil, by deſiring her to ſay nothing,
Is a rich Heir of one that dy'd in the
Kings ſervice, and left his Eſtate under Sequeſtration.

This young Chicken has this kite ſnatch'd up,
And deſigns her for this her eldeſt Raſcal.
C. *Car.* What a dull fellow wer' t thou,
Not to make love, and reſcue her?
C. *Bl.* I'le woo no Woman.
C. *Car.* Woud'ſt thou have them court thee?
A Souldier, and not love a Siege!
How now, who art thou?

Enter Tegue

Teg. A poor Iriſhman, and Chriſt ſave me, and ſave you all;
I prethee give me ſix pence, gad maſtero.
C. *Car.* Six pence? I ſee thou wou'dſt not loſe any thing
For want of aſking. Here, I am pretty near,
There's a groat for thy confidence.
Teg. By my troth it is too little.
C. *Car.* Troth, like enough:
How long haſt thou been in *England*?
Teg. Ever ſince I came hither, i'faith.
C. *Car.* That's true; what haſt thou done
Since thou cam'ſt into *England*?
Teg. Serv'd God and St. *Patrick*, and my good
Sweet King, and my good ſweet Maſter; yes indeed.
C. *Car.* And what do'ſt thou do now?
Teg. Cry for them every day upon my ſoul.
C. *Car.* Why, where's thy Maſter?
Teg. He's dead maſtero, and left poor *Teg*;
Upon my ſoul, he never ſerv'd poor *Teg* ſo before.
C. *Car.* Who was thy maſter?
Teg. E'ne the good Colonel *Danger*.
C. *Car.* He was my dear and noble friend.
Teg. Yes that he was, and poor *Tegs* too, i'faith now.
C. *Car.* What do'ſt thou mean to do?
Teg. I will get a good maſter, if any good maſter wou'd
Get me; I cannot te'l what to do elſe, by my ſoul, that
I cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly*'s;
He lives at that honſe, at the end of another houſe,
By the May-pole-houſe; and tells every body by one
Star, and 'tother Star, what good luck they ſhall have;
But he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teg*.
C. *Car.* Why man?
Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars;
And he told me there were no Stars for Iriſhmen:
I told him he told two or three lies upon my ſoul;
There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*,
And more too, that there are; and if a good Maſter
Cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and ſee
If the Stars be not there ſtill; and if they be,
I will come back i'faith, and beat his pate,

If

If he will not, then tell me ſome good luck, and ſome Stars.

C. *Car.* Poor fellow, I pitty him; I fancy he's ſimply
Honeſt: Haſt thou any trade?

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a trade, a trade! an Iriſhman a trade!
An Iriſh man ſcorns a trade, that he does; I will
Run for thee forty miles; but I ſcorn t'have a trade.

C. *Bl.* Alas, poor ſimple fellow.

C. *Car.* I pitty him; nor can I indure to ſee any miſerable
That can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, *Teg*, what
Sayeſt thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why, I will ſay thou wilt do very well then.

C. *Car.* Thy maſter was my dear friend; wert thou with
Him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my ſoul, that I was, and I did houl over
Him, and I ask't him why he would leave poor *Teg*;
And i'faith I ſtaid kiſſing his ſweet face, till the
Rogues came upon me and took away all from me;
And I was naked till I got this Mantle, that I was:
I have never any victuals neither, but a little ſnuff.

C. *Car.* Come, thou ſhalt live with me; love me
As thou didſt thy maſter.

Teg. That I will i'faith, if thou would'ſt be good too.

C. *Car.* Now to our buſineſs; for I came
But laſt night my ſelf; and the Lieutenant and I
Were juſt going to ſeek a Solicitor.

C. *Bl.* One may ſerve us all; what ſay you, Lieutenant,
Can you furniſh us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough
With a Heifer of their own.

C. *Car.* Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why didſt not
Thou begin with the Committee-mans Cow?

C. *Bl.* Plague on her, ſhe lowbell'd me ſo,
That I thought of nothing,
But ſtood ſhrinking like a dead Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-taſting doze
To be ſwallowed firſt; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, what is that Covenant?
By my ſoul I will take it for my new Maſter,
If I cou'd, that I wou'd.

C. *Car.* Thank thee *Teg*,---A Covenant, ſayeſt thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?---

C. *Car.* We'l not ſwear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You muſt have no Land then.

C. *Bl.* Then farewel acres, and may the dirt choak them.

C. *Car.* 'Tis but being reduc't to *Tegs* equipage;
'Twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can
Teach one this cheap diet of ſnuff.

Lieu. Come Gentlemen, we muſt loſe no more time;

I'le

I'le carry you to my poor houſe, where you ſhall lodge:
For know, I am married to a moſt illuſtrious perſon,
That had a kindeneſs for me.

C. *Car.* Prethee, how didſt thou light upon this good fortune?

Lieu. Why, you ſee there are Stars in *England*,
Though none in *Ireland*,: Come Gentlemen,
Time calls us; you ſhall have my ſtory hereafter.

C. *Bl.* Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curſe it not, 'twill proſper then.

C. *Car.* Come *Teg*, however I have a ſuit of
Cloathes for thee; thou ſhalt lay by thy Blanket
For ſome time: It may be thee and I may be
Reduc'd together to thy Country faſhion.

Teg. Upon my ſoul, joy, for I will carry thee
Then into my Countrey too.

C. *Car.* Why, there's the worſt on't,
The beſt will help it ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mr. *Day.* Welcome ſweet Duck; I profeſs
Thou haſt brought home good company indeed;
Money and moneys worth: if we can
But now make ſure of this heir, Mrs. *Arbella*,
For our Son *Abel*.

Mrs. *Day.* If we can? you are ever at your (Ifs;)
You'r afraid of your own ſhadow; I can tell you
One (if) more; that is (if) I did not bear you up,
Your heart wou'd be down in your Breeches
At every turn: well,----if I were gone,
There's another If for you.

Mr. *Day.* I profeſs thou ſayeſt true,
I ſhou'd not know what to do indeed;
I am beholding to thy good counſel for many
Good thing; I had ne're got *Ruth*
Nor her Eſtate into my fingers elſe.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, in that buſineſs too you were at
Your (ifs:) Now you ſee ſhe goes currantly
For our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* ſhall be
Our daughter too, or ſhe ſhall have no eſtate.

Mr. *Day.* If we cou'd but do that Wife?

Mrs. *Day.* Yet again at your Ifs.

Mr. *Day.* I have done, I have done; your counſel
Good duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. *Day.* You may well enough, you finde
The ſweet on't; and to ſay truth, 'tis known too well,
That you relied upon it: In truth they are ready
To call me the Committe man: they well
Perceive the weight that lies upon me Husband.

Mr. *Day.* Nay, good duck, no chiding now,

But

But to your councel.

Mrs. *Day.* In the first place (observe how I lay a design
In politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me
A Letter from the King, where he shall offer you great
Matters to serve him, and his Interest under-hand
Very good, and in it let him remember his kinde
Love and service to me: This will make them look
About 'um, and think you some body: then promise them
If they'l be true friends to you, to live and dye
With them, and refuse all great offers, then whilst 'tis warm
Get the composition of *Arbella's* Estate into your own power,
Upon your design of marrying her to *Abel.*

Mr. *Day.* Excellent.

Mrs. *Day.* Mark the luck on't too, their names sound alike;
Abel and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle,
It seemeth a providence.

Mr. *Day.* Thou observest right Duck,
Thou canst see as far into a Mil-stone as another.

Mrs. *Day.* Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. *Day.* I do not good duck, I do not.

Mrs. *Day.* You do not, and yet you do;
You put me off from the concatenation of my discourse:
Then, as I was saying, you may intimate
To your honourable fellows, that one good turn
Deserves another. That language is understood amongst you.
I take it, ha.

Mr. *Day.* Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. *Day.* I do not good Wife.

Mrs. *Day.* You do not, and yet you do;
By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands,
And then no *Abel* no Land,----but----in the mean time
I wou'd have *Abel* do his part too.

Mr. *Day.* I, I, there's a want I found it.

Mrs. *Day.* Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. *Day.* Why, that's true Duck, he is too backward;
If I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. *Day.* O you'd do wonders; but now I think on't,
There may be some use made of *Ruth*;
'Tis a notable witty harlottry.

Mr. *Day.* You were so, when I told you
I had thought on't first,----let me see, it shall be so:
We'l set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place;
And then to incline *Arbella*, they are hand and glove;
And women can do much with one another.

Mr. *Day.* Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.----

Mrs. *Day.* Pray call her in;
You thought of that too, did you not.

Mr. *Day.* I will duck; *Ruth*, why *Ruth.*

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your pleasure Sir.

Mr. *Day.* Nay, 'tis my Wives desire that---

Mrs. *Day.* Well, if it be your Wives, she can best tell
It her self I suppose: d'ye hear *Ruth*, you may
Do a business that may not be the worse for you:
You know I use but few words.

Ruth. What does she call a few?--- [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Look you now, as I said, to be short,
And to the matter, my Husband and I do design this
Mrs. *Arbella* for our son *Abel*, and the young
Fellow is not forward enough you conceive, prethee give
Him a little instructions how to demean himself,
And in what manner to speak, which we call address,
To her; for Women best know what will please women;
Then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work I say
My good girle, no more but so: you know my custom
Is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little,
You shan't repent it.

Mr. *Day.* And I say something too *Ruth.*

Mrs. *Day.* What need you, do you not see it all
Said already to your hand, what sayest thou girle.

Ruth. I shall do my best.---I wou'd not lose
The sport for more then I speak of.--- [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Go call *Abel* good Girle. By bringing this
To pass husband we shall secure our selves
If the King shou'd come; you'l be hanged else. [*Exit* Ruth

Mr. *Day.* Oh good Wife, let's secure our selves
By all means, there's a wise saying, 'Tis good to have a
Shelter against every storm. I remember that.

Mrs. *Day.* You may well, when you heard me say it so often.

Enter Ruth *with* Abel.

Mr. *Day.* O son *Abel*, d'ye hear.

Mrs. *Day.* Pray hold your peace,
And give every body leave to tell their own tale.---
D'hear son *Abel*, I have formerly told you
That *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you;
A word's enough to the wise, some endeavours must
Be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken
To your sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say,
And how to carry your self; observe her Directions as
You'l answer the contrary; be confident, and put home.
Ha boy, hadst thou but thy mothers pate. Well,
'Tis but a folly to talk of that, that cannot be;
Be sure you follow your sisters directions.

Mr. *Day.* Be sure boy.----
Well said duck, I say. [*Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet Ruth *and* Abel.

Ruth. Now Brother *Abel.*
Ab. Now ſiſter *Ruth?*
Ruth. Hitherto he obſerves me punctually, [*Aſide.*
Have you a months minde to this
Gentlewoman Miſtreſs *Arbella?*
Ab. I have not known her a week yet.
Ruth. O cry you mercy good brother *Abel.*
Well, to begin then, You muſt alter your poſture,
And by your grave and high demeanor make your ſelf
Appear a hole above *Obadiah*; leſt your Miſtriſs
Should take you for ſuch another ſcribble ſcrabble as he is,
And alwayes hold up your head as if it were
Bolſter'd up with high matters, your hands joyn'd
Flat together, projecting a little beyond the reſt of your
Body as ready to ſeparate when you begin to open.
Abel. Muſt I go apace or ſoftly.
Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded
With weighty conſiderations ſo.----Very well.
Now to apply our preſcription: Suppoſe now that I
Were your Miſtriſs *Arbella*, and meet you by
Accident; keep your poſture ſo, and when you come
Juſt to mee, ſtart like a Horſe that has ſpy'd
Something on one ſide of him, and give a little gird
Out of the way on a ſuddain; declaring that you
Did not ſee her before, by reaſon of your deep
Contemplations: then you muſt ſpeak, let's hear.
Abel. God ſave you Miſtriſs.
Ruth. O fie man, you ſhou'd begin thus; Pardon
Miſtriſs my profound contemplations, in which I was ſo
Buried that I did not ſee you: And then as ſhe anſwers proceed
I know what ſhe'l ſay, I am ſo us'd to her.
Abel. This will do well if I forget it not.
Ruth. Well try once.
Abel. Pardon Miſtriſs my profound Contemplations,
In which I was ſo hid, that you cou'd not ſee me.
Ruth. Better ſport then I expected. [*Aſide.*
Very well done, you'r perfect: then ſhe will anſwer,
Sir, I ſuppoſe you are ſo buſied with State affairs,
That it may well hinder you from taking notice
Of any thing below them.
Abel. No forſooth, I have ſome profound
Contemplations, but no State Affairs.
Ruth. O fie man, you muſt confeſs, that the weighty
Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burthen
You muſt bear, and then ſhrug your ſhoulders.

Ab. Muſt I ſay ſo, I am afraid my Mother will be angry,
For ſhe takes all the State matters upon her ſelf.
Ruth. Piſh, did ſhe not charge you to be rul'd by me;
Why man, *Arbella* will never have you;
If ſhe be not made believe you can do great matters
With Parliament men, and Committee men;
How ſhou'd ſhe hope for any good
By you elſe in her compoſition.
Ab. I apprehend you now, I ſhall obſerve.
Ruth. 'Tis well at this time, I'le ſay no more;
Put your ſelf in your poſture ſo:
Now go look your Miſtriſs;
I'le warrant you the Town's our own.
Abel. I go. [*Exit* Abel.
Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off
Till he diſcharges on his Miſtriſs. I cou'd burſt with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What do'ſt thou laugh at *Ruth*?
Ruth. Didſt thou meet my brother *Abel*?
Arb. No.
Ruth. If thou hadſt met him right,
He had played at hard head with thee.
Arb. What do'ſt thou mean;
Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to wooe,
By command of my Superiors, and have inſtructed
Him to hold up his head ſo high, that of neceſſity he muſt
Run againſt every thing that comes in his way.
Arb. Who is he to wooe?
Ruth. Even thy own ſweet ſelf.
Arb. Out upon him.
Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted;
I'le not ſpoil the ſport by telling thee any
Thing beforehand; they have ſent to *Lilly*
And his learning being built upon knowing what moſt
People wou'd have him ſay:
He has told them for a certain, that *Abel* ſhall
Have a rich heir, and that muſt be you.
Arb. Muſt be.
Ruth. Yes, Committee men can compel more then Stars.
Arb. I fear this too late;
You are their daughter *Ruth*?
Ruth. I deny that.
Arb. How?
Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you,
'Tis to invite your confidence in me.
Arb. You amaze me.
Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor ſuſpect,—
When my Father Sir *Baſil Throughgood* dyed, I was

Very

Very young, not above two years old: 'tis too long
To tell you how this rascal being a Trustee,
Catch'd me and my estate, being the sole heir unto my
Father into his gripes; and now for some years
Has confirm'd his unjust power by the unlawful
Power of the times: I fear they have designs as bad as
This on you: You see I have no reserve, and endeavour
To be thought worthy of your friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much clearness,
Let us love and assist one another.——
Wou'd they marry me to this their first born puppy,

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands,
Foolishly enticed by fair words and
Large promises of assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your company,
Together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*;
You will finde them in the Parlor:
The Committee being ready to sit,
Calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order
The weighty matters of State,
For their wise and honourable inspection.

[*Exit.*

Ruth. We come; come dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd,
Chearful spirits are the best bladders to swim with:
If thou art sad, the weight will sink thee:
Be secret, and still know me for no other then what
I seem to be, their daughter. Another time
Thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

Arb. Come wench, they cannot bring us to compound
For our humors; they shall be free still.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Teg.

Teg. I'Faith my ſweet Maſter has ſent me to a
Raſcal, now that he has; I will go tell him ſoo too:
He ask'd me why he could not ſend one
That cou'd ſpeak Engliſh. Upon my ſoul I was going
To give him an Iriſh knock; the Devil's in them all,
They will not talk with me; I will go near to
Knock this mans pate, and that man *Lillie's* [*One cryes Books*
Pate too,----that I will: I will make them *within. Enter*
Prate to me, that I will. How now,
What noiſes are that.----

Book ſel. New Books, new Books, a deſperate Plot
And Ingagement of the bloody Cavaliers: *One cryes Books*
Mr. *Saltmarſhes* Alarum to the Nation, after having *without*
Been three dayes dead, *Mercurius Britanicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? now they cannot live in *Ireland*
After they are dead three dayes!

Book ſel. Mercurius Britanicus, or the Weekly Poſt,
Or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you ſay?
Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Book-ſel. Yes, what then Sir.

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Book-ſell. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well, I muſt take that Covenant.

Book-ſell. You take my Commodities?

Teg. I muſt take that Covenant upon my ſoul now, that I muſt.

Book-ſell. Stand off Sir, or i'le ſet you further.

Teg. Well, upon my ſoul now I will take
That Covenant for my Maſter.

Book-ſel. Your Maſter muſt pay me for't then?

Teg. Ifaith now, they will make him pay for't
After I have taken it for him.

Bork-ſell. What a devil does the fellow mean?

Teg. You will make me ſtay too long, that you will;
Look you now, I will knock you down upon the ground
If you will not let me take it?

Book-ſell. Stand off Sirrah.

Teg. Ifaith I will take it now. *He throws the fellow*

Book-ſell. What a Devil ailes this fellow? *down, and takes*
He did not come to rob me certainly *away the Paper,*
For he has not taken above two *and runs out.*
Penniworth of lamentable ware away;

But

But I feel the rascals fingers; I may light
Upon my wilde Irish again, and if I do,
I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall
Be worse then his own Countrey Bogs.

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, *and Lieutenant* Story.

Lieu. And what say you noble Colonels, how and how
D'ye like my Lady; I gave her the title of Illustrious
From those illustrious commodities which she deals in
Hot Water, and Tobacco.

C. *Car.* Prethee how com'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why that which hinders men from those
Venereal conditions, prompted me to Matrimony,
Hunger and cold, Colonel.

C. *Car.* Which you destroyed with a fat Woman,
Strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No faith, the woman conduc'd but little,
But the rest cou'd not be purchas'd without.

C. *Car.* She's beholding to you.

Lieu. For all your mocking she had been ruin'd
If it had not been for me.

C. *Car.* Prethee make but that good?

Lieu. With ease Sir? why look you,---you must
Know she was alwayes a most violent Cavalier,
And of a most ready and large Faith; abundance of
Rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually
Wou'd bring her news, news of all prizes,
They wou'd tell her news from half a Crown, to a
Gill of hot Water, or a pipe of the worst Mundungo:
I have observ'd their usual rates; they wou'd borrow
Half a Crown upon a story of five thousand men up
In the North; a shilling upon a Towns revolting,
Six pence upon a small Castle, and consume hot Water
And Tobacco, whilst they were telling news of Arms,
Convey'd into several parts, and Ammunition hid
In Cellars; that at the last, if I had not married,
And blown off these flyes, she had been absolutely consum'd.

C. *Car.* Well Lieutenant, we are beholding to you
For these hints; we may be reduc'd to as bad: See
Where *Teg* comes. Goodness, how he smiles. [*Enter* Teg *smiling*
Why so merry *Teg*?

Teg. I have done one thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

C. *Car.* What hast thou done man?

Teg. I have taken the Covenant for thee,
That I have upon my soul.

C. *Car.* Where hadst it thou?

Teg. Hadst it thou; I threw a fellow down, that I did,
And took it away for thy sweet sake; here it is now.

C. *Car.* Was there ever such a fancy? why didst thou think

This

This was the way to take the Covenant.

Teg. Ay, upon my ſoul that it is; look you there now
Have not I taken it; is not this the Covenant,
Tell me that then I prethee.

C. *Bl.* I am pleaſed yet,
With the poor fellows miſtaken kindeneſs;
I dare warrant him honeſt to the beſt of his underſtanding.

C. *Car.* This fellow I propheſie will bring me into
Many troubles by his miſtakes: I muſt ſend him on
No errand but how d'ye; and to ſuch as I wou'd have
No anſwer from again:---Yet his ſimple honeſty
Prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come Gentlemen, ſome calls; how now, who's this.

Enter Obadiah, *with four perſons more with papers.*

C. *Car.* I am a rogue if I have not ſeen a picture
In hangings walk as faſt.

C. *Bl.* 'Slife man, this is that good of the Committee
Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk;
How the rogue's loaded with papers; Thoſe are
The winding ſheets to many a poor Gentlemans Eſtate:
'Twere a good deed to burn them all.

C. *Car.* Why, thou art not mad, art: well met Sir;
Pray do not you belong to the Committe of ſequeſtrations?

Obad. I do belong to that honourable Committee,
Who are now ready to ſit for the bringing on the work.

C. *Bl.* O plague, what work raſ---

C. *Car.* Prethee be quiet man; are they to ſit preſently?

Obad. As ſoon as I can get ready, my preſence being material.
[*Exit*

C. *Car.* What, wert thou mad; wou'dſt thou have beaten
The Clerk when thou wert going to compound
With the raſcals his Maſters.

C. *Bl.* The ſight of any of the villains ſtirs me.

Lieu. Come Colonels, there's no trifling;
Let's make haſte, and prepare your buſineſs, let's not loſe
This ſitting, come along, along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbella *at one door*, Abel *at another, as if he ſaw her not, and ſtarts when he comes to her as* Ruth *had tanght him.*

Arb. What's the meaning of this, I'le try to ſteal by him.

Abel. Pardon Miſtriſs my profound contemplations,
In which I was ſo hid that you cou'd not ſee me.

Arb. This is a ſet form,---they allow it
In every thing but their prayers.

Abel. Now you ſhou'd ſpeak forſooth.

Arb. Ruth

Arb. *Ruth* I have found you;
But I'le ſpoil the dialogue. [*Aſide.*
---What ſhou'd I ſay Sir?
Abel. What you pleaſe forſooth.
Arb. Why, truly Sir, 'tis as you ſay; I did not ſee you.
Enter Ruth *as over-hearing them, and Peeps.*
Ruth. This is lucky.
Abel. No forſooth, 'twas I that was not to ſee you.
Arb. Why Sir, wou'd your Mother be angry if you ſhou'd?
Abel. No, no, quite contrary,----I'le tell you that preſently;
But firſt I muſt ſay, that the weighty affairs lie
Heavy upon my neck and ſhoulders. [*Shrugs*
Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd neck and heels? [*Aſide*
This is a notable wench; look where the raſcal peeps too;
If I ſhou'd becken to her ſhe'd take no notice;
She's reſolv'd not to relieve me. [*Aſide.*
Ab. Something I can do, and that with ſome body;
That is, with thoſe that are ſome bodies.
Arb. Whiſt, whiſt, *Beckons to Ruth, and*
Prethee have ſome pitty? *ſhe ſhakes her head.*
O unmerciful girle.
Abel. I know Parliament men, and Sequeſtrators;
I know Committee men, and Committee men know me.
Arb. You have great acquaintance Sir?
Abel. Yes, they ask my opinion ſometimes.
Arb. What weather 'twill be; have you any skill Sir?
Abel. When the weather is not good, we hold a faſt.
Arb. And then it alters.
Abel. Aſſuredly.
Arb. In good time---no mercy wench.
Ab. Our profound contemplations,
Are cauſed by the conſtervation of our ſpirits
For the Nations good, we are in labour.
Arb. And I want a deliverance. Hark ye *Ruth*,
Take off your Dog, or i'le turn Bear indeed.
Ruth. I dare not, my mother will be angry.
Arb. O hang you.
Ab. You ſhall perceive that I have ſome power,
If you pleaſe to.---
Arb. O I am pleaſed! Sir, that you ſhou'd have power;
I muſt look out my Hoods and Scarfs Sir, 'tis a moſt time to go.
Ab. If it were not for the weighty matters of State
Which lie upon my ſhoulders, my ſelf wou'd look them.
Arb. O by no means Sir, 'tis below your greatneſs:
Some luck yet; ſhe never came ſeaſonably before.
Enter Mrs. Day.
Mrs. *Day.* Why how now, *Abel* got ſo cloſe to Mrs. *Arbella*,
So cloſe indeed; nay then I ſmell ſomething:

Well

Well Mr. *Abel*, you have been ſo us'd to ſecreſie,
In Council and weighty matters, that you have it
At your fingers ends: Nay, look ye Miſtriſs, look ye,
Look ye; mark *Abels* eyes: ah, there be looks.
Ruth thou art a good Girle, I finde *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I ſaw your honour
Firſt enter; but I have o're heard all.

Mrs *Day.* And how has *Abel* behav'd himſelf wench, ha?
O beyond expectation: if it were lawful, I'de undertake
He'd make nothing to get as many womens good
Wills as he ſpeaks to; he'l not need much teaching,
You may turn him looſe.

Arb. O this plaguy wench!

Mrs. *Day.* Sayeſt thou ſo girle, it ſhall be ſomething
In thy way; a new Gown, or ſo, it may be a better penny:
Well ſaid *Abel*, I ſay, I did think thou wou'dſt come
Out with a piece of thy Mothers at laſt:----
But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon ſitting.
Ha, Mrs. you are crafty; you have made your
Compoſition before-hand. Ah, this *Abel*'s as bad
As a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me;
Come, make haſte, call the Coach *Abel*; well ſaid *Abel* I ſay.

Arb. We'l fetch our things and follow you.

[*Exit* Mrs. *Day and* Abel.

Now wench, canſt thou ever hope to be forgiven:

Ruth. Why, what's the matter?

Arb. The matter; coud'ſt thou be ſo unmerciful,
To ſee me practic'd on, and pelted at, by a Blunderbuſs
Charg'd with nothing but proofs, weighty affairs,
Spirit, profound contemplation, and ſuch like.

Rath. Why, I was afrad to interrupt you; I thought
It convenient to give you what time I cou'd,
To make his young honour your friend.

Arb. I am beholding to you, I may cry quittance.

Ruth. But did you mark *Abels* eyes?
Ah, there were looks!

Arb. Nay, prethee give off, my hours approaching,
And I cann't be heartily merry till it be paſt:
Come, let's fetch our things,
Her Ladiſhips honour will ſtay for us.

Ruth. I'le warrant ye my brethren, *Abel* is not in order yet,
He's bruſhing a hat almoſt a quarter of an hour,
And as long a driving the lint from his black Cloathes,
With his wet Thumb.

Arb. Come prethee hold thy peace,
I ſhall laugh in's face elſe when I ſee him come along:
Now for an old ſhooe.

[*Exeunt.*

A Table set out.

Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah *ordering Books and Paper.*

Obad. Shall I read your Honors last Order, and give you
The account of what you last debated?

Mr. *Day.* I first crave your favours to communicate an
Important matter to this honourable board, In which I shall
Discover unto you my own sincerity
And zeal to the good Cause.

1. Proceed Sir.

Mr. *Day.* The business is contained in this Letter, 'tis from
No less a man then the King; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit
Here: Is it your pleasures that our Clerk should read it?

2. Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. Mr. *Day*, [*Reads.*
We have received good intelligence of your great worth,
And ability, especially in State matters; and therefore thought
Fit to offer you any preferment, or honor, that you shall desire,
If you will become my intire friend: Pray remember my
Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her
With this; whose wisdom I hear is great: so recommending
This to her and your wise consideration, I remain
Your Friend, *C. K.*

2. C. K.

Mr. *Day.* I, that's for the King.

2. I suspect who brought you this Letter.

Mr. *Day.* O fie upon't, my Wife forgot that particular.----
Why, a fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had
Done, I warrant you he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold
On him: You see Brethren what I reject; but I doubt not
But to receive my reward: and I have now a business
To offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2. This Letter was counterfeited certainly.

Mr. *Day.* But first be pleased to read your last order.

2. What does he mean that concerns me?

Obad. The order is, that the Composition arising out of
Mr. *Lashleys* Estate, be and hereby is invested and allow'd to
The honorable Mr. *Nathaniel Catch*,
For and in respect of his sufferings and good service.

Mr. *Day.* It is meet, very meet, we are bound
In duty to strengthen our selves against the day of trouble,
When the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise
Commotions in the Land,
And disturb our new built Zion.

2. Then I'le say nothing, but close with him, we must
Wink at one another; I receive your sense
Of my services with a zealous kindness. Now Mr. *Day*,
I pray you propose your business.

Mr. *Day.* I desire this honourable Board to understand,
That my Wife being at *Redding*, and to come up in
The Stage Coach: It happened that one Mrs *Arbella*,
A rich heir of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in
The same Coach; her father being newly dead, and her
Estate before being under Sequestration: My Wife, who
Has a notable pate of her own; you all know her;
Presently cast about to get her for my son *Abel*;
And accordingly invited her to my house; where, though
Time was but short, yet my son *Abel* made use of it:
They are without, as I suppose; but
Before we call them in, I pray let us handle
Such other matters as are before us.

1. Let us hear then what Estates besides
Lies before us, that we may see how large a
Field we have to walk in.

2. Read.

Obad. One of your last Debates was upon the plea
Of an infant, whose Estate is under Sequestration.

Mr. *Day.* And fit to be kept so till he comes of age,
And may answer for himself; that he may not
Be in possession of the Land till he can promise
He will not turn to the Enemy.

Obad. Here is another of almost the like nature;
An Estate before your Honors under Sequestration:
The plea is, that the party died without any——————
For taking up Armes; but in his opinion for the King:
He has left his Widow with childe, which will
Be the Heir; and his Trustees complain of wrong,
And claim the Estate.

2. Well, the Father in his opinion was a Cavalier.

Obad. So it is given in.

2 *C.* Nay, 'twas so I warrant you, and there's a young
Cavalier in his Widows Belly; I warrant you that too;
For the perverse generation encreaseth; I move
Therefore that their two Estates may remain in the hands
Of our Brethren here, and fellow labourers,
Mr. *Joseph Blemish*, and Mr. *Jonathan Headstrong*,
And Mr. *Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable
At our pleasures; whereby they may have a godly
Opportunity of doing good for themselves.

Mr. *Day.* Order it, order it.

3. Since it is your pleasures, we are content
To take the burthen upon us, and be
Stewards to the Nation.

2. Now verily it seemeth to me
That the work goeth forward, when Brethren
Hold together in unity.

Mr. *Day.* Well

Mr. *Day.* Well, if we have now finish'd, give me leave
To tell you, my Wife is without, together with
The Gentlewoman that is to compound: She will
Needs have a finger in the pie.

3. I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. *Day.* We may not neglect the publick for private
Respects. I hope Brethren, that you please to cast the
Favour of your countenances upon *Abel.*

2. 3. You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day.*
Call in the Compounders.

Enters Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth, *and after them the Colonels, and* Teg; *they give the door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.*

Mr. *Day.* Come duck, I have told the honorable Committee
That you are one that will needs endeavour
To do good for this Gentlewoman.

2. We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day.* I thank your honors? I am desirous of doing
Good, which I know is alwayes acceptable in your eyes.

Mr. *Day.* Come on son *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honors, full of profound
Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arb. 'Slife, he's at's lesson, wench.

Ruth. Peace, which whelp opens next?
O the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. *Day.* May it please your Honors, I shall presume
To inform you, that my son *Abel* has settled his affections
On this Gentlewoman, and desires your honours favour
To be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *C.* Say you so Mrs. *Day*? why the Committee have taken
It into their serious, and pious consideration; together
With Mr. *Dayes* good service, upon some knowledge
That is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. *Day.* That was the Letter I invented. [*Aside.*

2 *C.* And the composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd
To Mr. *Day*, that is, I suppose to Mr. *Abel*, and so consequently
To the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful Mistress.
For such good fortune, your Estate's discharg'd,
Mr. *Day* shall have the discharge.

C. *Bl.* O dam the vultures!

C. *Care.* Peace man.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the
Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own;
But if I must, if a woman can be a Delinquent,
I desire to know my publick censure,
Not be left in private hands.

2 *C.* Be contented Gentlewoman, the Committee does this
In favour of you; we understand how easily you

Can satisfie Mr *Abel*; you may if you please by Mrs. *Day*.

Ruth. And then good night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How Gentlemen, are you private marriage jobbers. D'ye make markets for one another?

2 *C.* How's this Gentlewoman?

C. *Bl.* A brave noble creature.

C. *Car.* Thou art smitten *Blunt*; that other female too, Methinks shoots fire this way.

Mrs. *Day.* I desire your honours to pardon Her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine The good that is intended her?

2 *C.* Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. *Dayes* sake Passes by your expressions; you may spare your pains, You have the Committees resolution, you may Be your own enemy if you will.

Arb. My own enemy.

Ruth. Prethee peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; We must use other wayes.

2 *C.* Come on Gentlemen, what's your case?

Ruth. Arbella, there's the down right Cavalier That came up in the Coach with us.

----On my life there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

C. *Care.* Our business is to compound for our Estates

While they speak, the Colonels pull the papers out and delivers 'um.

Of which here are the particulars, Which will agree with your own Survey.

Obad. The particulars are right.

Mr. *Day.* Well Gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase, The first payment down, the other at six months end, And the estate to secure it.

C. *Car.* Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 *C.* 'Tis our rule.

C. *Car.* Very well, 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, And our more lawful debts.

2. But Gentlemen, before you are admitted, You are to take the Covenant; You have not taken it yet, have you.

C. *Car.* No.

Teg. Upon my soul but he has now; I took it for him, And he has taken it from me, that he has.

Ruth. What sport are we now like to have?

2 *C.* What fellow's that?

C. *Car.* A poor simple fellow that serves me. Peace *Teg.*

Teg. Let them not prate so then.

2 *C.* Well Gentlemen, it remains Whether you'l take the Covenant?

C. *Car.* This is strange, and differs from your own principle,

To

To impose on other mens consciences.
Mr. *Day*. Pish, we are not here to dispute, we act
According to our instructions, and we cannot admit any
To compound without taking it; therefore your answer.
Teg. Why was it for no matter then that I have taken
The Covenant: You there, Mr. Committee.
Do you hear that now?
C. *Car*. No, we will not take it, much good may it do them
That have swallows large enough;
'Twill work one day in their stomachs.
C. *Bl*. The day may come, when those that suffer for their
Consciences and honour may be rewarded.
Mr. *Day*. I, I, you make an idol of that honour.
C. *Bl*. Our worships then are different, you make that
Your idol which brings your interest;
We can obey that which bids us lose it.
Arb. Brave Gentlemen.
Ruth. I stare at 'um till my eyes ake.
2 *C*. Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits,
Know, we must keep our rules, and instructions, lest we
Lose what providence hath put into our hands.
C. *Care*. Providence, such as thieves rob by?
2. *C*. What's that, Sir, Sir, you are too bold?
C. *Car*. Why in good sooth you may give losers
Leave to speak; I hope your honors out of your bowels of
Compassion will permit us to take over our departing acres.
Mr. *Day*. It is well you are so merry.
C. *Car*. O ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts;
Faith, wou'd I might ask one question?
2 *C*. Swear not then.
C. *Car*. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbours goods;
There's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*; my question is only,
Which of all you is to have our Estates: or will you
Make traytors of them, draw 'um, and quarter them.
2 *C*. You grow abusive.
C. *Bl*. No, no, 'tis only to entreat the honorable persons
That will be pleased to be our house-keepers, to keep them
In good reparations; we may take possession again
Without the help of the Covenant.
2 *C*. You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.
C. *Car*. We will be as rotten first as their hearts
That invented it.
Ruth. 'Slife *Arbella*, we'l have these two men;
There are not two such again, to be had for love nor mony.
Mr. *Day*. Well Gentlemen, your follies light upon your
Own heads; we have no more to say.
C. *Car*. Why then hoist sayles for a new world:
D'hear *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that.

C. *Bl*. 'Tis

C. *Bl.* 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.
C. *Car.* I'le go ſpeak to 'um, I'de fain convert
That pretty Covenanter.
C. *Bl.* Nay, prethee let's go.
C. *Car.* Lady, I hope you'l have that good fortune,
Not to be troubled with the Covenant.
Arb. If they do, I'le not take it.
C. *Bl.* Brave Lady, I muſt love her againſt my will.
C. *Car.* For you pretty one, I hope your portion will
Be enlarged by our misfortunes; remember your benefactors.
Ruth. If I had all your Eſtates,
I cou'd afford you as good a thing.
C. *Car.* Without taking the Covenant?
Ruth. Yes, but I would invent an other oath.
C. *Car.* Upon your lips.
Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to diſcover.
C. *Bl.* Prethee come, is this a time to ſpend in fooling?
C. *Car.* Now have I forgot every thing.
C. *Bl.* Come, let's go.
2. Gentlemen, void the room.
C. *Car.* Sure 'tis impoſſible that Kite
Shou'd get that pretty Merlin.
C. *Bl.* Come, prethee let's go; theſe muck-worms will have
Earth enough to ſtop their mouths with one day.
C. *Car.* Pray uſe our Eſtates husband-like, and ſo our
Moſt honourable Baliffs farewel.
Mr. *Day.* You are rude: Door-keeper, put 'um forth there.
Keeper. Come forth ye there; this is not a place for ſuch as you.
Teg. Ye are a raſcal, that you are now.
Keep. And pleaſe your honors, this profane Iriſh-man ſwore
An oath at the door, even now, when I
Wou'd have put him out.
2 *C.* Let him pay for't.
Keep. Here, you muſt pay, or lie by the heels.
Teg. What muſt I pay, by the heels? I will not pay by
The heels, that I will not, upou my ſoul.
C. *Car.* Here, here's a ſhilling for thee, be quiet.--- [*Exeunt.*
Teg. Well; I have not curs'd you now, that I have not:
What if I had curſed then?
Keeper. That had been ſix-pence.
Teg. Upon my ſoul now I have but one ſix pence that I
Have not: here though, I will give it thee for a Curſe; there
Mr. Committee, now there is ſix pence for the Curſe beforehand
Mr. Committee, and a plague take you all. [*Runs out.*
Ruth. Hark ye *Arbella*, 'twere a ſin not to love theſe men.
Arb. I am not guilty *Ruth.*
Mrs. *Day.* Has this honorable board any other command.
2 *C.* Nothing farther good Mrs. *Day*: Gentlewoman
You have nothing to care for, but be grateful And

And kind to Mr. *Abel.*

Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to,
Or I will complain.

Mrs. *Day.* The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall
Suddenly perceive the good that is intended her,
If she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. *Day.* I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their
Order, and they must now be private----

2 *Com.* Nay, pray Mistress withdraw----So, Brethren, we have
Finish'd this days work; and let us always keep
The bonds of Unity unbroken, Walking hand in
Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

Mr. *Day.* You may perceive they have spirits never to be
Reconcil'd; they walk according to Nature, and are
Full of inward darkness.

2 *Com.* It is well truly for the good people that they
Are so obstinate, whereby their Estates may
Of right fall into the hands of the Chosen, which
Truly is a mercy.

Mr. *Day.* I think there remaineth nothing farther,
But to adjourn till *Munday*: Take up the
Papers there, and bring home to me their
Honours Order for Mrs. *Arbella's* Estate: So,
Brethren, we seperate our selves to our
Particular endeavors, till we join in
Publick on *Munday*, two of the Clock;
And so Peace remain with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Col. Careless, *Col.* Blunt, *and Lieutenant.*

Lieu. BY my faith a sad story: I did apprehend this Covenant
Wou'd be the trap.

C. *Car.* Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants; no
Stoppage about their throats; the Rascals are all swallow.

C. *Bl.* Now am I ready for any Plot; I'le go find some of these
Agitants, and fill up a blank Commission with my Name.
And if I can but find two or three gather'd together,
They are sure of me; I will please my self, however,
With endeavouring to cut their throats.

C. *Car.* Or do somthing to make them hang us, that we may
But part on any terms: Nothing anger'd me but that
My old Kitchen-stuff-acquaintance look'd another
Way and seem'd not to know me.

C. *Bl.* How, Kitchen-stuff-acquaintance!

C. *Car.*

C. *Car.* Yes, Mrs. *Day* that commanded the Party in the Hackney-Coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in Time of yore called *Gillian.* How now, *Teg?* [*Enter* Teg. What ſays the Learned?

Teg. Well then, upon my Soul, the man in the great Cloak, with the long ſleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. *Car.* Mad, *Teg!*

Teg. Yes i'faith is he; he bid me be gone, and ſaid I was ſent To mock him.

C. *Car.* Why, what didſt thou ſay to him?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counſel.

C. *Car.* 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'ſt him. Why, thou ſhou'dſt have ask'd him when we might have Come for Counſel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any Counſel, or you wou'd take any Counſel, is not that all one then?

C. *Car.* Was there ever ſuch a miſtake?

C. *Bl.* Prethee ne're be troubled at this; we are paſt Counſel: If we had but a Friend amongſt them, that cou'd but ſlide Us by this Covenant.

Lieut. Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did viſit this tranſlated Kitchen-maid?

Teg. Well, how is that? a Kitchen-maid? where is ſhe now?

C. *Bl.* The Lieutenant adviſes well.

C. *Car,* Nay, ſtay, ſtay; in the firſt place I'le ſend *Teg* to her To tell her I have a little buſineſs with her, and deſire To know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. *Bl.* We ſhall have *Teg* miſtake agen.

Teg. How is that ſo? I will not miſtake that Kitchen-maid. Whither muſt I go now, to miſtake that Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* But d'hear, *Teg?* you muſt take no notice of that, upon Thy life; but on the contrary, at every word you muſt ſay, Your Ladiſhip, and your Honor; as for example, when you have Made a leg, you muſt begin thus; My Maſter preſents His ſervice to your Ladiſhip, and having ſome buſineſs with Your Honour, deſires to know when he may have leave To wait upon your Ladiſhip.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was ſhe Your Fathers Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Soul I ſhall laugh upon her face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

C. *Car.* Not for a hundred pounds, *Teg*; you muſt be ſure to Set your Countenance, and look very ſoberly before you begin.

Teg. If I ſhou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or Any thing that will put a mind into my head of a Kitchen, I ſhou'd laugh then, ſhou'd I not?

C. *Car.* Not for a thouſand pounds, *Teg*; thou maiſt undo us all.

Teg.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then? I will
Keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running
To one ſide, and 'tother ſide: well now, where does
This Mrs. *Tay* live?

Lieu. Come *Teg*, I'le walk along with thee, and ſhew thee
The houſe, that thou mayeſt not miſtake that however.

[*Exeunt Lieutenant and* Teg.

C. *Car.* Prethee do Lieutenant, have a care *Teg*,
Thou ſhalt finde us in the Temple. Now *Blunt* have I
Another deſign.

C. *Bl.* What further deſign canſt thou have?

C. *Car.* Why by this means I may chance ſee theſe women
Again, and get into their acquaintance.

C. *Bl.* With both man?

C. *Car.* 'Slife thou art jealous, do'ſt love either of 'um?

C. *Bl.* Nay, I can't tell, all is not as 'twas.

C. *Car.* Like a man that is not well, and yet knows
Not what ailes him.

C. *Bl.* Thou art ſomething near the matter; but I'le
Cure my ſelf with conſidering, that no woman can
Ever care for me.

C. *Car.* And why prethee?

C. *Bl.* Becauſe I can ſay nothing to them.

C. *Car.* The leſs thou canſt ſay, they'l like thee the better;
Shee'l think 'tis Love that has ham-ſtring'd thy tongue:
Beſides man, a woman can't abide that any thing
In the houſe ſhou'd talk, but ſhe and her Parat;
What, 'tis the Cavalier girle thou lik'ſt?

C. *Bl.* Canſt thou love any of the other Breed.

C. *Car.* Not honeſtly,—yet I confeſs that ill-begotten
Pretty Raſcal, never look'd towards me, but
She ſcatter'd ſparks as faſt as kindling Charcoale;
Thine's grown already to an honeſt flame: Come
Blunt, when *Teg* comes we will reſolve on ſomthing.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbella *and* Ruth.

Arb. Come now, a word of our own matters; how do'ſt
Thou hope to get thy Eſtate again.

Ruth. You ſhall drink firſt; I was juſt going to ask you,
How you would get yours again; you are as faſt as if
You were under Covert-barne.

Arb. But I have more hopes then thou haſt.

Ruth. Not a ſcruple more; if there were but ſcales
That could weigh hopes for theſe Raſcals muſt be hang'd
Before either of us ſhall get our own; you may eat and drink
Out of yours as I do, and be a ſojourner with *Abel*.

Arb. I am hamper'd, but I'le intangle my ſelf

With Mr. *Abels* conjugal cords: nay---I am more
Hamper'd then thou thinkeſt; for if thou art in as bad
Caſe as I (you underſtand me) hold up thy finger.

Ruth. Behold, nay, I'le ne're forſake thee, if I were not
Ruth *holds up her finger.*
Smitten, I wou'd perſwade my ſelf to be in love,
If 'twere but to bear thee company.

Arb. Dear girle, hark ye *Ruth*, the compoſition day
Made an end of all; all's ago.

Ruth. Nay, that fatal day put me into the condition
Of a Compounder too; there was my heart brought
Under ſequeſtration.

Arb. That day wench?

Ruth. Yes, that very day with two or three forceable
Looks 'twas driven an inch at leaſt out of its old place;
Senſe or reaſon can't finde the way to't now.

Arb. That day, that very day, if you and I ſhould like
The ſame man.

Ruth. Fie upon't, as I live thou mak'ſt me ſtart;
Now dare not I aſk which thou lik'ſt.

Arb. Wou'd they were now to come in that we might
Watch one anothers eyes, and diſcover by ſignes;
I am not able to aſk thee neither.

Ruth. Nor I tell thee; ſhall we go aſk *Lilly* which 'tis?

Arb. Out upon him; nay, there's no need of Stars;
We know our ſelves if we durſt ſpeak.

Ruth. Piſh, i'le ſpeak if it be the ſame, we'l draw cuts.

Arb. No, hark ye *Ruth*, do you act them both,
For you ſaw their ſeveral humors, and then watch my
Eyes, where I appear moſt concern'd;
I cann't diſſemble for my heart.

Ruth. I dare ſwear that will hinder thee to diſſemble
Indeed,----Come have at you then, I'le ſpeak as if I were
Before the honorable raſcals: And firſt, for my brave
Blunt Colonel, who hating to take the Oath, cry'd out
With a brave ſcorn (ſuch as made thee in love I hope.)
Hang your ſelves raſcals, the time will come when thoſe
That dare be honeſt ſhall be rewarded; don't
I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely?

Arb. O admirably well, dear wench do it once more.

Ruth. Nay, nay, I muſt do the 'tother now.

Arb. No, no, this once more dear girle, and I'le
Act the 'tother for thee.

Ruth. No forſooth, I'le ſpare your pains, we are right,
No need of Cuts, ſend thee good luck with him I acted,
And wiſh me well with my merry Colonel
That ſhall Act his own part.

Arb. And a thouſand good lucks attend thee;

We

We have ſav'd our bluſhes admirably well, and reliev'd
Our hearts from hard duty----but mum, ſee where the Mother
Comes, and with her, her Son, a true exemplification or
Duplicate of the original *Day*. Now for a charge.

[*Enter Mrs.* Day *and* Abel.

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. *Day*. Well Mrs. *Arbella*, I hope you have conſider'd
Enough by this time; you need not uſe ſo much conſideration
For your own good; you may have your Eſtate, and you
May have *Abel*, and you may be worſe offer'd.
Abel, tell her your minde, ne're ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I.----
Ruth, does ſhe incline, or is ſhe wilful.

Ruth. I was juſt about the point when your Honor
Interrupted us.----One word in your Ladiſhips ear.

Abel. You ſee forſooth that I am ſome body, though you
Make no body of me, you ſee I can prevail; therefore
Pray ſay what I ſhall truſt to;
For I muſt not ſtand, ſhall I, ſhall I.

Arb. You are haſty Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important affairs;
And therefore I muſt be bold in a fair way, to tell you that
It lies upon my ſpirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-poſſet-drink is very good againſt the
The heavineſs of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay forſooth, you do not underſtand my meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope Sir; and 'tis no matter
Sir if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well, know? who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an Iriſh Elder come to examine us all.

Teg. Well know, what is your names, ever one?

Ruth. Arbella, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels; upon
My life, 'tis the Iriſhman that took the Covenant
The right way.

Arb. Peace, what ſhou'd it mean?

Teg. Well, cannot ſome of you all ſay nothing?

Mrs. *Day*. Why how now ſauce box? what wou'd you have?
What have you left your manners without? go
Out and fetch 'um in.

Teg. What ſhou'd I fetch now?

Mrs. *Day*. D'you know who you ſpeak to Sirrah?

Teg. Well, what are you then? upon my ſoul
In my own Countrey they can tell who I am.

Abel. You muſt not be ſo ſaucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be ſaucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous.

Teg. Is there none of you that I muſt ſpeak to now?

Arb. Now wench if he ſhou'd be ſent to us. [*Aſide.*

Teg. Well I wou'd have one Mrs. *Tay* ſpeak unto me.
Mrs. *Day.* Well ſirrah, I am ſhe: what's your buſineſs?
Teg. O ſo then, are you Mrs. *Tay*?
Well, I will look well firſt,
And I will ſet my face in ſome worſhip; yes indeed that I will;
And I will tell her then what I will ſpeak to her.
Ruth. How the fellow begins to mould himſelf.
Arb. And tempers his Chops like a hound that has lap'd
Before his meat was cold enough.
Ruth. He looks as if he had ſome gifts to pour forth;
Thoſe are Mr. *Dayes* own white eyes before he begins
To ſay grace: now for a ſpeech ratling in his kecher,
As if his words ſtumbled in their way.
Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, I'faith my Maſter
The good Colonel *Careleſs*, bid me ask thy good Ladiſhip---
Upon my ſoul now the laugh will come upon me.
He laughs alwayes when he ſayes Ladiſhip or Honor.
Mrs. *Day.* Sirrah, ſirrah, what, were you ſent to abuſe me?
Ruth. As ſure as can be. [*Aſide.*
Teg. I'faith now I do not abuſe thy good Hon. I cannot
Help my laugh now, I will try agen now; I will not
Think of a Kitchen then: my maſter wou'd know
Of your Ladiſhip---
Mrs. *Day.* Did your Maſter ſend you to abuſe me you
Raſcal: By my honor Sirrah?
Teg. Why do'ſt thou mock thy ſelf now joy?
Mrs. *Day.* How ſirrah, do I mock my ſelf?
This is ſome Iriſh Traytor.
Teg. I am no Traitor, that I am not; I am an Iriſh
Rebel; you are couzen'd now.
Mrs. *Day.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who
I am, an impudent Iriſh raſcal.
Abel. He ſeemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold and
Seditious ſpirit.
Mrs. *Day.* You are a bloody raſcal I warrant ye.
Teg. You are a fooliſh brable brible woman, that you are.
Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs
Muſt puniſh your ſaucineſs.
Teg. You ſhall take a knock upon your pate, if you are
Saucy with me that I ſhall; you ſon of a Roundhead you.
Mrs. *Day.* Ye raſcally Varlet, get you out of my doors.
Teg. Will not I give you my meſſage then?
Mrs. *Day.* Get you out Raſcal?
Teg. I prethee let me tell thee my meſſage?
Mrs. *Day.* Get you out I ſay.
Teg. Well then I care not neither; the devil take
Your Ladiſhip, and Honorſhip, and Kitchenſhip too: there now.
[*Exit.*
Arb. Was

Arb. Was there ever ſuch a Scene; 'tis impoſſible
To gueſs any thing.

Ruth. Our Colonels have don't, as ſure as thou liveſt, to
Make themſelves ſport; being all the revenge that is in
Their power: look, look, how her Honor trots about,
Like a Beaſt ſtung with flies.

Mrs. *Day.* How the Villain has diſtemper'd me!
Out upon't too, that I have let the Raſcal go unpuniſh'd,
And you can ſtand by like a Sheep: run after him then and
Stop him; I'le have him laid by the heels, and
Make him confeſs who ſent him to abuſe me:
Call help as you go, make haſte I ſay. [*Exit* Abel.

Ruth. 'Slid *Arbella* run after him, and ſave the poor
Fellow for Sakes ſake; Stop *Abel* by any means
That he may ſcape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the puppy.
[*Exit.*

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. *Day.* 'Uds my life, the raſcal has heated me.---Now I
Think on't I'e go my ſelf, and ſee it done: a ſaucy Villain.

Ruth. But I muſt needs acquaint your Honor with one thing
Firſt concerning Mrs. *Arbella.*

Mrs. *Day.* As ſoon as ever I have done. I'ſt good news wench?

Ruth. Moſt excellent; if you go out you may ſpoil all;
Such a diſcovery I have made, that you will bleſs
The accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. *Day.* Quickly then Girle.

Ruth. When you ſent *Abel* after the Iriſh man, Mrs.
Arbella's colour came and went in her face, and at laſt
Not able to ſtay, ſlunck away after him for fear the Iriſh-man
Shou'd hurt him: ſhe ſtole away and bluſh'd the prettieſt.

Mrs. *Day.* I proteſt he may be hurt indeed; I'le run my ſelf too.

Ruth. By no means forſooth; nor is there any need on't;
For ſhe reſolv'd to ſtop him before he cou'd
Get near the Iriſh-man; ſhe has done it upon my life;
And if you ſhou'd go out you might ſpoil the kindeſt
Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs. *Day.* Art ſure of this?

Ruth. If you do not finde ſhe has ſtopt him,
Let me ever have your hatred; pray credit me.

Mrs. *Day.* I do, I do believe thee; come we'l go in where
I uſe to read: there thou ſhalt tell me all the particulars,
And the manner of it: I warrant 'twas pretty to obſerve.

Ruth. O, 'twas a thouſand pitties you did not ſee't,
When *Abel* walk't away ſo bravely, and fooliſhly after this
Wilde Iriſhman: She ſtole ſuch kinde looks from her
Own eyes; and having rob'd her ſelf, ſent them after
Her own *Abel*; and then---

Mrs. *Day.*

Mrs. *Day*. Come good wench, I'le go in and hear it all at Large; it ſhall be the beſt tale thou haſt told theſe two dayes. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel* for his part needs No news by this time, come good wench. [*Exit.*

Ruth. So far I am right; fortune take care for future things.

Enter C. Blunt *as taken by Bayliffs.*

C. *Bl.* At whoſe ſuit, Raſcals?

1 *B.* You ſhall know that time enough.

C. *Bl.* Time enough, dogs; muſt I wait your leaſures?

1 *B.* O you are a dangerous man; 'tis ſuch Traitors as you That diſturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. *Bl.* Take that Raſcal: if I had any thing at liberty Beſides my foot, I wou'd beſtow it on you.

1 *B.* You ſhall pay dearly for this kick before you are Let looſe, and give good ſpecial Bail: Mark that, my Surly companion; we have you faſt.

C. *Bl.* 'Tis well Rogues you caught me conveniently; Had I been aware I wou'd have made ſome of your ſcurvy Souls my ſpecial Bail.

1 *B.* O, 'tis a bloody minded man; I'le warrant ye this Vile Cavalier has eat many a Childe.

C. *Bl.* I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you Raſcals.

Enter C. Careleſs.

C. *Car.* How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole, Let go your prey, or---- [*Draws, and* Blunt *in the ſcuffle throws up one of their heels, and gets a Sword, and helps drive them off.*

1 *B.* Murder, Murder.

C. *Bl.* Faith *Careleſs* this was worth thanks, I was fairly going.

C. *Car.* What was the matter man?

C. *Bl.* Why, an Action of two for Free Quarter, now made *Trover* and *Converſion*: Nay, I believe we ſhall be ſued With an Action of Treſpals; for every Field we have Marched over, and be indited for Riots, for going at Unſeaſonable hours, above two in a Company.

[*Enter* Teg *running.*

C. *Car.* Well come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my ſoul run as I do; the men in red Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, Murder, Murder, I never heard ſuch a noiſe in *Ireland*, that's true too.

C. *Car.* 'Slife we muſt ſhift ſeveral wayes. Farewel, if we ſcape we meet at night; I ſhall Take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tag* now?

C. *Car.* O good *Teg*, no time for Meſſages.

Exeunt ſeveral wayes.

Enter Bayliffs and Souldiers. [*A noiſe within.*

1 *B.* This way, this way; Oh villains, my neighbour

Swaſh

Swash is hurt dangerously;
Some good Souldiers, follow, follow.

Enter Careless *and* Teg *again.*

C. *Car.* I am quite out of breath, and the Blood Hounds
Are in a full cry upon a burning scent: Plague on 'um,
What a noise the Kennels make? what door's this
That graciously stands a little open? what an ass am I to ask?
Teg, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary,
Observe this door; there you shall finde me: be careful,
Now by your favour Landlord, as unknown.

[*Exit severally.*

Enter Mrs. Day *and* Obadiah.

Mrs. *Day.* It was well observed *Obadiah* to bring the
Parties to me first, 'tis your Masters will that I shou'd as I
May say, prepare matters for him; in truth, in truth
I have too great a burthen upon me: yet for the publick
Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall with sincere care present unto your Honor
From time to time such negotiations as I may discreetly
Presume may be material for your Honors inspection.

Mrs. *Day.* It will become you so to do, you have the
Present that came last.

Obad. Yes, and please your Honor; the Gentleman
Concerning her Brothers release, hath also
Sent in a piece of Plate.

Mrs. *Day.* It's very well.

Obad. But the man without, about a bargain of the Kings
Land, is come empty.

Mrs. *Day.* Bid him be gone, I'le not speak with him;
He does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As* Obadiah *goes out,* C. Careless *meets him and tumbles him back.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now? what rude companion's this?
What wou'd you have (what's your business? what's the
Matter? who sent you? who d'you belong to? who!----

C. *Car.* Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all
These Intergotories, you see I resolve to be your companion;
I am a man, there's no great matter, no body sent me; nor I
Belong to no body: I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. *Day.* Thou hast committed murder for ought I know?
How is't *Obadiah*?

C. *Car.* Ha, what luck have I to fall into the Territories
Of my old Kitchen acquaintance; I'le proceed upon the
Strength of *Teg's* Message, though I had no answer.

Mrs. *Day.* How is't man?

Obad. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear
Has bruised some intellectuals within my Stomach. [*Ex.* Oba.

Mrs. *Day.* Go in and take some Irish slat by way of

Pre-

Prevention, and keep your ſelf warm. Now Sir, have you
Any buſineſs, you that came in ſo rudely as if you did not
know who you came to. How came you in Sir Royſter?
Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. *Car.* No truly, the Gate kept it ſelf, and ſtood gaping
As if it had a minde to ſpeak, and ſay, I pray come in.

Mrs. *Day.* Did it ſo Sir? and what have you to ſay?

C. *Car.* I, there's the point; either ſhe does not, or will
Not know me: What ſhou'd I ſay? how dull am I? pox on't,
This wit, is like a common friend, when one has need on him
He won't come near one.

Mrs. *Day.* Sir, are you ſtudying for an invention? for ought
I know you have done ſome miſchief,
And 'twere fit to ſecure you?

C. *Care.* So that's well, 'twas pretty to fall into the head
Quarter of the Enemy.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, 'tis e'ne ſo, I'le fetch
Thoſe that ſhall examine you.

C. *Car.* Stay, thou mighty States woman, I did but
Give you time to ſee if your memory would but be ſo
Honeſt, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. *Day.* What d'you mean ſauce box?

C. *Car.* There's a word yet of thy former imployments
That ſauce you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. *Day.* I do not uſe to have acquaintance with Cavaliers.

C. *Car.* Nor I with Committee-mens Utenſils; but in
Diebus illis, you were not Honorable, nor I a Malignant.
Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful, pride comes with
Godlineſs, and good Cloathes; what, you think I ſhou'd
Not know you, becauſe you are diſguiſed with curl'd hair,
And white Gloves. Alas, I know you as well as if you were
In your Sabbath-dayes Cinamon Waiſcot, with a ſilver
Edgine round the Skirt.

Mrs. *Day.* How ſirrah?

C. *Car.* And with your fair hands bath'd in Lather, or
With your fragrant Breath; driving the fleeting
Ambergreece off from the waving Kitchenſtuff.

Mrs. *Day.* O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember
You now indeed; but I'le----

C. *Car.* Nay, but hark you the now Honorable,
Non abſtante, paſt conditions; did not I ſend my fool man,
An Iriſh man, with a civil meſſage to you;
Why all this ſtrangeneſs then.

Mrs. *Day.* How, how, how's this; was' you that ſent
That Raſcal to abuſe me, was't ſo.

C. *Car.* How now! what, matters grow worſe and worſe?

Mrs. *Day.* I'le teach you to abuſe thoſe that are in
Authority: Within there, who's whithin?

C. *Car.* 'Slife

C. *Car.* 'Slife, I'le ſtop your mouth, if you raiſe an alarum.
[*Cryes out, and he ſtops her mouth.*
Mrs. *Day.* Stop my mouth ſirrah, whoo, whoo, ho.
C. *Car.* Yes, ſtop your mouth, what are you good at a
Who, bub, ha. *Enter* Ruth.
Ruth. What's the matter forſooth.
Mrs. *Day.* The matter? why hears a rude Cavalier has
Broke into my houſe; 'twas he too that ſent the Iriſh Raſcal
To abuſe me too within my own walls: call your Father that
He may grant his order to ſecure him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.
C. *Car.* Nay good pretty Gentlewoman ſpare your motion,
What muſt become of me; *Teg* has made ſome ſtrange miſtake.
Ruth. 'Tis he, what ſhall I do, (now invention be equal to
My Love, why, your Ladiſhip will ſpoil all? I ſent for[*Aſide.*
This Gentleman, and injoyn'd him ſecreſie, even to you your ſelf,
Till I had made his way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in
Truth I did not think he would have come theſe two hours.
C. *Car.* I dare ſwear ſhe did not; I might very probably
Not have come at all.
Ruth. How came you to come ſo ſoon Sir; 'twas three
Hours before you appointed.
C. *Car.* Hey day, I ſhall be made believe I came hither
On purpoſe preſently.
Ruth. 'Twas upon a meſſage of his to me, and pleaſe your
Honor to make his deſires known to your Ladiſhip, that he
Had conſider'd on't, and was reſolved to take the Covenant,
And give you five hundred pound to make his peace, and bring
His buſineſs about again, that he may be
Admitted in his firſt condition.
C. *Car.* What's this? d'hear pretty Gentlewoman.
Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind, I have done your buſineſs.
Mrs. *Day.* Oh, his ſtomach's come down!
Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me;
I warrant you the five hundred pound, and---- [*Whiſpers*
C. *Car.* Now I have found it: this pretty wench has
A minde to be left alone with me, at her peril.
Mrs. *Day.* I underſtand thee; well Sir, I can paſs by rudeneſs
When I am informed there was no intention of it; I leave
You and my Daughter to beget a right underſtanding.
C. *Car.* We ſhould beget Sons and Daughters ſooner:
What does all this mean?
Ruth. I am ſorry Sir that your love for me
Shou'd make you thus raſh.
C. *Car.* That's more then you know, but you had a minde
To be left alone with me; that's certain.
Ruth. 'Tis too plain Sir, you'd ne'er have run your ſelf
Into this danger elſe.
C. *Car.* Nay, now you'r out; the danger run after me.
Ruth. You may diſſemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper buſineſs here; but we loſe
Time; you and I are left to beget right underſtanding,
Come, which way?

Ruth. Whither?

C. *Car.* To your Chamber or Cloſet.

Ruth. But I am ingag'd you ſhall take the Covenant.

C. *Car.* No, I never ſware when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad?

C. *Car.* That's not againſt my principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair opinion, good Signior
Principle, there lies your way Sir, however I will own ſo much
Kindeneſs for you, that I repent not the civility I have done,
To free you from the trouble you were like to fall into;
Make me a leg, if you pleaſe, and cry, thank you: and ſo the
Gentlewoman that deſired to be left alone with you, deſires
To be left alone with her ſelf, ſhe being taught aright
Underſtanding of you.

C. *Car.* No, I am revited; nor ſhall you march off thus
With flying colours: my pretty Commander in chief, let us
Parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuouſly the true
State of our Treaty. The buſineſs in ſhort is this, We differ
Seemingly upon two evils, and mine the leaſt; and therefore
To be choſen, you had better take me then I
Take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'l excuſe one another.

C. *Car.* You wou'd not have me take the Covenant then.

Ruth. No, I did but try you, I forgive your idle looſeneſs;
For that firm vertue be conſtant to your fair principles
In ſpight of fortune.

C. *Car.* What's this got into petti-coats---but d'hear,
I'le not excuſe you from my propoſition, notwithſtanding
My releaſe: Come we are half way to a right
Underſtanding---nay, I do love thee.

Ruth. Love vertue, you have but here and there a patch
Of it; y'are ragged ſtill.

C. *Car.* Are not you the Committee *Dayes* Daughter?

Ruth. Yes, what then.

C. *Car.* Then am I thankful, I had no defence againſt thee,
And Matrimony, but thy own Father and Mother,
Which are a perfect Committee to my nature.

Ruth. Why are you ſure I wou'd have match'd with a
Malignant, not a Compounder neither.

C. *Car.* Nay, I have made thee a Joynter againſt my will;
Methinks it were but as reaſonable, that I ſhou'd do ſomething
For my Joynter, but by the way of Matrimony honeſtly
To encreaſe your Generation; 'tis to tell you truth is
Againſt my Conſcience.

Ruth. Yet you wou'd beget right underſtandings.

C. *Car.* Yes, I wou'd have 'um all Baſtards.

Ruth. And me a Whore.

C. *Car.*

C. *Car.* That's a coarse name; but 'tis not fit a Committee-Mans Daughter shou'd be too honest, to the reproach Of her Father and Mother.

Ruth. When the quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you And I shall agree: till when Sir--- [*Enter* Teg

Teg. Are you here then? upon my soul the good Colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to the Devil, That he is, I'faith now.

C. *Car.* How, taken and carried to the Devil!

Teg. He desired to go to the Devil, that he did, I wonder of My soul he was not afraid of that.

C. *Car.* I understand it now; What mischief's this?

Ruth. You seem troubled Sir.

C. *Car.* I have but a life to lose, that I am weary of: come *Teg.*

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the business; What d'ye talk of?

C. *Car.* My friend, my deareſt friend is caught up by rascally Bayliffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

C. *Car.* Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your friend. [*Enter* Arbella. O *Arbella*, I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bayliffs; There's his Friend too, almost distracted: You know The mercy of these times.

Arb. What do'st thou tell me, I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose your self, and help him nobly; you have no Way but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

[*Enter* Abel *and* Obadiah.

Arb. Look where he and *Obadiah* comes; shou'd either By providence---O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long Time? can you finde of your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Assuredly some important affairs constrain'd my Absence, as *Obadiah* can testifie, *Bona fide.*

Obad. I can do so verily, my self being a material party.

C. *Car.* Pox on 'um, how slow they speak.

Arb. Well well, you shall go no more out of my sight; I'le Not be satisfied with your *Bona Fides*: I have some occasions That call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me, And good *Obadiah* too: you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. Is it not meet I shou'd, I am exceedingly exalted? *Obadiah* thou shalt have the best bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. *Car.* What may this mean? [*Aside.*

Arb. *Ruth*, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother From pursuing us?

Ruth. Let me alone, as I go by the Parlor where she sits,

Big with expectation; I'le give her a whiſper that we
Are going to fetch the very five hundred pound.

Arb. How can that be?

Ruth. No queſtion now. Will you march Sir?

C. *Car.* Whither?

Ruth. Lord, how dull theſe men in Love are! why to your Friend. No more words.

C. *Car.* I will ſtare upon thee though. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Colonel Blunt *brought in by Bayliffs.*

1 *B.* I, I, we thought how well you'd get Bail.

C. *Bl.* Why you unconſcionable Raſcals, are you Angry that I am unlucky, or do you want ſome Fees? I'le periſh in a dungeon before I'le conſume with throwing Sops to ſuch Curs.

1 *Ba.* Chuſe, chuſe, come along with him.

C. *Bl.* I'le not go your pace neither Raſcals; I'le go ſoftly, If it be but to hinder you from taking up ſome other Honeſt Gentleman.

1 *B.* Very well, ſurly Sir, we will carry you where you Shall not be troubled what pace to walk; you'l finde a Large Bill, blood is dear; not yours is it? a farthing a pint Were very dear for the beſt urine you have.

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, C. Careleſs, *and* Obadiah.

1 *B.* How now, are theſe any of your Friends?

C. *Bl.* Never if you ſee women, that's a rule.

Arb. Nay, you need have no ſcruple, 'tis a near Kinſman Of mine, you do not think I hope that I wou'd let you ſuffer--- You----that muſt be nearer then a Kinſman to me.

Ab. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'l ſave You harmleſs: beſides I cannot marry, if my Kinſman be in Priſon; he muſt convey my Eſtate as you appoint; for 'tis All in him, we muſt pleaſe him.

Abel. The conſideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiah*, 'tis neceſſary for us to ſet at liberty this Gentleman, Being a Truſtee for Mrs. *Arbella*'s Eſtate; tell 'um therefore That you and I will Bail this Gentleman----and---- D'hear, tell them who I am.

Obad. I ſhall. Gentlemen, this is the honorable Mr. *Abel Day*, the firſt born of the Honorable Mr. *Day*, Chair-man of the Committee of Sequeſtrations, and I My ſelf by name *Obadiah*, and Clerk to the ſaid

Honor-

Honorable Committee.

1 *B.* Well Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, th'ar's I, and I will bail this Gentleman; I believe
You dare not accept againſt the Bail: nay, you ſhall have
Obadiah too, one that the State truſts.

1 *B.* With all our hearts Sir—
But there are Charges to be paid.

Arb. Here *Obadiah*, take this Purſe and diſcharge them,
And give the Bayliffs twenty ſhillings to drink.

C. *Bl.* This is miraculous.

1 *B.* A brave Lady: i'faith Mrs. we'l drink your health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as ſure as you are here;
What ſay you to that now?

1 *B.* That's impoſſible; here's ſomething more in this:
Honorable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriffs Deputy is hard by in
Another room, if you pleaſe to go thither,
And give your Bail Sir.

Abel. Well, ſhew us the way, and let him know who I am.

C. *Car.* Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not

[*Exeunt* Abel, Obadiah, *and Bayliffs.*

A Committee-mans Daughter, and ſo conſequently
Againſt Monarchy, two Princes ſhou'd
Have you and that Gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'l ſerve my turn; I am not ambitious.

C. *Car.* Do but ſwear then that thou art not the Iſſue of
Mr. *Day*, and though I know 'tis a lye, I'le be content
To be couſen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie, you can't abide taking of Oaths; look,
Look how your friend and mine take aim at one another:
Is he ſmitten?

C. *Car.* *Cupid* has not ſuch another wounded Subject,
Nay, and is vex't he is in love too;
Troth 'tis partly my own caſe.

Ruth. Peace, ſhe begins as need requires.

Arb. You are free Sir.

C. *Bl.* Not ſo free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. *Bl.* Nothing, but I'le tell you.

Arb. Why Sir?

C. *Bl.* You'l laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceived me apt to commit ſuch a rudeneſs,
Pray let me know it?

C. *Bl.* Upon two conditions you ſhall know it.

Arb. Well, make your own Laws.

C. *Bl.* Firſt I thank you, y'have freed me nobly; pray
Believe it, you have this acknowledgement from an
Honeſt heart, one that would crack a ſtring for you,
That's one thing.

Arb. Well,

Arb. Well, the other.

C. *Bl.* The other is onely, that I may ſtand ſo ready,
That I may be gone juſt as I have told it you; together
With your promiſe, not to call me back: and upon theſe
Terms I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careleſs*,
Come ſtand ready, that at the ſign given
We may vaniſh together.

Ruth. If you pleaſe Sir, when you are ready to ſtart,
I'le cry one, two, three, and away.

C. *Bl.* Be pleaſed to forbear, good ſmart Gentlewoman,
You have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am juſt going;
By your ſpleens leave a little patience.

Arb. Prethee peace.

Ruth. I ſhall contain Sir.

C. *Bl.* That's much for a woman to do.

Arb. Now Sir, perform your promiſe.

C. *Bl.* *Careleſs*, have you done with your woman?

C. *Car.* Madam---

C. *Bl.* Nay, I have thank't her already; prethee no more
Of that dull way of gratitude; ſtand ready man, yet nearer
The door: ſo now my misfortune that I promiſed to
Diſcover, is, that I love you above my ſenſe or reaſon:
So farewel, and laugh; come *Careleſs*.

C. *Car.* Ladies, our lives are yours; be but ſo kinde as to
Believe it, till you have ſomething to command. [*Exeunt.*

Ruth. Was there ever ſuch humor?

Arb. As I live his confeſſion ſhews nobly.

Ruth. It ſhews madly I am ſure, an ill bred fellow, not
Indure a woman to laugh at him!

Arb. He's honeſt I dare ſwear.

Ruth. That's more then I dare ſwear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good example;
I'le make him ſo.

Arb. But d'hear *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame, that we
Did not enquire where they lodg'd, under pretence of ſending
To them about their own buſineſs.

Ruth. Why, thy whimſical Colonel diſcharg'd himſelf off
Like a Gun: there was no time between the flaſhing in
The pan, and the going off, to aſk a queſtion: but hark ye,
I have an invention upon the old account of the
Five hundred pound, which ſhall make *Abel* ſend
His purſuivant *Obadiah* to look 'um.

Arb. Excellent! the trout *Abel* will bite immediately at
That bait: the meſſage ſhall be as from his Maſter
Day, Senior, to come and ſpeak with him; they'l think
Preſently 'tis about their Compoſition, and come certainly.
In the mean time we'l prepare them with Counter expectations.

Enter

Enter Abel *and* Obadiah.

Ruth. You have it, peace, ſee where *Abel* and the gentle
Squire of low degree; *Obadiah* approaches, having newly
Entred themſelves into bonds.

Arb. Which I'le be ſure to tell his Mother, if he be
Ever more troubleſome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier,
By bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have according to your deſires given freedom to
Your Kinſman and Truſtee; I ſuppoſe he doth perceive
That you may have power in right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am ſincerely beholding to you,
And your Authority.

Ruth. O fie upon't brother, I did forget to acquaint
You with a buſineſs before the Gentlemen went.
O me, what a ſieve like memory have I,
'Twas am important affair too.

Abel. If you diſcover it to me, I ſhall render you
My opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their obſtinacy,
And wou'd now preſent five hundred pound to your good
Honorable Mother, to ſtand their friend, that they may be
Permitted to take the Covenant, and we, negligent we,
Have let them go, before we knew where to ſend to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important affairs;
It is ill to neglect the accepting of their converſion,
Together with their money.

Ruth. Well, there is but one way; do you ſend *Obadiah*
In your Fathers name, to deſire them both to come to his houſe
About ſome buſineſs that will be for their good, but no more;
For then they'l take it ill; for they enjoyn'd us ſecreſie;
And when they come, let us alone: *Obadiah* may enquire
Them out at ſome Tavern.

Obad. The Bayliffs did ſay they were gone
To the Devil-Tavern to pay a reckoning.

Abel. Haſten thither good good *Obadiah*, as if you had met
My Honorable Father, and deſire them to come unto
His houſe, about am important affair that is for their good.

Obad. I ſhall uſe expedition. [*Exit.*

Abel. And we will haſten home, leſt the Gentlemen ſhou'd
Be before us, and not know how to addreſs their offers;
And then we will haſten our being united in the
Bonds of Matrimony.

Arb. Soft and fare goes far. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Colonels, and Teg *at the Tavern.*

C. *Car.* Did ever man get away ſo craftily from the thing
He lik't; terrible buſineſs, afraid to tell a woman what ſhe
Deſir'd to hear; I pray heartily that the boyes do not come

To

To the knowledge of thy famous retreat; we ſhall be followed
By thoſe ſmall birds, as you have ſeen an Owl purſued.

C. *Bl.* I ſhall break ſome of their wings then.

C. *Car.* To leave a handſome woman, a woman that came
To be bound body for body for thee; one that does that
Which no woman will hardly do again.

C. *Bl.* What's that?

C. *Car.* Love thee, and thy Blunt Humor; a meer chance
Man, a thing beſides all the venerate Stars.

C. *Bl.* You practice your wit to no purpoſe; I am not
To be perſwaded to lie ſtill, like a Jack-a-lent to be caſt at;
I had rather be a Wiſp hung up for a Woman to ſcold at,
Then a fix'd Lover for 'um to point at:
Your ſquib began to hiſs.

Enter Obadiah.

C. *Car.* Peace man, here's *Jupiters* Mercury is his
Meſſage to us trow?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken
And found out.

C. *Bl.* How's this?

Obad. I come unto you in the name of the Honorable
Mr. *Day*, who deſires to ſpeak with you both about ſome
Important affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. *Bl.* What train is this?

C. *Car.* Peace, let us not be raſh *Teg.*

Teg. Well then,

C. *Car.* Were it not poſſible that you cou'd entertain this
Fellow in the next room till he were pretty drunk?

Teg. I warrant you that now, I will make him and my ſelf
Too drunk for thy ſweet ſake.

C. *Car.* Be ſure *Teg*----ſome buſineſs Sir, that will take us
Up a very little time to finiſh, make us deſire your patience
Till we diſpatch it: In the mean time Sir do us the
Favour as to call for a glaſs of Sack: in the next room
Teg ſhall wait upon you, and drink your Maſters health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I uſe to drink healths.

C. *Car.* None but your Maſters Sir, and that by
Way of remembrance.

Ob. We that have the affairs of State under our our
Tuition cannot long delay; my preſence may be required
For the carrying on the work.

C. *Car.* Nay Sir, it ſhall not exceed above a quarter
Of an hour; perhaps we'l wait upon you to Mr. *Day* preſently:
Pray Sir drink but one glaſs or two; we wou'd wait upon you
Our ſelves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that conſideration I ſhall attend a little.

C. *Car.* Go wait upon him, now *Teg* or never.

Teg. I will make him ſo drunk as can be upon my ſoul.

C. *Bl.* What

C. *Bl.* What a devil shou'd this message mean? [*Exeunt.*

C. *Car.* 'Tis too plain; this cream of Committee rascals! who's
Better intelligence then a State Secretary, has heard
Of his Son *Abels* being hamper'd, in the cause of the
Wicked, and in revenge wou'd intice us to perdition.

C. *Bl.* If *Teg* cou'd be so fortunate as to make him drunk,
We might know all.

C. *Car.* If the close hearted Rogue will not be open mouth'd,
We'l leave him pawn'd for all our scores, and stuff his pockets
With blanck Commissions.

C. *Bl.* Only fill up one with his Masters name.

C. *Car.* And another with his wifes name for Adjutant General,
Together with a Bill of Ammunition hid under *Dayes* house,
And make it be digg'd down, with scandal of Delinquency.
A Rascal to think to invite us into *New-gate!*

C. *Bl.* Well, we must resolve what to do.

C. *Car.* I have a fancy come into my head that may produce
An admirable Scene.

C. *Bl.* Come, let's hear.

C. *Car.* 'Tis upon supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk,
And by the way 'tis a good *Omen* that we have no sober
Apparition in that wavering posture of frailty; we'l send him
Home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that
Good natur'd condition, to the ill natur'd Rascal
His Master.

C. *Bl.* It will be excellent: how I pray for *Teg*
To be victorious!

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any Musick?

C. *Bl.* Prethee no, we are out of tune.

C. *Car.* Pish, we never will be out of humor. Do'st hear,
Canst sing us a Malignant Sonnet?

Mus. I can sing many Songs. You seem honest Gentlemen.

C. *Car.* Cavaliers thou mean'st.
Sing without any apprehension.

SONG.

NOw the Vail is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation
Too late see the gull of a Kirk Reformation,
How all things that shou'd be
Are turn'd topsie turvy;
The Freedom we have,
Our Prince made a Slave,
And the Masters must now turn the Waiters.
The great ones obey,
While the Rascals do sway,
And the Loyal to Rebels are Traitors.

The Pulpits are crowded with tongues of their own,
And the Preacher spiritual Committee-men grown,
To denounce Sequestration
Or Souls of old Fashion,
They Rail and they Pray,
Till they quite preach away
The Wealth that was once the wise Cities.
The Courts in the Hall
Where the Lawyers did bawl
Are turn'd into pious Committees.

C. *Car.* This Song has rais'd my Spirits: Here, sing alwayes For the King; I wou'd have every man in his way do something For him; I wou'd have Fidlers sing for him, Parsons pray For him, Men fight for him, Women scold for him, and Children cry for him, and according to this rule, [*Enter* Teg *and* Obadiah *drunk*] *Teg* is drinking for him: but see, See and rejoyce where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

C. *Bl.* And the vanquish't *Obadiah* with nothing fix'd About him but his eyes.

C. *Car.* Stay, sing another Song in the behalf of Compounders if thou canst, that the vapors of the Wine May have full power to ascend up to the firmament of His truly reformed Coxcomb.

SONG.

COme Drawer some Wine
Let it sparkle and shine,
And make its own drops fall abounding;
Like the Hearts it makes light,
Let it flow pure and right,
And a Plague take all kinde of Compounding.

We'l not be too wise,
Nor try to advise,
How to suffer and gravely despair:
For Wisdom and Parts
Sit brooding on hearts,
And there they catch nothing but care.

Not a thought shall come in
But what brings our King,
Let Committees be damn'd with their gain;
We'l send by this stealth
To our Hearts our Kings Health,
And there in despite he shall Reign.

[Obadiah *repeating with him.*

C. *Car.* This

C. *Car.* This is sport beyond modest hopes. How I will
Adore Sack that can force this fellow to Religion. The rogue
Is full of Worship.

Teg. Well now, upon my soul Mr. *Obed*
Commit sings as well as the man now:
Come then will you sing an Irish Song after me?

Obad. I will sing Irish for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King as well as you. Hark you now.

Obad. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these
Material matters.

[*He sings an Irish Song, and* Obadiah *tries.*

Teg. Here now, we will take some snuff for the King---so
There lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now,
So snuff now. Upon my soul Mr. *Obed* Commit will make
A brave Irish man.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good Mr. *Teg*,
Give me some more Sack, and sing English for my money.

Teg. I will tell you that Irish is as good and better too.
Come now we will dance: Can you play an Irish Tune?
Can you play this now.

Mus. No Sir, but I can play you an excellent Irish Jig. [*They dance.*

C. *Car.* This is beyond thought; So this motion
Like a tumbled barrel has set the liquor a working again.
Now for a Chair. [*Enter Drawer.*

C. *Bl.* Drawer, who waits there?

Drawer. What d'you want Gentlemen?

C. *Bl.* Call a Chair presently, and bring their Chair into
This room; here's a friend of ours overtaken.

Drawer. I go Sir. [*Exit.*

C. *Car.* *Teg* thou hast done miracles, thou art a good *Omen*,
And has vanquish'd the cause in this overthrow of this
Counterfeit Rascal its true Epitome: And now *Teg*
According to the words of condemnation we'l send him
To the place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my soul he's dead now, shall I howl as we do
In *Ireland*.

C. *Car.* How's that *Teg*.

Teg. Yo, yo. [*Howls.*

C. *Car.* No more good *Teg*, lest you give an Alarm to the
Enemy. Welcome honest fellow; by your looks you seem so.

[*Enter Sedan.*

1 *C.* How Colonel, have you forgot your poor Souldier *Ned*.

C. *Car.* Why, this is a miraculous pursuit of good fortune
Honest *Ned*; what turn'd Chair-man?

1. Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel shall I
Have the Honor to carry you.

C. *Car.* No *Ned*, is thy fellow honest?

1. Or I de be hang'd before I carry a Chair an inch with him.

C. *Car.* 'Tis well---look you *Ned*, that fellow is Mr. *Day*
The Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful industry
We have made drunk: Just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair,
And immediately transport him to his Master *Dayes* house;
And in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown
For thy pains.

1. If I fail say *Ned's* a Coward: Come shall we put your short
Wing'd worship into your mew. Come along.

[*They put him in and Ex.*

C. *Car.* Farewel *Ned*: *Teg* come, you must carry some
Money to one or two confident friends of mine;
We'l pay our reckoning at the Bar, then go home and laugh;
And if you will plot some way to see our inchanting Females
Once more; they make me so long---- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mrs. *Day.* Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it; many
Things fall between the lip and the cup.

Mr. *Day.* Nay duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah,
If thou hadst been a man.

Mrs. *Day.* Why then you wou'd have wanted a woman,
And a helper too.

Mr. *Day.* I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though
I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. *Day.* Come, come, you are wandring from the matter;
Dispatch the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with
Our *Abel.* Women are uncertain.

Mr. *Day.* How if she shou'd be coy.

Mrs. *Day.* You are at your ifs again; if she be foolish,
Tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land;
Plain dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn
As I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. *Day.* I, I warrant you duck; Here, here they be.
Oh she has a brave Estate.

Mrs. *Day.* What news you have.

Mr. *Day.* Look you Wife.

[Day *pulls out Writings, and layes out his Keyes.*

Mrs. *Day.* Pish, teach your Granam to spin; let me see.

Enter Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honor, your good neighbour
Zechariah is departing this troublesome life: he has made
YourHonor his Executor, but cannot depart
Till he has seen your Honors.

Mr. *Day.* Alas, alas, a good man will leave us, Come good
Duck, let us hasten: Where is *Obadiah* to usher you?

Mrs. *Day.* Why *Obadiah*, a Varlet to be out of the way at,
Such a time; truly he moveth my wrath. Come Husband along,
I'le take *Abel* in his place. [*Enter* Ruth *and* Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carion

Dis-

Discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The she-*Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiah*;
Look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live it is the *Days* bunch of Keys, which he always
Keeps so closely:---well----if thou hast any metal,
Now's the time.

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt.* [*Enter* Abel.

Arb. Peace, we are betrai'd else; as sure as can be wench
He's come back for the Keyes.

Ruth. We'l forswear 'um in confident words, and no less
Confident countenances.

Abel. An important affair hath call'd my Honorable Father
And Mother forth, and in the absence of *Obadiah* I am enforced
To attend their Honors; and therefore I conceiv'd it right
And meet to acquaint you with it; lest in my absence you
Might have apprehended, that some mischance had befallen
My person: therefore I desire you to receive consolation;
And so I bid you heartily farewel. [*Exit.*

Arb. Given from his mouth this tenth of *April*, he
Put me in a cruel fright.

Ruth. As I live I am all over in such a dew as hangs about a
Still when 'tis first set a going; but this is better and better:
There was never such an opportunity to break prison.
I know the very places holes in his Closet where the
Composition of your Estate lies, and where the Deeds of my
Own Estate lies. I have cast my eye upon them often
When I have gone up to him in errands, and to call
Him to dinner. If I miss hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a friend of mine, and of my Fathers that lives
Near the Temple, and will harbor us; fear not, and so set
Up for our selves, and get our Colonels.

Arb. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition
We are in, makes me as ready as thou art: come let's about it.

Ruth. Stay, do you stand Centinel here, that's the
Closset-Window; I'le call for thee if I need thee; and
Be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy. [*Exit.*

Arb. I warrant thee, may but this departing Brother have
So much string of life left him as may tie this expecting *Day*
To his bed-side, till we have commited this honest robery---
Hark!---what's that---this apprehension can make a noise
When there is none.

Ruth. I have 'um, I have 'um; nay the whole covey,
And his seal at arms bearing a Dogs leg. [*Above.*

Arb. Come make haste then.

Ruth. As I live here's a Letter counterfeited to the King,
To the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a remembrance

To

To his discreet wife; nay, what do'st thou think these are?
I'le but cast my eye upon these papers that were scismatically,
And lay in separation: what do'st think they are?

Arb. I can't tell; nay prethee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the precize Baboon: (sallary
They are Letters from two wenches, one from an encrease of
To maintain his unlawful Issue; another from a Wench
That had more conscience then he, and refus'd
To take the Physick that he prescrib'd to take away
A natnral Timpany.

Arb. Nay, prethee dispatch.

Ruth. Here be abundance more; come run up, and help
Me carry 'um. We'l take the whole Index of his rogeries?
We shall be furnish'd with such armes offensive and defensive
That we shall never need.
Sue to him for a League. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come.

Enter with the Sedan.

1. Come open his portable Tomb: 'Slife here's nothing in it;
Ferret him, or he'l never bolt. It looks as if we had brought
A basket Hare, to be set down and hunted.

2. He's dead.

1. Dead, drunk thou mean'st; turn up the Chair, and turn
Him out as they do Badgers caught in a Sack: Shake
Man; So, now he sallies. [Obadiah *tumbles out of the Chair, and sings as at the Tavern-----of the Song, and Enter* Arbella *and* Ruth *from robbing the Closet.*

Arb. What's this? we are undone.

Obad. Mr. *Teg*, will you dance Mr. *Teg*.

Ruth. Put a good face on't, or give me the van. O, 'tis *Obadiah* fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'hear honest friends,
Was this zealous Gentleman your fraight.

1. Yes Mrs. two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing
Him thus devoutly over-taken.

Arb. It was our Colonels that thought *Day* sent him to trapan
Them as sure as can be.

Ruth. No doubt on't; how unmerciful they are *Arbella*,
Every minute to do something or other to encrease
Our whimsie---Are you paid.

1. Yes Mrs.---'Slife we shall be paid double.

Ruth. Stay, where did you leave the two
Careful minded Gentlemen.

1. Why do you ask Mistress?

Ruth. For no hurt. Can't carry us near the place?

1. Yes Mistress, sure there's no danger in women.

Arb. What do'st mean?

Ruth. The same that thou do'st to see 'um if I can;

Is't

Is't near *Temple-Bar*? [*Obadiah sings.*

1. Hard by Miſtreſs.

Ruth. Come in, there's my friend lives hard by; fear not,
We can never fly ſo conceal'd---May that Nightingale continue
His note, till the Owle *Day* returns to hear him: Come
Honeſt fellow, ſtay over againſt the place where you
Left the Gentlemen; we have ſome buſineſs with them;
We'l pay you, and they'l thank you: ſo good night Mr. *Day*.

1. I warrant you Mrs. Come along *Tom*.

Obad. Some ſmall Beer good Mr. *Teg*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, *Mrs.* Day, *and* Abel.

Mr. *Day*. He made a good end, and departed as unto ſleep.

Mrs. *Day*. I'le aſſure you his Wife took on grievouſly;
I do not believe ſhe'l marry this half year.

Mr. *Day*. He died full of exhortation. Ha duck,
Shou'dſt be ſorry to loſe me?

Mrs *Day*. Loſe you; I warrant you you'l live as long as
A better thing---Ah Lord, what's that? [Obadiah *ſings*

Mr. *Day*. How now! what's this? how!---*Obadiah*----;
And in a drunken diſtemper aſſuredly!

Mrs. *Day*. O fie upon't, who wou'd have believ'd that he
Shou'd have liv'd to have ſeen *Obadiah* overcome with the
Creature? Where have you been ſirrah?

Obad. D--d--drinking, the Ki--Ki--Kings Health.

Mr. *Day*. O terrible, ſome diſgrace put upon us and ſhame
Brought within our Walls; I'le go lock up my
Neighbours will, and come down and ſhew him
A reproof.----How---how---I cannot feel my Keyes---nor---
[*He feels in his pocket and leaps up to.*
Hear 'um gingle: Didſt thou ſee my Keyes duck?

Mrs. *Day*. Duck me no ducks; I ſee your Keyes, ſee a fools
Head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been
Forth-coming: You are ſo ſlappiſh, you throw 'um up and
Down at your tail: why don't you go look if you have
Not left them in the door?

Mr. *Day*. I go, I go duck. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Day*. Here *Abel*, take up this fallen creature, who has
Left his uprightneſs; carry him to a bed, and when he is
Return'd to himſelf, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly over-whelmed.

Obad. Stand away I ſay, and give me ſome Sack, that
[*He goes to lift him.*
I may drink a health to the King, and let Committees
Be damn'd with their gain. [*Obadiah ſings.*
Where's Mr. *Teg*?

Enter

Enter Teg.

Mr. *Day.* Undone, undone, rob'd, rob'd, the door's left Open, and all my Writings, Papers ſtollen, undone, undone. *Ruth, Ruth!*

Mrs. *Day.* Why *Ruth* I ſay, Thieves, Thieves!

[*Enter Servant.*

Serv. What's the matter forſooth? here has been no Thieves, I have not been a minute out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Day.* Where's *Ruth* and Mrs. *Arbella*?

Serv. I have not ſeen them a pretty while.

Mr. *Day.* 'Tis they have rob'd me, and taken away The Writings of both their Eſtates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. *Day.* This came with ſtaying for you Coxcomb, We had come back ſooner elſe: yes ſlow drone, we muſt Be undone for your dulneſs.

Obad. Be not in wrath.

Mrs. *Day.* I'le wrath you, ye raſcal you, teaching you Drunken Raſcal, and you ſober Dulman.

Obad. Your feet are ſwift and violent; their motion Will make them fume.

Mrs. *Dry.* D'lye too ye drunken Raſcal?

Mr. *Day.* Nay patience good Duck, and let's lay out For theſe women; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. *Day.* 'Twas you that left your Keyes upon the Table To tempt them: ye need cry good Duck be patient. Bring in The drunken Raſcal, ye Booby, when he is ſober he may Diſcover ſomething. Come take him up; I'le have 'um hunted.

[*Exeunt.*

Abel. I rejoyce yet in the midſt of my ſufferings, that my Mrs. Saw not my rebukes. Come *Obadiah* I pray raiſe your ſelf Upon your feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant? that's the queſtion,

Abel. Yea.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King? That's t'other queſtion.

Abel. Make not thy ſelf a ſcorn.

Obad. Scorn in thy face; void young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I ſhall be aſſiſting.

Obad. Stand off, and you ſhall perceive by my ſtedfaſt going That I am not drunk. Look ye now----ſo, ſoftly, ſofdly; gently Good *Obadiah*, gently and ſtedily, for fear it ſhould be ſaid That thou art in drink: ſo, gently and uprightly *Obadiah.*

Abel. You do not move.

[*He moves his Legs, but ſtands ſtill.*

Obad. Then do I ſtand ſtill, as faſt as you go.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. *Day.* What, ſtay all day? there's for you Sir; You are a ſweet youth to leave in truſt; along you

Drunken

Drunken Raſcals, I'le ſet you both forward.

Obad. The Philiſtines are upon us, and Day is broke looſe
From darkneſs, with keeping has made her fierce.

[*She beats 'um off.*

Mrs. *Day.* Out you drunken raſcal, I'le make
You move, you beaſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Book-ſeller and Bayliffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Book-ſell. COme along Sir, I'le teach you to take Covenants.

Teg. Will you teach me then; did I not take
It then? why will you teach me now?

Book-ſell. You ſhall pay dearly for the blows you ſtruck me,
My wilde Iriſh, by St. *Patrick* you ſhall.

Teg. What have you now to do with St. *Patrick*? he will
Scorn your Covenant.

Book-ſell. I'le put you, Sir, where you ſhall have worſe liquor,
Then your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber? by my Goſhips hand now you are
A raſcal if you do not look Bonny-Clabber, and I will break
Your pate if you will not let me go to my Maſter.

Book-ſell. O you are an impudent raſcal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Careleſs.

C. *Car.* How now, hold, my friend; whither do
You carry my Servant?

Book-ſell. I have arreſted him Sir, for ſtriking me, and taking
Away my Books.

C. *Car.* What has he taken away?

Book-ſell. Nay, the value of the thing is not is not much;
'Twas the Covenant Sir.

Teg. Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Maſtero took it
From me, and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. *Car.* Here honeſt fellow, here's more then thy Covenant's
Worth; here Bayliffs, here's for you to drink.

Book-ſell. Well Sir, you ſeem an honeſt Gentleman; for
Your ſake, and in hopes of your cuſtom, I releaſe him.

1. *B.* Thank ye, noble Sir.

C. *Car.* Farewell, my noble Friends---ſo---d'hear *Teg.* [*Ex.*
Pray take no more Covenants,---Have you paid the money
I ſent you with?

Teg. Yes, but I will carry no more, look you there now.

C. *Car.* Why *Teg*?

Teg. God ſa'my ſoul now, I ſhall run away with it.

C. *Car.* Piſh, thou art too honeſt.

Teg. That I am too upon my ſoul now; but the Devil is
Not honeſt that he is not; he would not let me alone
When I was going; but he made go to this little long place,
And t'other little long place; and upon my ſoul was carrying
Me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by dirty place like a lough
Now; and therefore I know now it was the way to *Ireland*:
Then I wou'd ſtand ſtill, and then he wou'd make me go on;
And then I wou'd go to one ſide, and he wou'd make me go
To t'other ſide; and then I got a little farther, and did
Run then; and upon my ſoul the devil cou'd not catch me;
And then I did pay the money: but I will carry no more
Money now that I will not.

C. *Car.* But thou ſha't *Teg*, when I have more to ſend;
Thou art proof now againſt temptations.

Teg. Well then, if you ſend me with money again, and if I
Do not come to thee upon the time, the Devil will make me
Be gone then with the money: Here is a paper for thee,
'Tis a quit way indeed.

C. *Car.* That's well ſaid *Teg*.-- [*reads.*

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, *and Souldiers.*

Obad. See Sir, providence hath directed us; there is one
Of them that clothed me with ſhame, and the moſt malignant
Among the wicked.

Mr. *Day.* Souldiers ſeize him, I charge him with Treaſon;
Here's a Watrant to the Keeper as I told you.

1 *S.* Nay, no reſiſtance now.

C. *Car.* What's the matter raſcals?

Mr. *Day.* You ſhall know that to your coſt hereafter,
Away with him.

C. *Car. Teg*, tell 'um I ſhall not come home to night, I am engag'd.

Teg. I prethee ben't engag'd.

C. *Car.* Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. *Day.* That will appear Sir: away with him.

Teg. What will you do with my Maſter now?

Mr. *Day.* Be quiet Sir, or you ſhall go with him.

Teg. That I will for all you now.

C. *Car. Teg* come hither. [*whiſper.*

Teg. Muſt not I go with you then?

C. *Car.* No no, be ſure to do as I tell you.

Mr. *Day.* Away with him, we will be aveng'd on the ſcorner,
And I'le go home and tell my duck this part of my good fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sedan, women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right, now honeſt fellow ſtep over
And tell the two Gentlemen that we two women deſire
To ſpeak with them [*Enter C.* Blunt, *Lieutenant.*

1. *C.* See Miſtreſs, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's thy Colonel *Arbella*, catch him quickly,

Or

Or he'l flye again.

Arb. What shou'd I do?

Ruth. Put forth some good words, as they use to Shake Oats when they go to catch a skittish Jade. Advance.

Arb. Sir,

C.Bl. Lady---'tis she.

Arb. I wish Sir that my friend and I had some conveniency Of speaking with you: we now want the assistance of Some noble Friend.

C. *Bl.* Then I am happy; bring me but to do something For you; I wou'd have my actions talk, not I: my friend Will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too--- Pardon my last confusion; but what I told you was as true As if I had staid.

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. *Bl.* Good overcharged Gentlewoman, Spare me but a little.

Arb. Prethee peace, canst thou be merry, and we in This condition. Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: If we might withdraw any whither out of sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the business.

Lieu. My house, Ladies, is at that door, where both The Colonels lodge: Pray command it, Colonel *Careless* Will immediately be here.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, my good Master will not come; That Commit Rogue *Day* has got him with men in red Coats, And he is gone to Prison here below this Street; He wou'd not let me go with him i'faith, But made me come, tell thee now.

Ruth. O my heart----Tear's by your leave a while--- [*Wipes her eyes.*

D'hear *Arbella*, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'le use; accept of this house, here let me finde thee, I'le try my Skill; nay, talk not. [*Exit.*

C. *Bl.* *Careless* in prison! Pardon me Madam, I must Leave you for a little while; pray be confident, This honest friend of mine will use you with All respects till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do Sir?

C. *Bl.* I cannot tell, yet I must attempt something, You shall have a sudden account of all things; You say you dare believe, Pray be as good as your word; and

Whatever accident befals me, know I love you dearly:
Why do you weep?

Arb. Do not run your self into a needless danger.

C. *Bl.* How, d'you weep for me? pray let me see, never woman
Did so before, that I know of, which I am ravish'd with it; the
Round gaping earth ne're suck'd showres so greedily,
As my heart drinks these: Pray if you love me, be but
So good and kinde as to confess it.

Arb. Do not ask what you may tell your self.

C. *Bl.* I must go, Honor and Friendship call me: Here
Dear Lieutenant, I never had a Jewel but this; use it as
Right ones shou'd be used; do not breath upon, but
Gaze as I do,---hold--one word more; the Souldier that
You often talk'd of to me, is still honest.

Lieu. Most perfectly.

C. *Bl.* And I may trust him.

Lieu. With your life.

C. *Bl.* Enough,----pray let me leave my last looks fix't
Upon you---So, I love you, and am honest; be careful
Good Lieutenant of this treasure---She weeps still---
I cannot go, I must--- [*Exit.*

Lieu. Madam, pray let my house be honoured with you;
Be confident of all respect and faith.

C. *Bl.* What uncertainties pursue my love and fortune
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruth *with a Souldier.*

Ruth. Come, give me the bundle, he now the habit;
'Tis well, there's for your pains, be secret, and wait
Where I appointed you.

Soul. If I fail, may I dye in a Ditch, and there lie,
And out-stink it. [*Exit.*

Ruth. Now for my wilde Colonel; first, here's a note,
With my Lady *Day*'s seal to it, for his release; if that fails
(As they that will shoot at these Rascals must have two strings
To his Bow) Then here's my Red-Coats skin to disguise him,
And a string to draw up a Ladder of Cords, which I have
Prepared against it grows dark; one of them will hit sure,
I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out:
I have no patience to expect---within there---ho.---

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. You have not a Prisoner Sir in your custody,
One Colonel *Careless*?

Keep. Yes Mrs. and committed by your Father Mr. *Day*.

Ruth. I know it; but there was a mistake in it; here's a Warrant
For his delivery, under his Hand and Seal.

Keep.

Keep. I wou'd willingly obey it Mrs; but there's a general
Order come from above, that all the Kings Party shou'd be kept
Close, and none releas'd but by the States Order.

Ruth. This goes ill; may I speak with him Sir?

Keep. Very freely Mrs. there's no order to forbid any to come
To him: To say truth, 'tis the most pleasant'st Gentleman.
----I'le call him forth. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O my conscience every thing must be in love with him;
Now for my last hopes; if this fail I'le use the Ropes
My self. [*Enter Keeper and* Careless.

C. *Car.* Mr. *Dayes* Daughter speak with me?

Keep. I Sir, there she is. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O Sir, does the name of Mr. *Dayes* Daughter
Trouble you; you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his daughter.

C. *Car.* Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most
Exceedingly.

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you: but what luck
This is, that *Day*'s Daughter shou'd ever be with her to spoil all!

C. *Car.* Not a whit one way; I have a pretty Room---
Within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what?

C. *Car.* For you and I to give Counter-security for
Our kindeness to one another.

Ruth. But Mr. *Day*'s daughter will be there too?

C. *Car.* 'Tis dark, we'l ne'er see her.

Ruth. You care not who you are wicked with; methinks
A Prison shou'd tame you.

C. *Car.* Why, d'you think a Prison takes away blood
And sight? as long as I am so qualified, I am touchwood, and
When ever you bring fire, I shall fall a burning.

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. *Car.* And you shall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a coal,
Black as dishoneſt love.

C. *Car.* Is this your business? did you come to disturb my
Contemplations with a Sermon? is this all?

Ruth. One thing more; I love you it's true; but I love you
Honestly, if you know how to love me vertuously, I'le free
You from prison, and run all fortunes with you.

C. *Car.* Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of wayes;
If I cou'd not, freedom were no bait; were it from death.
I shou'd despise your offer to bargain for a lye---but---

Ruth. Oh noble---but what?

C. *Car.* The name of that Rascal that got thee: yet I lye
Too, he ne're got a limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother
Was as unlucky to bear thee: But how shall we salve that;
Take but off these incumbrances, and I'le purchase thee in
Thy Smock; but to have such a flaw in my title.

Ruth.

Ruth. Can I help Nature?

C. *Car.* Or I honor? why hark you now, do but ſwear
Me into a pretence, do but betray me with an oath, that thou
Wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*
My Fathers Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

C. *Car.* Why, the honorable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I ſwear?

C. *Car.* I that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I ſwear then by all that's good,
I am not their daughter.

C. *Car.* Poor kinde perjur'd pretty one, I am beholding
To thee; wou'dſt damn thy ſelf for me?

Ruth. You are miſtaken, I have try'd you fully;
You are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to
Virtuous principles: My name is not ſo Godly a one
As *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, and daughter to Sir *Baſil Thorowgood*,
One perhaps that you have heard of, ſince in the world he
Has ſtill had ſo loud and fair a Character: 'tis too long to tell
You how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Eſtate
Into his power, and made me paſs for his own Daughter,
My Father dying when I was but two years old.
This I knew but lately by an unexpected meeting of an ancient
Servant of my Fathers: but two hours ſince *Arbella* and I
Found an opportunity of ſtealing away all the Writings that
Belong'd to my Eſtate, and her Compoſition: In our flight
We met your Friend, with whom I left her as ſoon as I had
Intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty;
Which if I can do, you have an Eſtate, for I have mine.

C. *Car.* Thou more then---

Ruth. No, no, no raptures at this time; here's your diſguiſe
Purchas'd from a true hearted Red-Coat; here's a bundle,
Let this Line down when 'tis almoſt dark, and you ſhall draw
Up a ladder of ropes; if the ladder of ropes be done ſooner
I'le ſend them by a Soaldier that I dare truſt; and you may,
Your Window's large enough: As ſoon as you receive it
Come down; if not, when 'tis duſk, let down your line;
And at the bottom of the window you ſhall finde yours,
More then her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. *Car.* I'le leap into thy arms.--

Ruth. So you may break your neck: If you do, I'le jump too;
But time ſteals on our words; obſerve all I have told you:
So farewel.----

C. *Car.* Nay, as the good Fellows uſe to ſay, let us not part
With dry lips.----One kiſs.

Ruth. Not a bit of me till I am all yours.

C. *Car.* Your hand then, to ſhew I am grown reaſonable.
A poor Compounder.

Ruth.

Ruth. Piſh, there's a dirty Glove upon't.----

C. *Car.* Give me but any naked part, and I'le kiſs it as a Snail Creeps, and leave ſign where my lips ſlid along.----

Ruth. Good Snail get out of your hole firſt, think of Your buſineſs. So fare----

C. *Car.* Nay, prethee be not aſham'd that thou art loath To leave me. 'Slid I am a man, but I'me as arrant a rogue as thy *Quondam* Father *Day*, if I cou'd not cry to leave thee A brace of minutes.

Ruth. Away, we grow fooliſh----farewel---yet be careful---- Nay, go in.

C. *Car.* Do you go firſt.

Ruth. Nay, fie, go in.

C. *Car.* We'l fairly then divide the victory, And draw off together.---So---I will have the laſt look.

[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking at one another.*

Enter C. Blunt, *and Souldier.*

C. *Bl.* No more words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art Honeſt. I may live to thank thee better.

Soul. I ſcorn any encouragement to love my King, or thoſe That ſerve him. I took pay under theſe people, With a deſign to do him ſervice, the Lieutenant knows it.

C. *Bl.* He has told me ſo, no more words, thou art a noble Fellow; thou art ſure his window's large enough?

Soul. Fear it not.

C. *Bl.* Here then, carry him this ladder of ropes: ſo now give Me the Coat; ſay not a word to him, but bid him diſpatch When he ſees the coaſt clear; he ſhall be waited for at The bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too if He deſires it.

Soul. I'le diſpatch it inſtantly, therefore get to your place.

C. *Bl.* I warrant ye. [*Exit*

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every thing then? by my ſoul now Yonder is the man with the hard name; that man now that I Made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tayes* Raſcal; he is coming along There behinde, now upon my ſoul that he is.

C. *Bl.* The Raſcal comes for ſome miſchief. *Teg*, now or Never play the man.

Teg. How ſhou'd I be a man then?

C. *Bl.* Thy Maſter is never to be got out if this Rogue Gets hither; meet him therefore *Teg* in the moſt winning Manner thou canſt, and make him once more drunk, and it Shall be call'd the ſecond edition of *Obadiah*, put forth

With

With Iriſh notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee.

Teg. I will carry him upon my back ſide, if he will not go; And if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my ſweet Maſter now, that I will.

C. *Bl.* Diſpatch good *Teg*, and diſpatch him too if he will Not be conformable; and if thou canſt but once more Be victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Stories*, There ſhall be the general rendezvouz: now or never *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you I will get drink into his pate, or I will Break it for him; that I will, I warrant you: he ſhall Not come after you now.

C. *Bl.* Good luck go with thee: the fellow's faithful and Stout; that fear's over: now to my ſtation. [*Exit.*

C. *Careleſs as in Priſon.*

C. *Car.* The time's almoſt come, how ſlow it flutters? My deſires are better wing'd: how I long to counterfeit A faintneſs when I come to the bottom, and ſink into the arms Of this dear witty fair!---Ha, who's this? [*Enter Souldier.*

Soul. Here Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, faſten it to your Window, and deſcend: you ſhall be waited for.

C. *Car.* The careful her creature has ſent it---but d'hear Sir, Cou'd you not ſpare that implement by your ſide? it might Serve to keep off ſmall Curs.

Soul. You'l have no need on't, but there 'tis, make haſte, The coaſt is clear. [*Exit.*

C. *Car.* O this pretty ſhe Captain, General over my ſoul And body; the thought of her muſters every faculty I have: She has ſent the Ropes, and ſtayes for me; no danger of the Ropes, ever ſlide down with that ſwiftneſs (of deſire of haſte) That I will make to thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Blunt *in his Souldiers Coat.*

C. *Bl.* All's quiet, and the coaſt clear; ſo far it goes well; That is the window, in this nook I'le ſtand, till I ſee him Coming down. [*Steps in.*

C. Careleſs *above in his Souldiers habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes and ſpeaks.*

C. *Car.* I cannot ſee my North Star that I muſt ſail by, 'tis Clouded, only ſhe ſtands cloſe perhaps in ſome corner; I'le not trifle time, all's clear; Fortune forbear Thy tricks but for this ſmall occaſion. [*Enter* Blunt.

C. *Bl.* What's this, a Souldier in the place; *Careleſs* I am betrayed, but I'le end this Raſcals duty.

C. *Car.* How, a Souldier! betray'd! this Raſcal ſhan't laugh at me.

C. *Bl.* Dog.

C. *Car.* How *Blunt!*

C. *Bl. Careleſs!*

C. *Car.* You gueſs ſhrewdly; plague, what contrivance Hath ſet you and I a tilting at one another.

C. *Bl.*

C. *Bl.* How the devil got you a Souldiers habit?

C. *Car.* The ſame friend for ought I know that furniſh'd you. This kinde Gentlewoman is *Ruth* ſtill. Ha, here ſhe is; I was juſt ready to be ſuſpicious.

[*Enter* Ruth, *with a Ladder of Ropes.*

Ruth. Who's there?

C. *Car.* Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live my heart is at my mouth.

C. *Car.* Prethee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiſs it; What have you in your lap?

Ruth. The ladder of ropes: how a Gods name got you hither?

C. *Car.* Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and came down by it.

C. *Bl.* Then the miſtake is plainer; 'twas I that ſent the Souldier with the ropes.

Ruth. What an eſcape was this! come, let's loſe no time; Here's no place to explain matters in.

C. *Car.* I will ſtay to tell thee, I ſhall never deſerve thee.

Ruth. Tell me ſo when you have had me a little while. Come Follow me, put on your plaineſt garb; not like a Dancing Maſter, with your toes out. Come along, Hang down your head,

[Ruth *pulls their Hats over their Eyes.*

As if you wanted pay. So. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Day, *Mrs.* Day, Abel, *and Mrs.* Chat.

Mrs. *Day.* Are you ſure of this neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. *Ch.* I'm as ſure of it, as I am that I have a noſe to my face.

Mrs. *Day.* Is my---
You may give one leave methinks to aſk out one queſtion. Is my daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. *Ch.* She was not when I ſaw Mrs. *Arbella* laſt; I have not Been ſo often at your Honors houſe, but that I know Mrs. *Arbella*, the rich heir, that Mr. *Abel* was to have had, Good Gentleman, if he has his due; they never ſuſpected Me for----to buy things of my neighbour *Story*, before ſhe Married the Lieutenant; and ſtepping in to ſee Mrs. *Story* That now is; my neighbour *Wiſh-well*, that was; I ſaw, as I told you, this very Mrs *Arbella*, and I warrant Mrs. *Ruth* Is not far off.

Mrs. *Day.* Let me adviſe then huſband.

Mr. *Day.* Do good duck, I'le warrant 'um.

Mrs. *Day.* You'l warrant when I have done the buſineſs.

Mr. *Day.* I mean ſo Duck.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, pray ſpare your meaning too; firſt then We'l go our ſelves in perſon to this *Stories* houſe, and in the Mean time ſend *Abel* for Souldiers; and when he has brought The Souldiers, let them ſtay at the door, and come up himſelf;

And then if fair means will not do, foul ſhall.

Mr. *Day*. Excellent well adviſed ſweet Duck:
Ah let thee alone. Be gone *Abel*, and obſerve thy Mothers
Directions. Remember the place. We'l be reveng'd for
Robbing us, and for all their tricks.

Abel. I ſhall perform it.

Mrs. *Day*. Come along neighbour, and ſhew us the beſt way,
And by and by we ſhall have news from *Obadiah*, who is gone
To give the t'other Colonels Goaler a double charge to keep
The wilde youth cloſe. Come huſband, let's haſten. Mrs. *Chat*
The State ſhall know what good ſervice you have done.

Mrs. *Chat*. I thank your Honor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbella *and Lieutenant.*

Lieu. Pray Madam weep no more; ſpare your tears till
You know they have miſcarried.

Arb. 'Tis a woman Sir that weeps; we want mens reaſons
And their courage to practiſe with.

Lieu. Look up Madam, and meet your unexpected joyes.

Enter Ruth, *C*. Careleſs, *C*. Blunt.

Arb. Oh my dear friend, my dear, dear *Ruth*.

C. *Car*. Pray none of theſe phlegmatick hugs; there, take
Your Colonel, my Captain and I can hug afreſh every minute.

Ruth. When did we hug laſt good Souldier?

C. *Car*. I have done nothing but hug'd thy infancy, ever ſince
You *Ruth* turn'd *Annice*.

Arb. You are welcome Sir, I cannot deny I ſhar'd in all
Your danger.

Lieu. If ſhe had deny'd it Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. *Bl*. I know not what to ſay, nor how to tell, how dearly,
How well---I love you.

Arb. Now can't I ſay I love him, yet I have a minde to tell
Him too.

Ruth. Keep't in and choak your ſelf, or get the riſing of the lights.

Arb. What ſhall I ſay?

Ruth. Say ſomething, or he'l vaniſh.

C. *Bl*. D'ye not believe I love you, or can't you love me?
Not a word? cou'd you---but---

Arb. No more, I'le ſave you the labour of Courtſhip, which
Shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honeſt natures:
It is enough I know you love me.

C. *Bl*. Or may I periſh whilſt I am ſwearing it.

Lieu. How now *Jack*! [*Enter Prentice.*

Boy. O maſter, undone! here's Mr. *Day* the Committee man,
And his fierce Wife, come into the Shop: Mrs. *Chat*
Brought them in, and they ſay they will come up, they know
That Mrs. *Arbella* and their Daughter *Ruth* is here:

Deny

Deny 'um if you dare they say.

Lieu. Go down boy and tell 'um I'm coming to 'um; this pure Jade my neighbor Chat has betray'd us; what shall I do? I warrant the Rascal has Souldiers at his heels: I think I Cou'd help the Colonels out at a back door.

C. *Bl.* I'le dye rather by my *Arbella*; Now you shall see I love you.

C. *Car.* Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice.*

Ruth. Come, be chearful, I'le defend you all against The assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major General *Day*, his New drawn up Wife; give me my Ammunition, the papers Woman. So, if I do not rout 'um fall on; let's all dye together, And make no more Graves but one.

C. *Bl.* 'Slife, I love her now for all she has jeer'd me so.

[*Ex. Lieutenant.*

Ruth. Go fetch 'um in Lieutenant, stand you all drawn up As my reserve---so---I for the forlorn Hope.

C. *Car.* That we had *Teg* here to quarrel with the female Triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the male *Day* out of the window. Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the she-*Day* stamp Among the tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come wench, charge 'um bravely, I'le second Thee with a volly.

Ruth. They'l not stand the first charge, fear not; Now the *Day* breaks.

C. *Car.* Wou'd 'twere his neck were broke.

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mrs. *Day.* Ah ha, my fine run-awayes, have I found you; What, you think my Husbands honor lives without intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. *Day.* My Duck tells you how 'tis---we---

Mrs. *Day.* Why then let your Duck tell 'um how 'tis; Yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence; Else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation Quiet; but if you Mrs. *Arbella* will deliver up what you have Stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth.*

Ruth. Anne if you please.

Mrs. *Day.* Who gave you that name pray?

Ruth. My God-fathers and God-mothers in Baptism; on for Sir, I can answer a leaf farther.

Mr. *Day.* Duck, good Duck a word; I do not like this Name *Annice.*

Mrs. *Day.* You are ever in a fright, with a shrivell'd heart Of your own. Well Gentlewomen, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our Wardships, I hope Mr. *Abel* is well

Mrs. *Day.* Yes, he is well, you shall see him presently; Yes, you shall see him.

C. *Car.* That is with Mirmidans, come good *Anne* no more

Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his
Red-Coats, who perhaps are now marching under the conduct
Of that expert Captain in weighty matters; know the Articles
Of our Treaty are only theſe: This *Arbella* will keep her
Eſtate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentlemen; and I
Anne, Daughter to Sir *Baſil Throughgood*, and not *Ruth*,
As has been thought, have taken my own Eſtate,
Together with this Gentleman, for better for worſe: we were
Modeſt, though thieves, only plundred our own.

Mrs. *Day.* Yes Gentlewoman, you took ſomething elſe,
And that my Husband can prove; it may coſt you your necks
If you do not ſubmit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take ſomething elſe.

Mrs. *Day.* Oh, did you ſo.

Ruth. Pray give me leave to ſpeak one word in private
With my Father *Day*?

Mrs. *Day.* Do ſo, do ſo; are you going to compound?
Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now.

Ruth. D'hear Sir, how long is't ſince you have practis'd Phyſick?
[*Takes him aſide.*

Mr. *Day.* Phyſick, what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean Phyſick; look ye here's a ſmall preſcription
Of yours: d'ye know this hand writing?

Mr. *Day.* I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the ſame ſubject; this young one I
Believ came into this wicked world for want of your preventing
Doſe; it will not be taken now neither; it ſeems your wenches
Are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to ſee 'um have more
Conſcience then you have.

Mr. *Day.* Peace good Mrs. *Anne*, I am undone if you betray me.

Enter Abel, *goes to his Father.*

Abel. The Souldiers are come.

Mr. *Day.* Go and ſend 'um away *Abel*; here's no need,
No need now.

Mrs. *Day.* Are the Souldiers come, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me ſend 'um away.

Mr. *Day.* No, not without your opinion Duck; but ſince
They have but their own, I think Duck if we were all friends.

Mrs. *Day.* O, are you at your ifs again; d'you think they
Shall make a fool of me, though they make an aſs of you:
Call 'um up *Abel*, if they will not ſubmit;
Call up the Souldiers *Abel.*

Ruth. Why your fierce Honor ſhall know the buſineſs
That makes the wiſe Mr. *Day* inclinable to friendſhip.

Mr. *Day.* Nay good ſweet heart come, I pray let us be friends.

Mrs. *Day.*

Mrs. *Day.* How's this! what am not I fit to to be truſted now?
Have you built your credit and reputation upon my council
And labours, and am not I fit now to be truſted?
Mr. *Day.* Nay, good ſweet Duck, I confeſs I owe
All to thy wiſdom. Good Gentlemen perſwade my Duck
That we may be all friends.
C. *Car.* Hark you good *Gillian Day*, be not ſo fierce upon
The Husband of thy boſom; 'twas but a ſmall ſtart of frailty;
Say it were a wench, or ſo?
Ruth. As I live he has hit upon't by chance: now we
Shall have ſport. [*Aſide*
Mrs. *Day.* How, a wench, a wench! out upon the Hypocrite.
A wench! was not I ſufficient? a wench! I'le be reveng'd,
Let him be aſhamed if he will: call the Souldiers *Abel.*
C. *Car.* Haſte, good *Abel*, march not off ſo haſtily.
Arb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'le diſcover, you are in Bonds;
You ſhall never be releaſed if you move a ſtep.
Ruth. D'hear, Mrs. *Day*, be not ſo furious, hold your peace;
You may divulge your Huſbands ſhame if you are ſo ſimple,
And caſt him out of authority, nay and have him tri'd for
His life: read this, remember too I know of your bribery
And cheating, and ſomething elſe: you gueſs, be friends
And forgive one another; here's a Letter counterfeited
From the King, to beſtow preferment upon Mr. *Day*, if
He would turn honeſt; by which means I ſuppoſe you
Couſened your Brother Cheats, in which he was to remember
His ſervice to you; I believe 'twas your indicting: you are the
Committee man, 'tis your beſt way: nay, never demur;
So, kiſs and be friends. Now if you can contrive handſomly
To cozen thoſe that cozen all the world, and get theſe
Gentlemen to come by their Eſtates eaſily, and without
Taking the Covenant, the old Sum of five hundred pound
That I uſed to talk of, ſhall be yours yet.
Mrs. *Day.* We will endeavour.
Ruth. Come Mrs. *Arbella*, pray let's all be friends.
Arb. With all my heart.
Ruth. Brethren, *Abel*, the Bird is flown, but you ſhall be
Releaſed from your bonds.
Abel. I bear my afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg *leading* Obadiah *in a halter, and Muſician.*

Teg. What is this now? who are you? well, are not you
Mrs. *Tay*? well, I will tell her what I ſhould ſay now?
Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will.
C. *Car.* No, good *Teg*, there's no need of thy meſſage now;
But why do'ſt thou lead *Obadiah* thus?
Teg. Well, I will hang him preſently, that I will; look you
Here

Here Mrs. *Tay*, here's your man *Obadiah*, do you ſee that now?
He wou'd not let me make him drunk; no more that
He wou'd not; ſo, I did take him in this ſtring, and I did tell
Him if he did make noiſes, I wou'd put the knife into
Him, that I wou'd upon my ſoul.

C. *Bl.* Honeſt *Teg*, thy Maſter is beholding to thee in ſome
Meaſure for his liberty.

C. *Car.* *Teg*, I ſhall requite thy honeſty.

Teg. Well, ſhall I hang him then? It is a rogue now; who
Wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

Obad. I do beſeech you Gentlemen let me not
Be brought unto death?

C. *Car.* No poor *Teg*, 'tis enough we are all friends;
Come, let him go.

Teg. Well, he ſhall go then; but you ſhall love the King,
Or I will hang you another time, that I will by my ſoul. Well,
Look you here now, here is the man that ſung you the Song,
That he is; I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither
And ſing for the King, that I did.

C. *Car.* D'hear my friends, is any of your companions
With you?

Mu. Yes Sir.

C. *Car.* As I live we'l all dance; it ſhall be the celebration
Of our Weddings: nay, Mr. *Day*, as we hope to continue
Friends, you and your Duck ſhall trip it too.

Teg. I by my ſoul will we; *Obadiah* ſhall be my woman too,
And you ſhall dance for the King, that you ſhall.

C. *Car.* Go and ſtrike up then, no chiding now Mrs. *Day*;
Come, you muſt not be refractory for once.

Mrs. *Day.* Well Huſband, ſince theſe Gentlemen will have
It ſo, and that they may perceive we are friends,
Dance.

C. *Bl.* Now Mr. *Day* to your buſineſs, get it done as ſoon as
You will, the five hundred pound ſhall be ready.

C. *Car.* So friends thank honeſt *Teg*, thou ſhalt flouriſh
In a new Livery for this: Now Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and
I may agree about kiſſing, and compound every way.
Now Mr. *Day*, if you will have good luck in every thing,
Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bleſs the King. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

But now the greateſt thing is left to do,
More juſt Committee, *to Compound with you;*
For, till your equal cenſures ſhall be known,
The Poet's under Sequeſtration:
He has no Title to his ſmall Eſtate
Of Wit, unleſs you pleaſe to ſet the Rate.
Accept this half years purchaſe of his Wit,
For in the compaſs of that time 'twas Writ:
Not that this is enough, he'l pay you more,
If you your ſelves believe him not too poor:
For 'tis your judgements gives him wealth, in this,
Hee's juſt as rich as you believe he is.
Wou'd all Committees *cou'd have done like you,*
Made men more rich, and by their payments too.

FINIS.

THE

Indian-Queen,

Sarah A Harriott

TRAGEDY.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.
1665.

THE

Indian-Queen.

A

TRAGEDY.

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Blew-Anchor
in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Ynca *of* Peru.
Montezuma *his General.*
Acacis *Son to* Zempoalla.
Traxalla *General to* Zempoalla.
Garrucca, *a faithful Subject to* Amexia.
The God of Dreams.
Ismeron, *one of their Prophets, a Conjurer.*
Officers and Souldiers.
Peruvians *and* Mexicans.
Priests.

Amexia, *the lawful Queen of* Mexico.
Zempoalla, *the Usurping* Indian *Queen.*
Orazia, *Daughter to the* Ynca.
Attendants, of Ladies

PROLOGUE.

As the Muſick plays a ſoft Air, the Curtain riſes ſoftly, and diſcovers an *Indian* Boy and Girl ſleeping under two Plantain-Trees; and when the Curtain is almoſt up, the Muſick turns into a Tune expreſſing an Alarm, at which the Boy wakes and ſpeaks.

Boy. *Wake, wake,* Quevira; *our ſoft Reſt muſt ceaſe,*
And fly together with our Country's Peace;
No more muſt we ſleep under Plantain ſhade,
Which neither Heat could pierce, nor Cold invade;
Where bounteous Nature never feels decay,
And op'ning Buds drive falling Fruits away.

Que. *Why ſhould men quarrel here, where all poſſeſs*
As much as they can hope for by ſucceſs?
None can have moſt, where Nature is ſo kind
As to exceed Man's Uſe, though not his Mind.

Boy. *By ancient Prophecies we have been told*
Our World ſhall be ſubdued by one more old;
And ſee that World already's hither come.

Que. *If theſe be they, we welcom then our Doom.*
Their Looks are ſuch, that Mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our Native Innocence.

Boy. *Why ſhould we then fear theſe are Enemies,*
That rather ſeem to us like Deities?

Que. *By their protection let us beg to live;*
They came not here to Conquer, but Forgive.
If ſo, your Goodneſs may your Pow'r expreſs;
And we ſhall judg both beſt by our ſucceſs.

THE

THE Sarah Harriott's Indian-Queen.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Ynca, Orazia, Montezuma, Acaſis, *Priſoners, with* Peruvians.

Ynca. THrice have the *Mexicans* before us fled,
Their Armies broke, their Prince in Triumph led;
Both to thy valour, brave young man, we owe;
Ask thy Reward, but ſuch as it may ſhow
It is a King thou haſt oblig'd, whoſe Mind
Is large, and like his Fortune unconfin'd.

Mont. Young and a Stranger to your Court I came,
There by your Favour rais'd to what I am:
I Conquer but in right of your great fate,
And ſo your Arms, not mine, are fortunate.

Ynca. I am impatient till this debt be paid,
Which ſtill encreaſes on me while delay'd;
A Bounteous Monarch to himſelf is kind;
Ask ſuch a Guift as may for ever bind
Thy ſervice to my Empire, and to me.

Mont. What can this Guift he bids me ask him be?
Perhaps he has perceiv'd our mutual fires,
And now with ours wou'd crown his own Deſires;
'Tis ſo, he ſees my Service is above
All other payments but his Daughters Love. [*Aſide.*

Ynca. So quick to merit, and to take ſo ſlow?
I firſt prevent ſmall wiſhes, and beſtow

This

This Prince, his Sword and Fortunes to thy hand;
He's thine unask'd; Now make thy free demand.
Mont. Here, Prince, receive this Sword, as only due [*Gives*
To that exceſs of Courage ſhown in you. Acacis *his*
When you without demand a Prince beſtow, *Sword.*
Leſs than a Prince to ask of you were low.
Inca. Then ask a Kingdom; ſay where thou wilt Reign.
Mont. I beg not Empires, thoſe my Sword can gain;
But for my paſt and future Service too,
What I have done, and what I mean to do;
For this of *Mexico* which I have won,
And Kingdoms I will Conquer yet unknown,
I only ask from fair *Orazia*'s Eyes
To reap the Fruits of all my Victories.
1 *Peru.* Our *Inca*'s Colour mounts into his face.
2 *Peru.* His Looks ſpeak Death.
Inca. Young man of unknown Race,
Ask once again, ſo well thy merits plead;
Thou ſhalt not die for that which thou haſt ſaid:
The price of what thou ask'ſt thou doſt not know;
That Guiſt's too high.
Mont. And all beſide too low.
Inca. Once more I bid thee ask.
Mont. Once more I make
The ſame demand.
Inca. The *Inca* bids thee take
Thy choice, what Towns what Kingdoms thou wouldſt have.
Mont. Thou giv'ſt me only what before I gave.
Give me thy Daughter.
Inca. Thou deſerv'ſt to die.
O thou great Author of our Progeny,
Thou glorious Sun, doſt thou not bluſh to ſhine,
While ſuch baſe Blood attempts to mix with thine!
Mont. That Sun thou ſpeakſt of did not hide his face,
When he beheld me Conquering for his Race.
Inca. My Fortunes gave thee thy ſucceſs in Fight;
Convey thy boaſted Valour from my ſight;
I can o'recome without thy feeble aid. [*Exit* Inca, Orazia,
Mont. And is it thus my Services are paid! Peruvians.
Not all his Guards---- [*Offers to go,* Acaces *holds him.*
Aca. Hold, Sir.
Mont. Unhand me.
Aca. No, I muſt your Rage prevent,
From doing what your Reaſon wou'd repent;
Like the vaſt Seas, your Mind no limits knows,
Like them lies open to each Wind that blows.
Mont. Can a Revenge that is ſo juſt, be ill?
Aca. It is *Orazia*'s Father you wou'd kill.

Mont.

Mont. *Orazia*, how that name has charm'd my Sword?
Aca. Compoſe theſe wilde diſtempers in your breaſt;
Anger like madneſs is appeas'd by reſt.
Mont. Bid children ſleep, my ſpirits boil too high;
But ſince *Orazia*'s Father muſt not dye,
A nobler vengeance ſhall my actions guide
I'le bear the conqueſt, to the conquered ſide,
Until this *Inca* for my friendſhip ſues,
And proffers that his pride does now refuſe.
Aca. Your honor is oblig'd to keep your truſt.
Mont. He broke that Bond in ceaſing to be juſt
Aca. Subjects to Kings ſhou'd more obedience pay.
Mont. Subjects are bound, not ſtrangers to obey.
Aca. Can you ſo little your *Orazia* prize,
To give the conqueſt to her Enemies:
Can you ſo eaſily forego her ſight?
I that hold liberty more dear then light:
Yet to my freedom, ſhou'd my chains prefer,
And think it were well loſt to ſtay with her.
Mont. How unſucceſsfully I ſtill o'recome,
I brought a Rival, not a Captive home;
Yet I may be deceived; but it is too late
To clear thoſe doubts, my ſtay brings certain fate. [*aſide.*
Come Prince, you ſhall to *Mexico* return,
Where your ſad Arms does your abſence mourn;
And in one Battle I will gain you more
Then I have made you loſe in three before.
Aca. No *Montzuma*, though you change your ſide,
I as a Priſoner am by Honor ty'd.
Mont. You are my Priſoner, and I ſet you free.
Aca. 'Twere baſeneſs to accept ſuch liberty.
Mont. From him that conquer'd you it ſhou'd be ſought.
Aca. No, but from him for whom my Conqueror fought.
Mont. Still you are mine, his gift has made you ſo.
Aca. He gave me to his General, not his Foe.
Mont. How poorly have you pleaded Honors Laws?
Yet ſhun the greateſt in your Countreyes Cauſe.
Aca. What ſuccour can the Captive give the Free.
Mont. A needleſs Captive is an enemy,
In painted Honor you wou'd ſeem to ſhine;
But 'twou'd be clouded, were your wrongs like mine.
Aca. When choller ſuch unbridled power can have,
Thy vertue ſeems but thy revenges ſlave:
If ſuch injuſtice ſhou'd my Honor ſtain,
My aid wou'd prove my Nations loſs not gain.
Mont. Be couſen'd by thy guilty honeſty,
To make thy ſelf thy Countreyes enemy.
Aca. I do not mean in the next fight to ſtain

My

My Sword in blood of any Mexican,
But will be present in the fatal strife
To guard *Orazia*'s, and the *Ynca*s life.

Mont. *Orazia*'s life fond man: first guard thy own,
Her safety she must owe to me alone.

Aca. Your Sword that does such wonders cannot be,
In an ill cause secure of victory.

Mont. Hark, hark. [*noise of trampling.*

Aca. What noise is this invades my ears?
Fly, *Montzuma*, fly; the guards are near
To favour your retreat: I'le freely pay
That life which you so frankly gave this day.

Mont. I must retire, but those that follow me,
Pursue their deaths, and not their victory. [*Ex.* Mont.

Aca. Our quarrels kinder, then our friendships prove
You for my Countrey fight, I for your Love.

Enter Ynca *and Guards.*

Ynca. I was to blame to leave this mad man free,
Perhaps he may revolt to th' Enemy,
Or stay and raise some fatal mutiny.

Aca. Stop your pursuits, for they must pass through me.

Ynca. Where is the slave?

Aca. Gon.---

Ynca. Whither?

Aca. O're the plain.---
Where he may soon the Camp or City gain.

Ynca. Curse on my dull neglect---
And yet I do less cause of wonder finde
That he is gone, then that thou stayest behinde.

Aca. My treatment since you took me was so free
It wanted but the name of liberty.
I with less shame can still your Captive live,
Then take that freedom which you did not give.

Ynca. Thou brave young man, that hast thy years out-done,
And losing Liberty hast Honor won:
I must my self thy Honors Rival make,
And give that freedom which thou wo'dst not take.
Go and be safe.---

Aca. But that you may be so----
Your dangers must be past before I go.
Fierce *Montzeuma* will for fight prepare,
And bend on you the fury of the War,
Which by my presence I will turn away,
If Fortune gives my *Mexicans* the Day.

Ynca. Come then, we are alike to honor just,
Thou to be trusted thus, and I to trust.--- [*Ex. all.*

Enter

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, *and Attendants.*

Zemp. O my *Acacis!*
Does not my grief, *Traxalla*, ſeem too rude,
Thus to preſs out before my Gratitude
Has paid my debts to you?----yet it does move
My Rage and Grief, to ſee thoſe Powers above
Puniſh ſuch men, as if they be Divine,
They know will moſt Adore, and leaſt Repine.
Trax. Thoſe that can only mourn when they are croſt,
May loſe themſelves with grieving for the loſt.
Rather to your retreated Troops appear,
And let them ſee a Woman void of fear:
The ſhame of that may call their Spirits home.
Were the Prince ſafe, we were not overcom,
Though we retir'd: O his too youthful heat,
That thruſt him were the dangers were ſo great!
Heaven wanted power his Perſon to protect,
From that which he had Courage to neglect:
But ſince he's loſt, let us draw forth, and pay
His Fun'ral Rites in Blood; that we are they
May in our Fates perform his Obſequies,
And make Death Triumph when *Acacis* dies.
Zemp. That Courage thou haſt ſhown in Fight ſeems leſs
Than this, amidſt Deſpair to have Exceſs:
Let thy great deeds force Fate to change her mind;
He that Courts Fortune boldly makes her kind.
Trax. If ere *Traxalla* ſo ſucceſful proves,
May he then ſay he hopes as well as Loves;
And that aſpiring Paſſion boldly own,
Which gave my Prince his Fate, and you his Throne?
I did not feel Remorſe to ſee his Blood
Flow from the ſpring of life into a flood;
Nor did it look like Treaſon, ſince to me
You were a Sovereign much more great than he.
Zemp. He was my Brother, yet I ſcorn'd to pay
Natures mean debts, but threw thoſe bonds away;
When his own Iſſue did my hopes remove,
Not only from his Empire, but his Love.
You that in all my wrongs then bore a part,
Now need not doubt a place within my heart:
I cou'd not offer you my Crown and Bed,
Till Fame and Envy with long time were dead;
But Fortune now does happily preſent
Occaſions fit to ſecond my intent.
Your Valour may regain the Publick Love,
And make the Peoples Choice their Queens approve. [*Shout.*

Hark, hark, what noiſe is this that ſtrikes my ear!
Trax. 'Tis not a ſound that ſhould beget a fear;
Such Shouts as theſe have I heard often fly
From Conquering Armies crown'd with Victory.
Zemp. Great God of Vengeance, here I firmly vow,
Make but my *Mexicans* ſucceſful now,
And with a thouſand Feaſts thy flames I'le feed;
All that I take ſhall on thy Altars bleed;
Princes themſelves ſhall fall, and make thy Shrine,
Dy'd with their blood, in glorious bluſhes ſhine.

Enter Meſſenger.

Trax. How now!---
What News is this that makes thy haſte a flight?
Meſſ. Such as brings Victory without a Fight;
The Prince *Acaces* lives.----
Zemp. Oh, I am bleſt.----
Meſſ. Reſerve ſome joy till I have told the reſt.
He's ſafe, and only wants his liberty;
But that great Man that carries Victory
Where ere he goes; that mighty Man by whom
In three ſet Battels we were overcome;
Ill us'd (it ſeems) by his ungrateful King,
Does to our Camp his Fate and Valour bring.
The Troops gaze on him, as if ſome bright Star
Shot to their Aids, call him the God of War:
Whilſt he, as if all Conqueſt did of right
Belong to him, bids them prepare to fight;
Which if they ſhou'd delay one hour, he ſwears
He'l leave them to their Dangers or their Fears,
And Shame (which is th' ignoble Cowards choice.)
At this the Army ſeem'd to have one voice,
United in a ſhout, and call'd upon
The God-like Stranger, *Lead us, lead us on.*
Make haſte, Great Sir, leſt you ſhould come too late,
To ſhare with them in Victory or Fate.
Zemp. My Gen'ral go; the Gods be on our ſide;
Let Valour act, but let Diſcretion guide. [*Exit* Traxalla.
Great God of Vengeance----
I ſee thou doſt begin to hear me now;
Make me thy Off'ring if I break my Vow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Ynca, Orazia, *as perſued in a Battle.*

Orazia. O Fly Sir fly, like torrents your ſwift foes
Come rowling on.—
Ynca. The Gods can but deſtroy
The nobleſt way to fly, is that death ſhows
I'le court her now, ſince victory's grown coy.
Oraz. Death's wing'd to your purſuit, and yet you wait
To meet her—
Ynca. Poor *Orazia*, time and fate
Muſt once o're take me, though I now ſhou'd fly.
Oraz. Do not meet death; but when it comes then dye.

Enter three Souldiers.

3. *Soul.* Stand Sir, and yield your ſelf, and that fair prey.
Ynca. You ſpeak to one unpractis'd to obey.

Enter Montezuma.

Mont. Hold villains hold, or your rude lives ſhall be
Loſt in the midſt of your own victory:
Theſe I have hunted for; nay do not ſtare,
Be gone, and in the common plunder ſhare. [*Ex. Sould.*
How different is my Fate, from theirs, whoſe Fame
From Conqueſt grows! from Conqueſt grows my ſhame.
Ynca. Why do'ſt thou pauſe? thou canſt not give me back
With fruitleſs grief, what I enjoyed before,
No more then Seas repenting of a wrack,
Can with a calm our buried wealth reſtore.
Mont. 'Twere vain to own repentance, ſince I know
Thy ſcorn, which did my paſſions once deſpiſe,
Once more would make my ſwelling anger flow;
Which now ebbs lower then your miſeries:
The Gods that in my fortunes were unkinde,
Gave me not Scepters, nor ſuch gilded things;
But whilſt I wanted Crowns, inlarg'd my minde
To deſpiſe Scepters, and diſpoſe of Kings.
Ynca. Thou art but grown a Rebel by ſucceſs,
And I that ſcorned *Orazia* ſhou'd be ty'd
To thee my ſlave, muſt now eſteem thee leſs:
Rebellion is a greater guilt then pride.

Mont. Princes ſee others faults but not their own;
'Twas you that broke that bond, and ſet me free:
Yet I attempted not to climb your Throne,
And raiſe my ſelf; but level you to me.

Oraz. O *Montezuma*, cou'd thy love engage
Thy ſoul ſo little, or make banks ſo low
About thy heart, that thy revenge and rage,
Like ſuddain floods, ſo ſoon ſhou'd over-flow!
Ye Gods how much was I miſtaken here!
I thought you gentle as the gaulleſs Dove;
But you as humorſome as windes appear,
And ſubject to more paſſions then your Love.

Mont. How have I been betray'd by guilty rage,
Which like a flame roſe to ſo vaſt a height
That nothing cou'd reſiſt, nor yet aſſwage,
Till it wrapt all things in one cruel fate,
But I'le redeem my ſelf, and act ſuch things,
That you ſhall bluſh *Orazia* was deny'd;
And yet make Conqueſt, though with wearied wings,
Take a new flight to your now fainting ſide.

Inca. Vain man, what fooliſh thoughts fill thy ſwell'd mind?
It is too late our ruine to recal;
Thoſe that have once great Buildings undermin'd
Will prove too weak to prop them in their fall.

Enter Traxalla *with the former Souldiers.*

1 *Sould.* See, mighty Sir, where the bold ſtranger ſtands,
Who ſnatch'd theſe glorious Priſoners from our hands.

Trax. 'Tis the great *Inca*, ſeize him as my prey,
To crown the triumphs of this glorious day.

Mont. Stay your bold hands from reaching at what's mine,
If any title ſprings from victory;
You ſafer may attempt to rob a ſhrine,
And hope forgiveneſs from the Deity.

Enter Acacis.

Trax. O my dear Prince, my joys to ſee you live
Are more then all that victory can give.

Aca. How are my beſt endeavors croſt by fate!
Elſe you had ne'er been loſt, or found ſo late.
Hurried by the wilde fury of the fight,
Far from your preſence, and *Orazia*'s ſight,
I cou'd not all that care and duty ſhow,
Which as your Captive (mighty Prince) I owe.

Inca. You often have preſerv'd our lives this day,
And one ſmall debt with many bounties pay.
But humane actions hang on ſprings that be

Too

Too ſmall, or too remote for us to ſee.
My glories freely I to yours reſign,
And am your priſoner now, that once were mine.
Mont. Theſe Priſoners Sir are mine by right of War;
And I'le maintain that right, if any dare.
Trax. Yes, I wou'd ſnatch them from thy weak defence;
But that due reverence which I owe my Prince,
Permits me not to quarrel in his ſight,
To him I ſhall refer his Generals right.
Mont. I knew too well what juſtice I ſhou'd finde
From an arm'd Plantiff, and a Judge ſo kinde.
Aca. Unkindely urg'd, that I ſhou'd uſe thee ſo;
Thy vertue is my Rival, not my foe;
The Priſoners fortune gave thee ſhall be thine.
Trax. Would you ſo great a prize to him reſign?
Aca. Shou'd he who boldly for his Prey deſign'd
To dive the deepeſt under ſwelling tides,
Have the leſs title if he chance to finde
The richeſt Jewel that the Ocean hides?
They are his due---
But in his vertue I repoſe that truſt,
That he will be as kinde as I am juſt:
Diſpute not my commands, but go with haſte,
Rally our men, they may purſue too faſt,
And the diſorders of the inviting Prey
May turn again the fortune of the day. [*Ex.Trax.*
Mont. How gentle all this Princes actions be!
Vertue is calm in him, but rough in me.
Aca. Can *Montezuma* place me in his breaſt?
Mont. My heart's not large enough for ſuch a gueſt.
Aca. See *Montezuma*, ſee, *Orazia* weeps [Orazia *weeps.*
Mont. *Acacis*, is he deaf, or waking, ſleeps?
He does not hear me, ſees me not, nor moves;
How firm his eyes are on *Orazia* fixt!
Gods that take care of men, let not our loves
Become divided by their being mixt.
Aca. Weep not fair Princeſs, nor believe you are
A Priſoner ſubject to the chance of War;
Why ſhou'd you waſte the ſtock of thoſe fair Eyes
That from mankinde can take their liberties?
And you, great Sir, think not a generous mind
To vertuous Princes, dares appear unkind,
Becauſe thoſe Princes are unfortunate,
Since over all men hangs a doubtful fate:
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Deities have only left
A common bank of happineſs below,
Maintain'd like nature, by an ebb and flow. [*Ex.omnes.*

Zem-

Zempoalla *appears ſeated upon a Throne, frowning upon her Attendants; then comes down and ſpeaks.*

Zemp. No more, you that above your Princes dare proclaim
With your rebellious breath a ſtrangers name.
1. Peru. Dread Empreſs---
Zemp. Slaves, perhaps you grieve to ſee
Your young Prince glorious, 'cauſe he ſprang from me;
Had he been one of baſe *Amexia*'s brood,
Your tongues, though ſilent now, had then been loud.

Enter Traxalla.

Traxalla welcome, welcomer to me,
Then what thou bring'ſt, a Crown and Victory.
Trax. All I have done is nothing, fluttering fame
Now tells no news, but of the Strangers name,
And his great deeds; 'tis he they cry by whom
Not men, but War it ſelf is overcome;
Who bold with his ſucceſs, dares think to have
A Prince to wear his Chains, and be his ſlave.
Zemp. What Prince---
Trax. The great Peruvian *Inca*, that of late
In three ſet Battles was ſo fortunate,
Till this ſtrange man had power to turn the tide,
And carry conqueſt unto any ſide.
Zemp. Wou'd you permit a private man to have
The great Peruvian *Inca* for his ſlave!
Shame to all Princes! was it not juſt now
I made a ſacred and a ſolemn vow
To offer up (if bleſt with Victory,
The Priſoners that were took) and they ſhall dye.
Trax. I ſoon had ſnatched from this proud ſtrangers hand
That too great object for his bold demand;
Had not the Prince your Son, to whom I owe
A kinde obedience, judg'd it ſhou'd be ſo.
Zemp. I'le hear no more; go quickly take my Guards,
And from that man force thoſe uſurpt rewards;
That Prince upon whoſe ruines I muſt riſe
Shall be the Gods, but more my ſacrifice:
They with my ſlaves in Triumph ſhall be tyed,
While my devotion juſtifies my pride.
Thoſe Deities in whom I place my truſt,
Shall ſee when they are kinde, that I am juſt. [*Ex.* Zemp.
Trax. How gladly I obey---
There's ſomething ſhoots through my enliven'd frame,
Like a new ſoul, but yet without a name:

Nor

Nor can I tell what the bold gueſt will prove,
It muſt be Envy, or it muſt be love;
Let it be either, 'tis the greateſt bliſs
For man to grant himſelf, all he dares wiſh;
For he that to himſelf, himſelf denies,
Proves meanly wretched, to be counted wiſe. [*Ex.* Traxal.

Enter Montezuma, Acacis.

Aca. You wrong me, my beſt friend, not to believe
Your kindeneſs gives me joy, and when I grieve,
Unwillingly my ſorrows I obey,
Showres ſometimes fall upon a ſhining day.
Mont. Let me then ſhare your griefs, that in your fate
Wou'd have took Part---
Aca. Why ſhou'd you aſk me that?
Thoſe muſt be mine, though I have ſuch exceſs;
Divided griefs increaſe, and not grow leſs.
Mont. It does not leſſen Fate, nor ſatisfie
The Grave, 'tis true, when friends together dye;
And yet they are unwilling to divide.
Aca. To ſuch a friend nothing can be deny'd
You when you hear my ſtory will forgive
My grief, and rather wonder that I live.
Unhappy in my Title to a Throne,
Since blood made way for my ſucceſſion:
Blood of an Uncle too, a Prince ſo free
From being cruel, it taught cruelty.
His Queen *Amexia* then was big with childe;
Nor was he gentler then his Queen was milde:
Th' impatient people long'd for what ſhou'd come
From ſuch a Father, bred in ſuch a Womb---
When falſe *Traxalla*, weary to obey,
Took with his life their joyes and hopes away.
Amexia by th' aſſiſtance of the night
When this dark deed was acted, took her flight;
Only with true *Garrucca* for her aid;
Since when, for all the ſearches that were made,
The Queen was never heard of more: yet ſtill
This Traytor lives and proſpers by the ill:
Nor does my Mother ſeem to reign alone,
But with this Monſter ſhares the guilt and Throne:
Horror choaks up my words; now you'l believe
'Tis juſt I ſhou'd do nothing elſe but grieve.
Mont. Excellent Prince.----
How great a proof of vertue have you ſhown,
To be concern'd for griefs, though not your own!
Aca. Pray ſay no more.---

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

Mont. How now, whither ſo faſt?
Meſſen. O Sir, I come too ſlow with all my haſte!
The fair *Orazia*---
Mont. Ha, what do'ſt thou ſay?
3 *Meſſ.* *Orazia* with the *Inca*'s forc'd away
Out of your Tent; *Traxalla* in the head
Of the rude Souldiers, forc'd the door, and led
Thoſe glorious Captives, who on Thrones once ſhin'd,
To grace the Triumph that is now deſign'd. [*Ex. Meſſ.*
Mont. *Orazia* forc'd away! what tempeſts roul
About my thoughts, and toſs my troubled ſoul?
Can there be Gods to ſee, and ſuffer this?
Or does mankinde make his own fate or bliſs;
While every good and bad happens by chance,
Not from their orders, but their ignorance -
But I will pull a ruine on them all,
And turn their Triumph to a Funeral.
Aca. Be temperate friend.
Mont. You may as well adviſe
That I ſhou'd have leſs love, as grow more wiſe.
Aca. Yet ſtay---I did not think to have revealed
A ſecret which my heart has ſtill concealed;
But in this cauſe ſince I muſt ſhare with you,
'Tis fit you know---I love *Orazia* too:
Delay not then, nor waſt the time in words,
Orazia's cauſe calls only for our Swords.
Mont. That tyes my hand, and turns from thee that rage
Another way; thy blood ſhou'd elſe aſſwage:
The ſtorm on our proud foes ſhall higher riſe,
And changing, gather blackneſs as it flies:
So when windes turn, the wandering waves obey,
And all the Tempeſt rouls another way.
Aca. Draw then a Rivals Sword, as I draw mine,
And like friends ſuddenly to part, let's joyn
In this one act, to ſeek one deſtiny;
Rivals with honor may together dye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Zempoalla *appears seated upon her Slaves in Triumph, and the Indians as to celebrate the Victory, advance in a warlike Dance; in the midst of which Triumph,* Acacis *and* Montezuma *falls in upon them.*

Zempoalla *descends from her triumphant Throne, and* Acacis *and* Montezuma *are brought in before her.*

Zemp. SHame of my blood, and traytor to thy own,
Born to dishonor, not command a Throne;
Hast thou with envious eyes my Triumph seen?
Or cou'dst not see thy Mother in the Queen?
Cou'dst thou a stranger above me prefer?
Aca. It was my Honor made my Duty erre;
I cou'd not see his Prisoners forc'd away,
To whom I ow'd my life, and you the day.
Zemp. Is that young man the Warrior so renown'd?
Mont. Yes, he that made thy men thrice quit their ground:
Do, smile at *Montezuma's* chains: but know,
His valour gave thee power to use him so.
Traxa. Grant that it did, what can his merits be,
That sought his vengeance, not our victory?
What has thy bruitish fury gain'd us more,
Then only heal'd the wounds it gave before?
Dye then, for whilst thou liv'st Wars cannot cease;
Thou may'st bring Victory, but never Peace.
Like a black storm thou roul'st about us all,
E'ne to thy self unquiet till thy fall. [*Draws to kill him.*
Aca. Unthankful villain, hold.
Traxa. You must not give
Him succour, Sir.
Aca. Why then I must not live.
Posterity shall ne're report they had
Such thankless fathers, or a Prince so bad.
Zemp. You'r both too bold to will or to deny,
On me alone depends his destiny.
Tell me, audacious stranger, whence cou'd rise
The confidence of this rash enterprize?
Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
The fairest spoils of my own victory?
Zemp. Kill him---hold, must he dye?---why let him dye;
Whence shou'd proceed this strange diversity
In my resolves?---
Does he command in chains? what wou'd he do
Proud slave, if he were free, and I were so?
But is he bound ye Gods, or am I free?
'Tis love, 'tis love, that thus disorders me:

How pride and love tear my divided soul!
For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole:
Love as the younger must be forced away;
Hence with the Captives (General) and convey
To several Prisons that---young man, and this---
---Peruvian woman---
Traxa. How concern'd she is!
I must know more.
Mont. Fair Princess, why shou'd I
Involve that sweetness in my destiny?
I cou'd out-brave my death, were I alone
To suffer, but my fate must pull yours on.
My breast is armed against all fence of fear,
But where your image lies, 'tis tender there.
Inca. Forbear thy saucy love, she cannot be
So low, but still she is too high for thee.
Zemp. Be gone, and do as I command, away.
Mont. I ne're was truly wretched 'till this day,
Orazia. Think half your sorrows on *Orazia* fall,
And be not so unkinde to hide all;
Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear,
But in brave mindes a scorn of what they bear.
[*Exit* Inca, Montezuma, Orazia, Traxalla.
Zemp. What grief is this which in your face appears?
Aca. The badge of sorrow, which my soul still wears.
Zemp. Though thy late actions did my anger move,
It cannot rob thee of a mothers love:
Why shou'dst thou grieve?---
Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming youth is seen,
Can sorrow be where knowledge scarce has been;
Fortune does well for heedless youth provide,
But wisdom does unlucky age misguide;
Cares are the train of present power and state,
But hope lives best that on himself does wait:
O happiest fortune if well understood,
The certain prospect of a future good!
Aca. What joy can Empire bring me, when I know
That all my greatness to your crimes I owe?
Zemp. Yours be the joy, be mine the punishment.
Aca. In vain alas that wish to heaven is sent
For me, if fair *Orazia* must not live.
Zemp. Why shou'd you ask me what I cannot give?
She must be sacrific'd: Can I bestow
What to the Gods by former vows I owe?
Aca. O plead not vows; I wish you had not shown
You slighted all things sacred for a Throne.
Zemp. I love thee so, that though fear follow still,
And horror urges, all that have been ill
I cou'd for thee---

Act o're my crimes agen,---and not repent,
Even when I bore the shame and punishment.
Aca. Cou'd you so many ill acts undertake,
And not perform one good one for my sake?
Zemp. Prudence permits not pity shou'd be shown
To those that rais'd the War to shake my Throne.
Aca. As you are wise, permit me to be just;
What Prudence will not venture, Honor must;
We owe our Conquest to the strangers Sword,
'Tis just his Prisoners be to him restor'd.
I love *Orazia*, but a nobler way---
Then for my love my Honor to betray.
Zemp. Honor is but an itch in youthful blood,
Of doing acts extravagantly good;
We call that Vertue, which is only heat
That reigns in Youth, till age findes out the cheat.
Aca. Great actions first did her affections move,
And I by greater wou'd regain her love.
Zemp. Urge not a suit which I must still deny;
Orazia and her Father both shall dye:
Be gone, I'le hear no more---
Aca. You stop your ears---
But though a Mother will not, Heaven will hear;
Like you I vow, when to the Pow'rs divine
You pay her guiltless Blood, I'le offer mine. [*Ex.* Acacis
Zemp. She dyes, this happy Rival that enjoyes
The strangers love, and all my hopes destroyes;
Had she triumph'd, what cou'd she more have done
Then robb'd the Mother, and enslav'd the Son?
Nor will I at the name of cruel stay,
Let dull successive Monarchs mildly sway:
Their conquering Fathers did the Laws forsake,
And broke the old e're they the new cou'd make.
I must pursue my love---yet love enjoy'd
Will with esteem that caus'd it first grow less;
But thirst and hunger fear not to be cloy'd,
And when they be, are cur'd by their excess.

Enter Traxalla.

Trax. Now I shall see what thoughts her heart conceals;
For that which Wisdom covers, Love reveals.
Madam, the Prisoners are dispos'd.
Zemp. They are---
And how fares our young blustering Man of War?
Does he support his chains with patience yet?
Trax. He and the Princess, Madam.
Zemp. Are they met?---

Trax. No, but from whence is all this paſſion grown?
Zemp. 'Twas a miſtake.
Trax. I finde this raſh Unknown
Is dangerous; and if not timely ſlain,
May plunge your Empire in new Wars again.
Zemp. Thank ye, I ſhall conſider.
Trax. Is that all?---
The Army doat on him, already call
You cruel; and for ought I know, they may
By force unchain, and crown him in a day.
Zemp. You ſay I have already had their curſe
For his bad uſage; ſhou'd I uſe him worſe?
Trax. Yet once you fear'd his reputation might
Obſcure the Princes in the peoples ſight.
Zemp. Time will inform us beſt what courſe to ſteer,
But let us not our ſacred vows defer:
The *Inca* and his daughter both ſhall dye.
Trax. He ſuffers juſtly for the War; but why
Shou'd ſhe ſhare his ſad fate? a poor pretence,
That birth ſhou'd make a crime of innocence.
Zemp. Yet we deſtroy the poiſonous Vipers young,
Not for themſelves, but thoſe from whom they ſprung.
Trax. O no, they dye not for their Parents ſake,
But for the poiſonous ſeed which they partake;
Once more behold her, and then let her dye,
If in that face or perſon you can ſee
But any place to fix a cruelty:
The heavens have clouds, and ſpots are in the Moon;
But faultleſs beauty ſhines in her alone.
Zemp. Beauty has wrought compaſſion in your minde.
Trax. And you to valour are become as kinde.
To former ſervices there's ſomething due.
Yet be adviſed---
Zemp. Yes by my ſelf, not you---
Trax. Princes are ſacred.
Zemp. True, whilſt they are free;
But power once loſt, farewell their ſanctity:
'Tis power to which the Gods their worſhip owe,
Which, uncontroul'd, makes all things juſt below:
Thou do'ſt the plea of ſaucy rebels uſe,
They will be judge of what their Prince muſt chuſe:
Hard fate of Monarchs, not allow'd to know
When ſafe, but as their Subjects tell them ſo.
Then Princes but like publick pageants move,
And ſeem to ſway becauſe they ſit above. [*Ex.* Zemp.
Trax. She loves him; in one moment this new gueſt
Has drove me out from this falſe womans breaſt;
They that wou'd fetter Love with conſtancy

Make

Make bonds to chain themſelves, but leave him free.
With what impatience I her falſhood bear!
Yet do my ſelf that which I blam in her;
But Intereſt in my own Cauſe makes me ſee
That Act unjuſt in her, but juſt in me. [*Exit* Traxalla.

Iſmeron *aſleep in the Scene.*

Enter Zempoalla.

Zemp. Ho, *Iſmeron*, *Iſmeron.*
He ſtirs not; ha, in ſuch a diſmal Cell
Can gentle Sleep with his ſoft bleſſings dwell?
Muſt I feell tortures in a humane breſt,
While Beaſts and Monſters can enjoy their Reſt?
What quiet they poſſeſs in ſleeps calm bliſs!
The Lions ceaſe to roar, the Snakes to hiſs,
While I am kept awake---
Only to entertain my Miſeries.
Or if a ſlumber ſteal upon my Eyes,
Some horrid Dream my lab'ring Soul benums,
And brings Fate to me ſooner then it comes.
Fears moſt oppreſs when ſleep has ſeiz'd upon
The outward parts, and left the Soul alone.
What envy'd bleſſing's theſe curs'd things enjoy!
Next to poſſeſs, 'tis pleaſure to deſtroy.
Iſmeron; ho *Iſmeron*, *Iſmeron.* [*Stamps.*

Iſm. Who's that with ſo loud and fierce a call
Diſturbs my reſt?

Zemp. She that has none at all,
Nor ever muſt, unleſs thy powerful Art
Can charm the paſſions of a troubled heart.

Iſm. How can you have a diſcontented mind,
To whom the Gods have lately been ſo kind?

Zemp. Their envious kindneſs how can I enjoy,
When they give Bleſſings, and the uſe deſtroy?

Iſm. Dread Empreſs, tell the cauſe of all your grief;
If Art can help, be ſure of quick Relief.

Zemp. I dream'd before the Altar that I led
A mighty Lion in a twiſted thred;
I ſhook to hold him in ſo ſlight a tie,
Yet had not power to ſeek a remedy:
When in the midſt of all my fears a Dove,
With hovering wings, deſcended from above,
Flew to the Lion, and Embraces ſpread,
With Wings, like claſping Arms, about his head,
Making that murm'ring noiſe that cooing Doves
Uſe in the ſoft expreſſion of their Loves.

While

While I, fix'd by my wonder, gaz'd to ſee
So mild a Creature with ſo fierce agree,
At laſt the gentle Dove turn'd from his head,
And pecking try'd to break the ſlender thred,
Which inſtantly ſhe ſever'd, and releas'd
From that ſmall bond the fierce and mighty Beaſt,
Who preſently turn'd all his rage on me,
And with his Freedom brought my Deſtiny.

Iſm. Dread Empreſs, this ſtrange Viſion you relate
Is big with wonder, and too full of fate
Without the Gods aſſiſtance to expound.
In thoſe low Regions where ſad Night hangs round
The drowſie Vaults, and where moiſt Vapors ſteep
The God's dull brows that ſways the Realm of Sleep;
There all th' informing Elements repair,
Swift Meſſengers of Water, Fire, and Air,
To give account of Actions whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal fram;
How from their various mixture, or their ſtrife,
Are known the Calms and Tempeſts of our Life:
Thence Souls, when Sleep their Bodys overcom,
Have ſome imperfect knowledg of their doom.
From theſe dark Caves thoſe Powers ſhall ſtrait appear;
Be not afraid whatever ſhapes they wear.

Zemp. There's nothing thou canſt raiſe can make me ſtart;
A living form can only ſhake my heart.

Iſm. *You twice Ten Hundred Deities,*
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
You Powers that dwell with Fate below,
And ſee what men are doom'd to do;
Where Elements in diſcord dwell;
Thou God of Sleep ariſe and tell
Great Zempoalla *what ſtrange Fate*
Muſt on her diſmal Viſion wait.

Zemp. How ſlow theſe Spirits are! Call, make them riſe,
Or they ſhall faſt from Flame and Sacrifice.

Iſm. Great Empreſs----
Let not your rage offend what we adore,
And vainly threaten, when we muſt implore.
Sit and ſilently attend,----
While my powerful Charms I end.

By the croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make aboad,
Earthy Dun *that pants for breath,*
With her ſwell'd ſides full of death;
By the Creſted Adders Pride
That along the Clifts do glide;
By thy viſage fierce and black;

By

By the Deaths-head on thy back;
By the twisted Serpents plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waste.
By the Hearts of Gold that deck
Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:
From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes,
While bubling Springs their Musick keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

[*God of Dreams rises.*

God. Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd:
Too-busie Man wou'd find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shou'd know before;
For by that knowledg of his Destiny
He wou'd not live at all, but always die.
Enquire not then who shall from bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, and who shall bleed:
All must submit to their appointed doom;
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come:
Let me no more with powerful Charms be prest,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest. [*The God descends.*

Zemp. Stay Couz'ner, thou that hat'st clear truth like light,
And usest words dark as thy own dull night.
You Tirants Gods do you refuse to free
The Soul you gave from its perplexity?
Why shou'd we in your mercies still believe,
When you can never pity though we grieve?
For you have bound your selves by harsh decrees;
And those, not you, are now the Deities. [*Sits down sad.*

Ism. She droops under the weight of Rage and Care:
You Spirits that inhabit in the Air,
With all your powerful Charms of Musick try
To bring her Soul back to its harmony.

SONG is suppos'd sung by Aerial-Spirits.

Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in Air
Such heavy Passions never know.
Why then shou'd Mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From Blood, that sullen Cloud,
Which shining Souls does shrond?
Then they'l shew bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their Care,
They slide to us and Air.

Zemp.

Zemp. Death on theſe Trifles: Cannot your Art find
Some means to eaſe the Paſſions of the Mind?
Or if you cannot give a Lover reſt,
Can you force Love into a Scornful Breſt?
Iſm. 'Tis Reaſon only can make Paſſions leſs;
Art gives not new, but may the old encreaſe;
Nor can it alter Love in any Breſt
That is with other flames before poſſeſs'd.
Zemp. If this be all your ſlighted Art can do,
I'le be a Fate both to your Gods and you;
I'le kindle other Flames, ſince I muſt burn,
And all their Temples into aſhes turn.
Iſm. Great Queen.
Zemp. If you wou'd have this Sentence ſtaid,
Summon their Godheads quickly to your aid,
And preſently compoſe a Charm that may
Loves flames into the Strangers breſt convey,
The Captive Stranger, be whoſe Sword and Eyes
Where ere they ſtrike meet ready Victories:
Make him but burn for me in flames like mine,
Victims ſhall bleed, and feaſted Altars ſhine:
If not----
Down go your Temples, and your Gods ſhall ſee
They have ſmall uſe of their Divinity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

The Scene opens and diſcovers Montezuma *ſleeping in Priſon.*

Enter Traxalla *leading in* Orazia.

Trax. NOw take your choice, and bid him live or die;
To both ſhew Pity or ſhew Cruelty:
'Tis you that muſt condemn, I'le only act;
Your Sentence is more cruel than my Fact.
Oraz. You are moſt cruel to diſturb a mind
Which to approaching Fate was ſo reſign'd.
Trax. Reward my Paſſions, and you'l quickly prove
There's none dare ſacrifice what I dare love.
Next to thee, Stranger, wake, and now reſign
The bold pretences of thy Love to mine,
Or in this fatal minute thou ſhalt finde----
Mont. Death, fool; in that thou maiſt be juſt and kind:
'Twas I that lov'd *Orazia*, yet did raiſe
The ſtorm in which ſhe ſinks: why doſt thou gaze,

Or

Or ſtay thy hand from giving that juſt ſtroke,
Which rather than prevent, I wou'd provoke?
When I am dead *Orazia* may forgive;
She never muſt, if I dare wiſh to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold---- O *Montezuma*, can you be
So careleſs of your ſelf, but more of me?
Though you have brought me to this miſery,
I bluſh to ſay I cannot ſee you die.

Mont. Can my approaching Fate ſuch pity move?
The Gods and you at once forgive and love.

Trax. Fond fool, thus to miſpend that little breath
I lent thee to prevent not haſten Death:
Let her thank you ſhe was unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your fate;
Prove to each other your own Deſtinies. [*Draws.*

Enter Zempoalla *haſtily, and ſets a Dagger to* Orazia's *breaſt.*

Zemp. Hold, hold, *Traxalla*, or *Orazia* dies.
O, is't *Orazia*'s Name that makes you ſtay?
'Tis her great Power, not mine, that you obey.
Inhumane wretch, dar'ſt thou the murtherer be
Of him that is not yet condemn'd by me?

Trax. The wretch that gave you all the pow'r you have,
May venture ſure to execute a Slave;
And quench a flame your fondneſs would have burn,
Which may this City into aſhes turn.
The Nation in your guilty paſſion loſt,
To me ungrateful, to your Country moſt:
But this ſhall be their Offering, I their Prieſt.

Zemp. The wounds thou giv'ſt I'le copy on her breſt.
Strike, and I'le open here a ſpring of blood,
Shall add new Rivers to the crimſon flood.
How his pale looks are fix'd on her!---'tis ſo.
Oh, does amazement on your ſpirit grow?
What, is your publick Love *Orazia*'s grown?
Cou'dſt thou ſee mine, and yet not hide thy own?
Suppoſe I ſhou'd ſtrike firſt, wou'd it not breed
Grief in your publick heart to ſee her bleed?

Trax. She mocks my paſſions, in her ſparkling eyes
Death and a cloſe diſſembled fury lies:
I dare not truſt her thus.----If ſhe muſt die,
The way to her lov'd Life through mine ſhall lie.

[*He puts her by and ſteps before* Orazia,
and ſhe runs before Montezuma.

Zemp. And he that does this Strangers fate deſign,
Muſt to his heart a paſſage force through mine.

Trax. Can fair *Orazia* yet no pity have?
'Tis juſt ſhe ſhou'd her own Preſerver ſave.

Zemp. Can *Montezuma* ſo ungrateful prove
To her that gave him Life, and offers Love?
Oraz. Can *Montezuma* live, and live to be
Juſt to another, and unjuſt to me?
You need not be ungrateful; can ſhe give
A Life to you, if you refuſe to live?
Forgive me Paſſion, I had rather ſee
You dead, than kind to any thing but me.
Mont. O my *Orazia*!
To what new joys and knowledg am I brought!
Are deaths hard leſſons by a Woman taught?
How to deſpiſe my Fate I always knew;
But ne're durſt think at once of death and you:
Yet ſince you teach this generous jealouſie,
I dare not wiſh your life, if I muſt die.
How much your Love my Courage does exceed!
Courage alone would ſhrink to ſee you bleed.
Zemp. Ungrateful Stranger, thou ſhalt pleaſe thy eyes,
And gaze upon *Orazia* while ſhe dies.
I'le keep my Vow:---- It is ſome joy to ſee
That my Revenge will prove my Piety.
Trax. Then both ſhall die; we have too long withſtood,
By private Paſſions urg'd, the Publick good.
Zemp. Sure he diſſembles, and perhaps may prove
My ruine with his new ambitious Love:
Were but this ſtranger kind, I'de croſs his Art,
And give my Empire where I gave my heart. [*Aſide.*
Yet thou ungrateful man,
Let thy approaching ruine make thee wiſe.
Mont. Thee and thy Love and Miſchief I deſpiſe.
Zemp. What ſhall I do?--- ſome way muſt yet be try'd.
What Reaſons can ſhe uſe whom Paſsions guide?
Trax. Some black deſigns are hatching now; falſe Eyes
Are quick to ſee anothers Treacheries.
Zemp. Raſh Stranger, thus to pull down thy own fate.
Mont. You, and that life you offer me, I hate.

Enter Jaylor.

Zemp. Here Jaylor,---take---what title muſt he have?
Slave---Slave---Am I then Captive to a Slave!
Why art thou thus unwilling to be free?
Mont. Death will releaſe me from theſe Chains and thee.
Zemp. Here Jaylor, take this Monſter from my ſight,
And keep him where it may be always night;
Let none come neer him; if thou doſt, expect
To pay thy life the price of the Neglect.
Mont. I ſcorn thy Pity and thy Cruelty,

And

And ſhou'd deſpiſe a Bleſſing ſent from thee.
Zemp. Oh horror to my Soul! take him away;
My Rage like damb'd up Streams ſwell'd by ſome ſtay
Shall from this oppoſition get new force,
And leave the bound of its old eaſie courſe.
Come my *Traxalla*, let us both forgive,
And in theſe Wretches Fates begin to live.
The Altars ſhall be crown'd with Fun'ral Boughs,
Peace-offrings pay'd,----but with unquiet Vows. [*Ex.*Zem.Tr.
Oraz. How are things ordered, that the wicked ſhou'd
Appear more kind and gentle than the good!
Her Paſſion ſeems to make her kinder prove,
And I ſeem cruel through exceſs of Love:
She loves, and wou'd prevent his death; but I
That love him better, fear he ſhou'd not die.
My Jealouſie, immortal as my Love,
Wou'd rob my Grave below, and me above,
Of Reſt.--- Ye Gods, if I repine, forgive;
You neither let me die in Peace, nor live.

Enter Acacis, *Jaylor, and Indians.*

Jaylor. They are juſt gone, Sir.
Aca. 'Tis well: be faithful to my juſt deſign,
And all thy Princes Fortune ſhall be thine. [*Exit* Acacis.
Indian. This ſhall to the Empreſs. [*Exit Indian.*
Oraz. What can this mean!---
'Twas Prince *Acacis*, if I durſt believe
My ſight; but Sorrow may like Joy deceive:
Each object different from it ſelf appears,
That comes not to the Eyes but through their Tears.

Enter Acacis *bringing in* Montezuma.

Ha!----
Aca. Here, Sir, wear this again;
Now follow me.
Mont. So, very good;---
I dare not think, for I may gueſs amiſs;
None can deceive me while I truſt to this. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Orazia, *conducted by two Indians with their Swords drawn*: Montezuma, Acacis, *whiſpering another Indian.*

Aca. Think what a weight upon thy faith I lay.
Ind. I ne're did more unwillingly obey.
Aca. Firſt *Montezuma*, take thy liberty;
Thou gav'ſt me freedom, here I ſet thee free;
We're equal now. Madam, the danger's great

Of close pursuit; to favour your Retreat
Permit we two a little while remain
Behind, while you go softly o're the Plain.
Oraz. Why shou'd I go before? what's your intent?
Where is my Father? whither am I sent?
Aca. Your doubts shall soon be clear'd. Conduct her on.
So, *Montezuma*, we are now alone: [*Exit* Orazia.
That which my Honour ow'd thee I have paid;
As Honour was, so Love must be obey'd.
I set *Orazia* as thy Captive free,
But as my Mistress ask her back from thee.
Mont. Thou hast perform'd what Honour bid thee do;
But Friendship bars what Honor Prompts me to.
Friends shou'd not fight.
Aca. If Friendship we profess,
Let us secure each others happiness;
One needs must die, and he shall happy prove
In her Remembrance, t'other in her Love.
My Guards wait neer, and if I fail they must
Give up *Orazia*, or betray their trust.
Mont. Suppose thou conquerst, wou'dst thou wander o're
The South-Sea Sands, or the rough Northern Shore,
That parts thy spacious Kingdom from *Peru*;
And leaving Empire, hopeless Love pursue?
Aca. By which of all my actions cou'd you guess,
Though more your merit, that my Love was less?
What prize can *Empire* with *Orazia* bear?
Or where Love fills the brest, what room for Fear?
Mont. Let fair *Orazia* then the Sentence give,
Else he may die whom she desires to live.
Aca. Your greater merits bribe her to your side;
My weaker Title must by Arms be try'd.
Mont. Oh Tyrant Love, how cruel are thy Laws!
I forfeit Friendship, or betray thy Cause.
That Person whom I wou'd defend from all
The World, that Person by my hand must fall.
Aca. Our Lives we to each others Friendships owe;
But Love calls back what Friendship did bestow:
Love has its Cruelties, but Friendship none;
And we now fight in Quarrels not our own. [*Fight.*

Enter Orazia.

Oraz. What noise is this?----
Hold, hold; what cause cou'd be so great to move
This furious hatred?----
Mont. 'Twas our furious Love.----
Aca. Love which I hid till I had set you free,

And

And bought your pardon with my liberty:
That done, I thought I leſs unjuſtly might
With *Montezuma* for *Orazia* fight;
He has prevail'd, and I muſt now confeſs
His fortune greater, not my paſſion leſs;
Yet cannot yield ye till his Sword remove,
A dying Rival that holds faſt his Love.

Orazia. Who ever falls, 'tis my Protector ſtill,
And then the crime's as great to dye as kill.
Acacis, do not hopeleſs love purſue,
But live, and this ſoft malady ſubdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me dye,
I am not worth your care, fly Madam, fly,
While I fall here unpittied, o're this Plain
Free from purſuit, the faithleſs Mountains gain; (true.
And theſe I charge as they wou'd have me think their friendſhip
Leave me alone to ſerve and follow you:
Make haſte fair Princeſs to avoid that fate,
Which does for your unhappy Father wait.

Orazia. Is he then left to dye, and ſhall he ſee
Himſelf forſaken, e're his death, by me?

Mont. What wou'd you do---

Orazia. To Priſon I'le return,
And there in fetters with my father mourn.

Mont. That ſaves not his, but throws your life away.

Orazia. Duty ſhall give what nature once muſt pay.

Aca. Life is the gift, which Heaven and Parents give,
And duty beſt preſerves it, if you live.

Orazia. I ſhou'd but further from my fountain fly,
And like an unfed ſtream run on and dye:
Urge me no more, and do not grieve to ſee
Your Honor rival'd by my Piety. [*Exit. She goes ſoftly off, and often looks back.*

Mont. If Honor wou'd not, ſhame wou'd lead the way.
I'le back with her.

Aca. Stay *Montezuma* ſtay---
Thy Rival cannot let thee go alone,
My love will bear me, though my blood is gone.
[*As they are going of.*

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, *the Indian that went to tell her, and the reſt, and ſeizes them.*

Zemp. Seize them---

Aca. Oh *Montezuma*, thou art loſt. [Orazia *comes back.*

Mont. No more proud heart, thy uſeleſs courage boaſt.
Courage thou curſe of the unfortunate,
That canſt encounter, not reſiſt ill fate.

Zemp.

Zemp. *Acacis* bleeds.---
What barbarous hand has wounded thus my Son?
Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy Sword 'twas done.
Thou bleed'ſt poor Prince, and I am left to grieve
My Rivals fall.
Trax. He bleeds, but yet may live.
Aca. Friendſhip and love my failing ſtrength renew,
I dare not dye when I ſhou'd live for you;
My death were now my crime, as it wou'd be
My guilt to live when I have ſet you free:
Thus I muſt ſtill remain unfortunate,
Your life and death are equally my fate.

Orazia *comes back.*

Orazia. A noiſe again, alas what do I ſee!
Love thou didſt once give place to Piety:
Now Piety, let Love triumph a while;
Here binde my hands: come *Montezuma* ſmile
At Fortune, ſince thou ſuffereſt for my ſake,
Orazia will her Captives chains partake
Mont. Now fate thy worſt.
Zemp. Lead to the Temple ſtraight,
A Prieſt, and Altar for theſe Lovers wait:
They ſhall be joyn'd, they ſhall.
Trax. And I will prove---
Thoſe joyes in vengeance, which I want in love.
Aca. I'le quench your thirſt with Blood, and will deſtroy
My ſelf, and with my ſelf, your cruel joy.
Now *Montezuma* ſince *Orazia* dyes,
I'le fall before thee, the firſt Sacrifice;
My title in her death ſhall exceed thine,
As much as in her life, thy hopes did mine:
And when with our mixt blood the Altar's dy'd.
Then our new Title let the Gods decide. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun all of Gold, and four Priests in habits of white, and red Feathers attending by a bloody Altar, as ready for sacrifice.

Then Enter the Guards, and Zempoalla, *and* Traxalla; Ynca, Orazia, *and* Montezuma *bound; as soon as they are plac'd the Priest sings.*

SONG.

You to whom Victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice,
And from our fates below;
Never did yet your Altars shine
Feasted with Blood so nere divine;
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
These you can ravish from a throne,
And by their loss of power declare your own.

Zemp. NOw to inflict those punishments that are
Due to the Authors of invasive War;
Who to deceive the oppressed world, like you,
Invent false quarrels to conceal the true.

Ynca. My quarrel was the same that all the Gods
Must have to thee, if there be any oddes
Betwixt those Tytles that are bad or good,
To Crowns descended or usurpt by Blood:
Swell not with this success, 'twas not to thee,
But to this man the Gods gave Victory.

Mont. Since I must perish by my own success,
Think my misfortunes more, my Crimes the less;
And so forgiving make me pleas'd to dye,
Thus punish'd for this guilty victory.

Ynca. Death can make vertue easie; I forgive:
That word wou'd prove too hard were I to live;
The Honor of a Prince wou'd then deny,
But in the Grave all our distinctions dye.

Mont. Forgive me one thing yet; to say I love,
Let it no more your scorn or anger move,
Since dying in one flame, my ashes must
Embrace and mingle with *Orazia*'s dust.

Ynca.

Inca. Name thy bold love no more, leſt that laſt breath
Which ſhou'd forgive, I ſtifle with my death.
Orazia. Oh my dear Father! Oh, why may not I,
Since you gave life to me, for you now dye?
Mont. 'Tis I that wrought theſe miſchief ought to fall;
A juſt and willing ſacrifice for all.
Now *Zempoalla*, be both juſt and kinde,
And in my fate let me thy mercy finde:
Be grateful then, and grant me that eſteem,
That as I live, ſo dead I may redeem.
Oraz. O do not for her cruel mercy move;
None ſhou'd aſk pitty but from thoſe they love. [*Weeps.*
Inca. Fond girle, to let thy diſobedient eyes
Show a concern for him whom I deſpiſe.
Orazia. How love and nature may divide a breaſt,
At once by both their Pow'rs ſeverely preſt!
Yet Sir, ſince love ſeems leſs, you may forgive,
I wou'd not have you dye, nor have him live;
Yet if he dyes, alas what ſhall I do?
I cannot dye with him, and live with you.
Mont. How vainly we purſue this generous ſtrife,
Parting in death more cruel then in life!
Weep not, we both ſhall have one deſtiny,
As in one flame we liv'd, in one we'l dye.
Trax. Why do we waſte in vain theſe precious hours?
Each minute of his life may hazzard ours:
The Nation does not live whilſt he enjoyes.
His life, it is his ſafety that deſtroyes.
He ſhall fall firſt, and teach the reſt to dye.
Zemp. Hold---
Who is it that commands---ha, you or I?
Your zeal grows ſaucy; ſure you may allow
Your Empreſs freedom firſt to pay her vow.
Trax. She may allow---a juſtice to be done
By him that rais'd his Empreſs to her Throne.
Zemp. You are too bold--
Trax. And you too paſſionate.
Zemp. Take heed with his, you urge not your own fate.
For all this pitty is now due to mee.
Mont. I hate thy offer'd mercy more then thee.
Trax. Why will not then the fair *Orazia* give
Life to her ſelf, and let *Traxalla* live?
Mont. Orazia will not live, and let me dye;
She taught me firſt this cruel jealouſie.
Orazia. I joy that you have learn'd it---
That flame not like immortal love appears
Where death can cool its warmth, or kill its fears.
Zemp. What ſhall I do? am I ſo quite forlorn,

No

No help from my own pride, nor from his ſcorn!
My Rivals death may more effectual prove,
He that is rob'd of hope, may ceaſe to love:
Here, lead theſe Offerings to their deaths.
Trax. Let none---
Obey, but he that will pull on his own.
Zemp. Tempt me not thus, falſe and ingrateful too.
Trax. Juſt as ungrateful, and as falſe as you.
Zemp. 'Tis thy falſe loue that fears her deſtiny.
Trax. And your falſe love that fears to have him dye.
Zemp. Seize the bold Traytor.
Trax. What a ſlighted frown
Troubles your brow? feared nor obeyed by none;
Come prepare for ſacrifice.

Enter Acacis *weakly.*

Aca. Hold, hold, ſuch ſacrifices cannot be,
Devotion's but a ſolemn cruelty!:
How can the Gods delight in humane blood?
Think 'um not cruel; if you think 'um good.
In vain we aſk that mercy which they want,
And hope that pitty which they hate to grant.
Zemp. Retire *Acacis*---
Preſerve thy ſelf, for 'tis in vain to waſte
Thy breath for them: the fatal vow is paſt.
Aca. To break that vow is juſter then commit
A greater crime by your preſerving it.
Zemp. The Gods themſelves their own will beſt expreſs
To like the vow, by giving the ſucceſs.
Aca. If all things by ſucceſs are underſtood,
Men that make War, grow wicked to be good:
But did you vow thoſe that were overcome,
And he that conquered both ſhou'd ſhare one doom.
There's no excuſe; for one of theſe muſt be
Not your devotion, but your cruelty.
Trax. To that raſh ſtranger Sir we nothing owe,
What he had rais'd he ſtrove to overthrow:
That duty loſt which ſhou'd our actions guide,
Courage proves guilt, when merits ſwell to pride.
Aca. Dar'ſt thou who didſt thy Princes life betray,
Once name that duty thou haſt thrown away:
Like thy injuſtice to this ſtranger ſhown,
To tax him with a guilt that is thy own?---
Can you brave Souldiers ſuffer him to dye,
That gave you life in giving victory?
Look but upon this ſtranger, ſee thoſe hands,
That brought you freedom fetter'd up in bands.

Not one looks up---
Leaſt ſuddain pitty ſhou'd their hearts ſurprize,
And ſteal into their boſoms through their eyes.
Zemp. Why thus in vain are thy weak ſpirits preſt,
Reſtore thy ſelf to thy more needful reſt.
Aca. And leave *Orazia*---
Zemp. Go you muſt reſign---
For ſhe muſt be the Gods, not yours nor mine.
Aca. You are my Mother, and my tongue is ti'd,
So much by duty that I dare not chide.
Divine *Orazia*----
Can you have ſo much mercy to forgive?
I do not aſk it with deſign to live,
But in my death to have my torments ceaſe:
Death is not death when it can bring no peace.
Orazia. I both forgive and pitty---
Aca. O ſay no more, leſt words leſs kinde deſtroy,
What theſe have rais'd in me of peace and joy;
You ſaid you did both pitty and forgive,
You wou'd do neither ſhou'd *Acacis* live.
By death alone the certain way appears,
Thus to hope mercy and deſerve your tears. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Zemp. O my *Acacis!*---
What cruel cauſe cou'd urge this fatal deed! [*Weeps.*
He faints, help, help, ſome help or he will bleed,
His life and mine away:
Some water there---Not one ſtirs from his place;
I'le uſe my tears to ſprinkle on his face.
Aca. Orazia.----
Zemp. Fond childe, why do'ſt thou call upon her name?
I am thy Mother.
Aca. No, you are my ſhame,
That blood is ſhed that you had title in,
And with your title may it end your ſin:
Unhappy Prince, you may forgive me now,
Thus bleeding for my mothers cruel vow.
Inca. Be not concern'd for me---
Death's eaſier then the changes I have ſeen,
I wou'd not live to truſt the world again.
Mont. Into my eyes ſorrrow begins to creep,
When hands are ty'd it is no ſhame to weep.
Aca. Dear *Montezuma.*
I may be ſtill your Friend, though I muſt dye
Your Rival in her love; Eternity
Has room enough for both, there's no deſire,
Where to enjoy is only to admire:
There we'l meet friends, when this ſhort ſtorm is paſt.
Mont. Why muſt I tamely wait to periſh laſt?

Aca.

Aca. Orazia weeps, and my parch't ſoul appears
Refreſh'd by that kinde ſhower of pittying tears;
Forgive thoſe faults my paſſion did commit,
'Tis puniſh'd with the life that nouriſh'd it:
I had no power in this extremity
To ſave your life, and leſs to ſee you dye.
My eyes wou'd ever on this object ſtay,
But ſinking Nature takes the props away.
----Kinde death---
To end with pleaſures all my miſeries
Shuts up your image in my cloſing eyes. [*Dyes.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

1 *Meſſ.* To Armes, to Armes.

Trax. From whence this ſuddain fear?

1 *Meſſ.* Stand to your guard my Lord, the danger's near:
From every quarter crowds of people meet,
And leaving houſes empty, fill the ſtreet. [*Ex. Meſſ.*

Trax. Fond Queen, thy fruitleſs tears a while defer.
Riſe, we muſt joyn again---Not ſpeak nor ſtir!
I hear the peoples voice like windes that roar,
When they purſue the flying waves to ſhore.

Enter ſecond Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſen.* Prepare to fight my Lord; the Baniſht Queen,
With old *Garrucca* in the ſtreets are ſeen.

Trax. We muſt go meet them ere it be too late;
Yet Madam riſe, have you no ſence of fate.

Enter third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſen.* King *Montezuma* their Lord ſhouts proclaim,
The City rings with their new Sovereigns name;
The baniſh'd Queen declares he is her Son,
And to his ſuccor all the people run. [Zempoalla *riſes.*

Zemp. Can this be true? O Love! O Fate! have I
Thus doated on my mortal enemy.

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my homage pay;
Your Reign is ſhort young King.

Zemp. Traxalla ſtay---
'Tis to my hand that he muſt owe his fate,
I will revenge at once my love and hate.

[*She ſets a Dagger to* Montezuma's *breaſt.*

Trax. Strike, ſtrike, the conquering enemy is near,
My guards are preſs'd while you detain me here.

Zemp. Dye then ungrateful, dye; *Amexia's* Son
Shall never triumph on *Acacis* Throne:
Thy death muſt my unhappy flames remove;
Now where is thy defence---againſt my love?

[*She cuts the cords, and gives him the Dagger.*

Trax. Am I betrayed?

[*He draws and thruſts at* Montezuma, *he puts it by and kills him.*

Mont. So may all Rebels dye:
This end has treaſon joyn'd with cruelty.
Zemp. Live thou whom I muſt love, and yet muſt hate;
She gave thee life, who knows it brings her fate.
Mont. Life is a trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazias* and her fathers ſake:
Now *Inca* hate me, if thou canſt; for he
Whom thou haſt ſcorn'd will dye or reſcue thee.
[*As he goes to attaque the Guards with* Traxalla's *Sword.*

Enter Amexica, Garrucca, *Indians, driving ſome of the other Party before them.*

Gar. He lives, ye Gods, he lives great Queen, ſee here
Your coming joyes, and your departing fear.
Amex. Wonder and joy ſo faſt together flow,
Their haſte to paſs has made their paſſage ſlow;
Like ſtruggling waters in a Veſſel pent,
Whoſe crowding drops choak up the narrow Vent.
My Son.--- [*She imbraces him.*
Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be---
That fate has ſuch a joy in ſtore for me.
Amex. Can I not gain belief, that this is true?
Mont. It is my fortune I ſuſpect, not you.
Gar. Firſt aſk him if he old *Garrucca* know.
Mont. My honored Father, let me fall thus low.
Gar. Forbear great Prince, 'tis I muſt pay to you
That adoration, as my Sovereigns due:
For from my humble race you did not ſpring,
You are the iſſue of our murthered King,
Sent by that Traytor to his bleſt abode,
Whom to be made a King, he made a God:
The ſtory is too full of fate to tell,
Or what ſtrange fortune our loſt Queen befel.
Amex. That ſad relation longer time will crave;
I liv'd obſcure, he bred you in a Cave,
But kept the mighty ſecret from your ear,
Leſt heat of blood to ſome ſtrange courſe ſhou'd ſteer
Your youth---
Mont. I owe him all that now I am,
He taught me firſt the noble thirſt of fame,
Shewd me the baſeneſs of unmanly fear,
Till th' unlick'd whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,
And made the Ounce and Tyger give me way,
While from their hungry jaws I ſnatch'd the Prey:
'Twas he that charg'd my young armes firſt with toils,
And dreſt me glorious in my ſalvage ſpoils.---
Gar. You ſpent in ſhady Foreſts all the day,
And joy'd returning to ſhew me the Prey.

To

To tell the ſtory, to deſcribe the place,
With all the pleaſures of the boaſted chaſe;
Till fit for armes, I reav'd you from your ſport,
To train your Youth in the Peruvian Court:
I left you there, and ever ſince have been,
The ſad attendant of my exil'd Queen.
Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my memory;
That Lion whom I held in bonds was he,
Amexia was the Dove that broke his chains;
What now but *Zempoalla*'s death remains?
Mont. Pardon fair Princeſs if I muſt delay
My love a while, my gratitude to pay.
Live *Zempoalla*---free from dangers live
For preſent merits I paſt crimes forgive:
Oh might ſhe hope *Orazia*'s pardon too.---
Orazia. I wou'd have none condemn'd for loving you;
In me her merit much her fault o're powers,
She ſought my life, but ſhe preſerv'd me yours.
Amex. Taught by my own I pitty her eſtate,
And wiſh her penitence, but not her fate.
Inca. I wou'd not be the laſt to bid her live;
Kings beſt revenge their wrongs when they forgive.
Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been,
Wou'd you give life to her that was a Queen:
Muſt you then give, and muſt I take; there's yet
One way, that's by refuſing to be great:
You bid me live---bid me be wretched too,
Think, think, what pride unthron'd muſt undergo:
Look on this youth *Amexia*, look, and then
Suppoſe him yours, and bid me live again;
A greater ſweetneſs on theſe lips there grows,
Then breath ſhut out from a new folded Roſe:
What lovely charms on theſe cold cheeks appear,
Cou'd any one hate death and ſee it here?
But thou art gone --
Mont. O that you wou'd believe
Acacis lives in me, and ceaſe to grieve.
Zemp. Yes, I will ceaſe to grieve, and ceaſe to be
His ſoul ſtayes watching in his wound for me;
All that cou'd render life deſir'd is gone,
Orazia has my love, and you my Throne:
And death *Acacis*---yet I need not dye,
You leave me Miſtriſs of my deſtiny;
In ſpight of dreams how am I pleas'd to ſee,
Heavens truth or falſhood ſhou'd depend on me;
But I will help the Gods;
The greateſt proof of courage we can give,
Is then to dye when we have power to live. [*Kills her ſelf.*

Mont.

Mont. How fatally that inſtrument of death
Was hid---

Amex. She has expir'd her lateſt breath.

Mont. But there lies one to whom all griefs is due.

Orazia. None e're was ſo unhappy and ſo true.

Mont. Your pardon royal Sir.

Inca. You have my Love. [*Gives him* Oraz.

Amex. The Gods my Son your happy choice approve.

Mont. Come my *Orazia* then, and pay with me,
[*Leads her to* Acaces.
Some tears to poor *Acacis* memory;
So ſtrange a fate for men the Gods ordain
Our cleareſt Sun ſhine ſhou'd be mixt with rain;
How equally our joyes and ſorrows move!
Deaths fatal triumphs joyn'd with thoſe of love.
Love crowns the dead, and death Crowns him that lives,
Each gains the Conqueſt which the other gives. [*Ex. omnes.*

FINIS.

Epilogue to the *INDIAN QUEEN*, Spoken by *Montezuma*.

You ſee what Shifts we are inforc'd to try
To help out Wit with ſome Variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were ſeen,
'Tis hard to finde ſuch Wit as ne're has been:
You have ſeen all that this old World cou'd do,
We therefore try the fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your aim to hit
At untaught Nature with your practic'd Wit:
Our naked Indians then, when Wits appear,
Wou'd as ſoon chuſe to have the Spaniards here:
'Tis true, y'have marks enough, the Plot, the Show,
The Poets Scenes, nay, more the Painters too:
If all this fail, conſidering the coſt,
'Tis a true Voyage to the Indies loſt:
But if you ſmile on all, then theſe deſigns,
Like the imperfect Treaſure of our Mindes,
'Twill paſs for currant whereſoe're they go,
When to your bounteous hands their ſtamps they owe.

FINIS.

Epilogue to the INDIAN QUEEN, Spoken
by Mountezuma.

Now for what Shifts we are inforc'd to try
To help our ill-writ long Lucky;
Others may perhaps more or more Scene,
'Tis hard to find such Store of Wit as we've has been:
For have seen all that this World could do,
Observe by the Fortune of the Year,
And hope to Holdon your Ears to Ear.
It manages Nature more Expressive by far.
Our naked Indians then, when ill dress'd appear,
Show like the Spaniards here:
Were you, like us, many Months aboard the Fleet, the Show,
Would make you Strangers, more the Painters too:

Sarah Harriott

THE Vestal-Virgin,

OR THE

Roman Ladies.

A

TRAGEDY.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange.

1665.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Emilius, A Roman Senator of great Quality.
Sertorius, One that had been a General; a brave Man, of a high Spirit.
Sulpitius, His Brother, of a treacherous Nature.
Mutius, One that had been a Lieutenant of a Province, a Lover of War.
Artabaces, Prince of *Armenia*, driven from his Country by the *Romans*.
Tiridates, His younger Brother, Pris'ner at large in *Rome*, and kept as Hoſtage till his Brother came in.
Caska, Servant to *Sertorius*.
Corbulo, and four or five more *Veterans*.

Women.

Herſilia, Daughter to *Emilius*.
Verginia, Her Siſter, the Veſtal.
Marcellina, Their Couſin.

Scene *ROME*.

PROLOGUE.

PRologues, like Forlorn-hopes, firſt face the Stage,
Before the main Battalions do engage:
Juſt ſo our Poet, doubtful of the day,
Ventures his Prologue firſt, and next his Play.
But ſtay, I fancy that I hear one call;
I'le ſtep but to the door, and tell you all.
Troth 'tis the Poets voice, now danger's near;
He ſends me back as his Commiſſioner,
To treat that he might fairly march away,
If you wou'd be content to have no Play.
He offers fair: Shou'd it prove very bad,
As like enough it will, you'd wiſh you had:
He has been wounded, proofs there need no more
Than what you know, that he has writ before;
For ſure none ever ſcap'd that ever writ;
There's no being ſhot-free in the Wars of Wit:
Poets by dangers like old Souldiers taught,
Grow wiſe, and ſhun the fame which once they ſought.
But if he muſt proceed------
Wou'd you wou'd tell him which of all the ways
You like in Prologues, us'd to help out Plays.
Some tell you ſtories of the former Age,
And ſwear that Faction now undoes the Stage;
Sure ſuch believe you'l do as you are bid,
And that you paid your money to be chid.
Some craftier Poets at each other hit,
Knowing grave Rudeneſs has been took for Wit;
This does a wretched dearth of Wit betray,
When things of Kind on one another prey.
Some Prologues are more modeſtly addreſs'd,
Juſt like Petitions, thoſe he thinks are beſt;
For ſuch a one he means that this ſhall be,
And therefore humbly ſhews *as you ſhall ſee.*

THE

THE Veſtal-Virgin, *Sarah* OR THE *Harriot* OF Roman Ladies.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Sertorius *and* Sulpitius.

Sert. NOt ſpeak to her, nor ſee her!

Sulp. But for a few days.

Sert. A minute is too much.

Sulp. Be but patient.

Sert. And tamely wait upon my Rival's [triumph.

Sul. You do miſtake.

Sert. So do you, to think a Roman Soul can be
So mean to ſtoop to his own Victory;
Submitting to a Princes empty Name,
And tamely yield unto a vanquiſh'd Fame.

Sulp. Your Paſſion tells you wrong; 'tis not that Prince,
But 'tis *Herſilia* ſends you theſe Commands.

Sert. I care not whence they came, I like 'um not.

Sulp. You throw away your fury now as wildly,
As Tempeſts waſte their giddy violence.

Sert. No matter, raging Storms grow loud and high
When they are moſt oppos'd, and ſo will I.

Sulp. Am not I your Brother!

Sert.

Sert. Is not Prince *Tiridates*, as you call him,
Your boſom Friend?
Sulp. You are not jealous, are you, that his Frienſhip
Makes me betray the truſt you plac'd in me?
Sert. You ſhou'd have ſcrupled then to bring a Brother
Such an unwelcom Meſſage.
Sulp. Conſult a little with your prudence.
Sert. Wiſdom's too froward to let any find
Truſt in himſelf, or pleaſure in his mind;
She takes by what ſhe gives, her help deſtroys;
She ſhakes our Courage, and diſturbs our joys:
Raſhneſs allows unto the ſudden ſenſe
All its own joys, and adds her Confidence.
Sulp. You have not patience but to hear the Circumſtance.
Sert. Well, well, what is't? quickly then.
Sulp. 'Tis more than you deſerve.
Sert. Then keep it for your ſelf.
Sulp. They properly belong to you,
Since they were her commands; when ſhe ſent them
She mingled trouble with her ſeeming cruelty,
----Then ſigh'd, and paus'd----then bid me tell you,
Her Father was ſo kind to *Tiridates*,
She cou'd no other way deny his Viſits,
But by forbidding yours for ſome few days,
To give her ſelf time to attempt ſome Friends,
To try their intereſt to perſwade her Father
That ſhe with freedom may be left to chuſe
Where inclination guids her.
Sert. Um'h.
Sulp. Now Sir, is the Circumſtance ſo trivial?
Sert. But was this all ſhe ſaid?
Sulp. Was not this enough?
Sert. As it may prove----
You are ſure *Tiridates* will be forbid too,----
-----Are you not?-----
Sulp. As I ſuppoſe.
Sert. I will be ſure of that,----or elſe-----
Sulp. What need you queſtion it? in a few hours
You will diſcover that you are abus'd,
If there be foul play meant on any ſide.
Sert. That's true,----but----
Sulp. Come, trouble your ſelf no more, but ſtrictly
Obſerve what ſhe commands.
Theſe ſtarts are the Convulſions of weak Reaſon,
When fits of Paſſion grow too ſtrong upon you.
We have all our haggard Paſſions, but none ſo wild
Or ſo unman'd as yours;----
They may be tam'd and brought from their exceſs,

And watch'd by Reaſon into gentleneſs.

Sert. Without your *Simile* I will endeavour to endure it, ------But-----

Sulp. But what?

Sert. I find a mutiny in all my Faculties,
That will not yield to this Ceſſation;
My Tongue ſeems to conſent without Commiſſion:
But I'le go wrangle with my ſelf,
And will obey her----if I can---- [*Exit* Sertorius.

Sulp. Where muſt my wild beginnings find an end?
Nature and Friendſhip; Brother too, and Friend!
Titles that grow in ſoils ſo rich and good,
Whoſe Roots are ſpread in Honour and in Blood:
Yet all thoſe ties keep not their hold ſo faſt,
As to oppoſe unſhaken but one blaſt
Of Loves unruly ſtorm; great Trees fall ſo,
Pulling up all about 'um where they grow.

Enter Tiridates, *runs to* Sulpitius *and embraces him.*

Tir. O my *Sulpitius*, thou that canſt prove
Friend to the Rival of thy Brother's Love;
Have you yet ſpoke of me, and wou'd ſhe hear?
'Tis not thy Friendſhip but her Love I fear.

Sulp. I did not name you.

Tir. ——————Perhaps you did not dare.
Methinks concern'd Phyſitians, in deſpair,
Gaze on their Patients as you ſtare on me,
And from their Skill ſink to their Piety.

Sulp. I wiſh *Herſilia* had not nam'd you.

Tir. You are my Friend.

Sulp. And therefore cou'd not like th' unwelcom office
That ſhe has put upon me.

Tir. Cou'd you diſlike what ſhe commands!

Sulp. Yes, I do, or elſe I muſt repent
My Love to you, and grow indifferent.
Know, 'tis the cruel fair *Herſilia's* pleaſure
You ſhou'd forbear to viſit her, or if you meet her,
To ſpeak to her for ſome few days. [*He looks down as ſad.*

Tir. Why ſhou'd *Herſilia* cruelly contrive
Death for that paſſion which ſhe keeps alive?
But 'tis a guilt to queſtion or repine;
She acts like what ſhe ſeems, ſomthing divine:
For when Mankind their frailer paſſions ſhow,
Thoſe Pow'rs above condemn that made them ſo.

Sulp. I fear'd 'twou'd trouble you, for I can find
A meaſure of your ſorrows by my mind.

Tir. Did ſhe not tell you why?

Sulp.

Sulp. ---That ſhe refus'd,
Though I ſtill preſt it to finde out her end,
More then became one that was leſs your friend:
At laſt continuing ſtill importunate,
She told me with a ſmile, 'twas not her hate,
Nor love unto another was the cauſe,
She ſeem'd to be ſo cruel in theſe Laws.
Tir. When I loſt my Brother---
Brave *Artabaces* whom I cou'd not call
More brother then a friend; for he was all;
I did not think a friendſhip cou'd expreſs
It ſelf ſo great, to make his loſs the leſs:
But thine, my dear *Sulpitius*, is above
The Rules and Meaſures of the ſtricteſt love.
You might have hop't to ſee your Brothers joy,
Sprung from thoſe harſh commands which mine deſtroy.
Sulp. My love unto *Sertorius* is not leſs,
I wiſh his gratitude his happineſs,
To pay great *Marcellina* all Love's ſcores,
Whom every Roman but himſelf adores:
Why do ye droop? fie, fie, do not give way
To your encroaching griefs; hope and obey:
In the mean time during your baniſhment,
In my beſt love and care reſt confident.
I'le weary her with pray'rs, till I obtain
Leave from her lips to call you back again.
Ter. My hopes are only rais'd by thy kinde charms,
O let me alwayes hold thee in my armes. [*Embrace.*

Enter Sertorius.

Ser. I muſt go back and tell him 'tis impoſſible.
----Ha---twiſted.----
Sulp. How, my Brother!---
I muſt ſay ſomething quickly; but---what,
---Brother---perhaps you wonder---
Ser. Yes, I do.
Sulp. I mean, to ſee my kindeneſs at this time
So great to *Tiridates*: but as a friend,
I cou'd not be exempt from pitty.
Sert. What pitty does he need?
Sulp. It ſeems much more then you,
In the ſevere commands of fair *Herſilia*:
He is for ever baniſhed; no time nor hopes
Allow'd to him: you are too generous
To ſwell upon his ſinking.
Sert. That I deſpiſe.
Sulp. Pray give me leave at leaſt to ſhew

That

That pitty which a friend ought to beſtow:
Perhaps the reaſons of a friend may prove
A balm to cure the wounds of hopeleſs Love.
[*Goes to* Tiridates.
---I cou'd not ſtay a minute Sir---
From telling you the happy news
Which you may finde writ in my Brothers looks.
The fair and juſt *Herſilia* has pronounc'd
His baniſhment for ever.---

Enter Herſilia *and* Marcellina.

Ha, *Herſilia*! what new confuſions crowd upon me?
How near my my plots are to diſcovery!
I muſt out-face fortune and honeſty.
[*He ſteps to* Sertorius *haſtily.*
Brother, give not *Tiridates* the advantage
To ſeem more pleas'd then you in his obedience.
I'le inſtantly attempt to ſerve you. [*Goes to* Herſilia.
----Madam, this unexpected happineſs
Addes to the greatneſs of it.
Herſ. The coolneſs of the evening, and theſe Walks,
Invited out me and my Couſin,
Not thinking to have met ſo much good company
As you, Prince *Tiridates*, and *Sertorius*.
[*She curt'ſies to them, and they bow and ſtand ſtill.*
---Ha---*Marcellina*, a word. [*Speaks aſide with* Marcellina.
D'you not obſerve what an nnuſual diſtance
Prince *Tiridates*, and *Sertorius* keep?
Marc. I both obſerve and wonder.
Herſ. Peace, let's be gone---
We have almoſt tir'd our ſelves Sir,
And were juſt now returning home.
Sulp. Permit me Madam to receive the honor
Of waiting on you; I have ſomething to acquaint you with.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam,
Your Siſter the fair *Verginia* is juſt now
Brought from the *Veſtals*, and begs to ſee you.
Herſ. I long as much to look on her:
They ſay ſhe is much alter'd.---
---This is ſtrange *Marcellina*.---
[*Looks at* Tiridates *and* Sertorius.
Sulp. I will return preſently; till then be ſilent;
[*To* Sertorius.
I wait upon you Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Tiridates *and* Sertorius; *they ſtare at one another; at laſt* Sertorius *ſpeaks.*

Sert. I hope you do not think that I forbore
To ſpeak my love and thoughts unto *Herſilia*,
Becauſe a Rival did look on.
Tir. Nor did that hinder me to own my love.
Sert. Your hopes upon her Fathers friendſhip move.
Tir. The greatneſs of my love is its own aid.
Sert. Some uſe of empty titles might be made:
There is a noiſe with names of Princes brought;
Yet though her Father is with nothing caught,
Thoſe that have conquer'd Princes need not ſhow
Reſpect to titles which they can beſtow.
Tir. Cou'd any Roman Sword finde victory,
As ſoon as you can with your vanity,
A Prince indeed might tremble then to hear,
But now he ſmiles at what you'd have him fear.
Sert. O you ſhall ſee that I can keep my word,
And ſhew no Roman e're out-talk'd his Sword; [*They draw and fight.*
To this a greater quarrel yet I joyn,
Herſilia's cauſe, they equally are mine.

Enter Sulpitius, *runs in and parts them.*

Sulp. Hold, hold, hear me but ſpeak:
From what hid cauſe does all this fury break?
Sert. Love is our cauſe which we reſolve to truſt
To our own Swords, we're ſure that they are juſt.
Tir. 'Tis mean to wait for one to be deny'd,
And to refer that which we may decide:
Death is the certain Umpire that makes friends;
With him that dyes *Herſilia's* trouble ends.
Sert. Stand by, and ſince you wear the double tyes
Of Friend and Brother, look with equal eyes.
Sulp. Muſt *Herſilia* thus
Be ſav'd from trouble by the loſs of Fame?
Your Swords will wound her yet unſpotted name;
No drop of blood you ſhed but will remain
Upon her injur'd innocence, a ſtain;
She will be equally oblig'd to hate
The Victors life; the vanquiſh'd in his fate.
Sert. She's cruel now; if ſhe her hate ſhou'd ſhow
When I am dead, 'tis more then I ſhall know.
Sulp. Suppoſe ſhe never wou'd your loves requite,
For what is't then you wou'd pretend to fight?
'Tis vain to ſtrive for Empire that wou'd be
Not gain'd, but rather loſt by victory.
Sert. Yet without conqueſt ſhe is gain'd by none,

And

And only can be overcome by one;
Both in *Herſilia* cannot happy prove,
The Government is Monarchy in love.
Tir. *Sulpitius* now your troubles ſhall have end,
Left free to ſerve a brother or a friend:
He that firſt falls, (for one of us muſt dye)
Leaves you to to'ther as his legacy.
Sert. All the diſputes of love are judg'd by fate,
And death makes room when life is grown to ſtrait.
[*Offer to fight.*
Sulp. Hold, hear me a word!
Sert. Piſh.
Sulp. Of you I aſk it, *Tiridates*, ſtay,
And let your reaſon this raſh action weigh.
Tir. Love never waits on Reaſon but on chance;
But why ſhou'd you adviſe this temperance?
Bid me be cold, and bring the Fever too;
Herſilia ſent the baniſhment by you.
Sert. Ha,----
Did my careful brother bring you ſuch news?
Tir. Yes, and from *Herſilia's* cruel lips.
Sert. I received juſt ſuch another meſſage.
Can you tell Brother which was the Copy and Original?
Sulp. No.
Tir. How!
Sert. Whence came they then?
Sulp. From me.
Sert. And your invention.
Sulp. Right.
D'you think *Herſilia's* lov'd by you alone?
Had I perceiv'd it eaſie to be done,
I wou'd have fool'd you both: Why d'you ſtare?
D'you wonder that I love, or that I dare
Avow a paſſion which both you proclaim?
I'le be as loud as you in Love or Fame.
Sert. O Monſter.
Sulp. See I am chang'd, of your opinion grown, [*Draws.*
Think life and love is uſeful but for one:
We ſhall but hinder one another ſtill; agree
Which is my man, ſo Fate and Love for me.
Sert. Brave *Tiridates*,
This villains baſeneſs the firſt cauſe removes,
And makes the quarrel Natures, which was loves:
To me 'tis juſt the title to reſign,
To let out his foul blood that will ſtain mine:
Nor will I on the ſcore of Rivals fight.
And while I take my own injure your right:
But as his executioner I'le prove,

The Miniſter of Juſtice, not of Love.
Sulp. Fight you by your own rules, I'le make the Laws
For my own Sword, and love ſhall be my Cauſe.
[*Offers to fight.*
Tir. Hold, hold *Sertorius*,
No ſeeming cauſe can check or couzen Fame,
Every thing will at laſt bear its own name;
You may ſtand by with juſtice and look on,
Nature is your excuſe, but I have none.
Sert. Nature did never yet ſend an excuſe
In her own whiſpers, for her own abuſe.
Sulp. Come come, we trifle; let ſome lots decide
Which of your Fates with mine ſhall firſt be try'd.
Sert. Fortune has ever been too curſt to me,
To truſt her with my hopes of victory:
But *Tiridates* now methinks we ſhew
In our own cauſe too quick, in Loves too ſlow:
He that ſurvives of us by love will be
Entitled to revenge thy Treachery.
Tir. Thus I embrace the offer. [*Offer to fight.*
Sulp. Not ſo faſt,
I will fight too, and will not fight the laſt:
That mighty rate which nicely you aſſign
Your love and honour, I have fixt on mine.
Sert. My fleſh trembles like ſhaking earth, when preſt
By tempeſts that want room within her breaſt:
Through all my veins there runs a boiling flood,
And makes a thouſand pulſes in my blood.
Tir. Stay, *Sertorius*, ſtay; methinks we grow
Too bold; *Herſilia*'s ſentence ſhow'd beſtow
Life, or give death: we but like rebels are,
While with our Swords *Herſilia*'s pow'r we ſhare.
Come let us go like friends in miſery,
And from our Judges lips learn which ſhall dye.
Sert. He does diſſemble ſure----'tis noble--- [*Aſide.*
Brave Prince, with your fair temper I am brought
To reaſon, by a Rivals friendſhip taught:
Had you or I ſunk under t'others hate,
The living wou'd have pittied his hard fate.
Though love condemns, our grief may be the ſame;
For death's all one brought by a Sword or Flame:
'Twere mean, if love had not the pow'r to ſhew
That gen'rous grief which honour can beſtow. [*They put up.*
Why ſhou'd the ſteps rais'd by our honour prove
Too hard to be aſcended by our love.
Sulp. Good, very good; d'ye think to couzen me?
You practiſe to diſſemble ſcurvily.
Tir. All treachery dwells only in thy breaſt.

Sulp.

Sulp. Piſh, none are truly by themſelves expreſt;
He that ſeems vertuous does but act a part,
And ſhews not his own Nature, but his Art.
Sert. I can be tame no longer. [*Draws and offers*
Tir. ——*Sertorius* ſtay *to run at him.*
Our friendſhip muſt not yet oblige this way.
Sulp. O does the maſk fall off!
Sert. Let us together then diſpatch the Traytor.
Sulp. You dare not----
----Your honours as my guard will ſtand;
You both ſcorn odds, and I a ſingle hand.
Sert. Tortures ſeize thee.----*Tiridates*--- [*Makes a*
Tir. Enough. *ſign to him.*
Sulp. I'le follow too: O you need ſay no more.
Ser. How meanly we muſt part! never before
Honour and Love ſhew'd ſuch ſtrange properties,
To keep all ſafe by being enemies;
With their own niceneſs they themſelves betray,
And while they both command they both obey.
[*Exeunt at ſeveral doors.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Emilius, Herſilia, Marcellina, *and* Verginia *vail'd.*

Emil. WElcome my ſweet, my dear *Verginia*;
Off with this cloud, in thy own brightneſs ſhine,
And let my longing eyes twiſt rayes with thine;
All my decaying joyes grow warm, and bring
A heat which thaws me into youth agin.
Ver. Are you my Father Sir?
Emil. I am, ſweet Innocence; and richer in that title
By Natures gift, then he that by his fame
Of his own Countrey gains a Fathers name.
Ver. Your pardon Sir, that I ſeem amaz'd,
I never ſaw a man before.
Her. Pray Sir give us leave
To have a little ſhare in her enjoyment;
Deareſt Siſter, you look amaz'd or troubled. [*Embraces her.*
Ver. Pardon me dear Siſter, if you finde
Some ſmall diſturbance hang about my minde;
To be thus ſoon from a devotion brought,
Not more by precept then by cuſtom taught.
Mar. Dear Couſin, ſo much kindneſs yet expreſs
As to take pleaſure in our happineſs.

Ver.

Ver. 'Twere want of true Religion not to know
Some joy in ſo much goodneſs which you ſhew.
Emil. My dear *Verginia*,
I have found out a man to make thee happy,
Whoſe vertues, and whoſe fortunes ſhall contend
Which are the greateſt, both without an end.
Ver. What does my Father mean?
Emil. Come *Verginia*, company troubles thee I ſee,
Be not amaz'd; I muſt be fond of thee,
To wean thee from thy ſelf, till thou ſha't finde
No room but for content within thy minde. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manet* Herſilia, *and* Marcellina.

Mar. How fair ſhe is, how full of innocence!
All true content dwells with unpractic'd ſenſe.
Her. O *Marcellina*!
Though knowledge does beget both joy and love,
Yet vice and ſorrow too her iſſue prove;
Preſt with the laſt the greateſt numbers ſhew;
And the worlds ſeeming miſchief is to know.
——Did you not wonder *Marcellina*
At the ſtrange diſtance that was kept ſo ſtrictly
By *Tiridates* and *Sertorius*.
Mar. I did and was as much amaz'd as you;
I wiſh no miſchief happen, for their looks
Strove with a ſtrange conſtraint.
Herſ. Prince *Tiridates* too expreſt the ſame
——Whoſe gentle temper I have alwayes ſeen,
Like ſtanding water wearing ſtill one face,
That had no tides to move it from its place.
Mar. Can you gueſs the cauſe?
Her. Not in the leaſt.
Mar. I need not aſk, it is enough that they are Rivals,
And both love you.
Herſ. Such quarrels ſtill my injury muſt prove;
Both may deſerve, but cannot have my love;
Love cannot like the winde its help convey
To fill two ſails, though both are ſpread one way.
Mar. D'you love one of them?
Her. Yes, but not *Sertorius*:
Though freely I confeſs my love to thee;
Yet I forgive thy ſhort return to me,
Which ſeems to violate our friendſhips laws;
But his ingratitude pleads in thy cauſe;
Since the acknowledgement wou'd lay a blame
On thy great ſoul, or on thy cheeks a ſhame.
Mar. Be not deceiv'd *Herſilia*,
I wou'd not make my ſelf ſo guilty prove,
And like a hidden ſin diſown my love.

Her.

Herſ. Thus his ingratitude the more is ſhown.
Mar. By his ingratitude confeſs your own:
Where does the difference appear to be?
You cannot ſigh for him, nor he for me.
Herſ. But you deſerve much more then he can do.
Mar. He merits more then me, he merits you:
Love pleads no cauſe for the unfortunate,
Choice rules above our pow'r as much as fate:
Love unrewarded may to vertue grow,
But love for love like a deſign may ſhew.
Herſ. Sertorius, my revenge not love invites,
And that ſtrict friendſhip which our ſouls unites:
Muſt now our ſouls affections ſeparate,
And what you love 'tis juſt that I ſhou'd hate.
Mar. What friendſhip wou'd return my love denyes,
I dare not ſay I hate whom you deſpiſe.

Enter Sulpitius.

Herſ. Peace; *Sulpitius*;
Let him not ſee diſorder in our looks,
I ſuſpect him.---How amaz'd he ſeems!
Sulp. Help fortune now, thou that haſt alwayes ſent
Thy willing aid to the moſt confident.
——Madam———
Her. Sir.
Sulp. Perhaps your own amazement might be leſs,
Cou'd I forbear my wonder to expreſs.
Her. What wonder Sir?
Sulp. Some wonder muſt attend a ſuddain change,
To ſee Prince *Tiridates* and *Sertorius* ſtrange.
So unlike Lovers now they did appear,
That they both ſeem'd as if they never were.
Herſ. I know not what you mean.
Sulp. I wiſh 'twere ſo, my troubles then might end,
One is my brother, t'other is my friend:
Yet to thoſe titles there is nothing due,
Since they ſo ſoon forgot themſelves and you.
Her. You only fancy ſure this ſtrange neglect,
They paid to me as much as I expect.
Sul. I'm ſorry that my paſſion renders me
The ſevere judge of their inconſtancy.
Herſ. Your paſſion Sir!
Sulp. Yes mine, ſo mingled with eternity,
It underſtood not what they ſeem'd to be.
Mar. You ſpeak too like a Rival now to prove
An uncorrupted judge in plea's of love.
Sul. If I confeſs the bonds in which I'm ti'd,

Fair

Fair *Marcellina* ſhou'd not ſeem to chide;
Since if the juſt *Herſilia* pitties me,
I leave *Sertorius* to her love more free.
Mar. In ſuch mean paths as couz'ning States-men move,
To walk to greatneſs, others tread to love:
Both creep upon the ſtrength of fawning lyes,
And on mens blaſted fames attempt to riſe.
Sulp. This to me Madam that have alwayes ſhewn,
A ſorrow for your wrong!
Mar. I know of none,
But thoſe which I receive from your deſign;
The injury of vertue muſt be mine.
Sulp. Vertue by truth receives no injury.
Her. Truth is ill carried by an enemy;
I'le do my ſelf and them at leaſt this right,
To forbid you to come into my ſight.
O *Marcellina*, [*As going out.*
How hard it is my trouble to diſguize,
Though I believe not him, I muſt my eyes. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Sulpitius.

Sulp. What can this mean perhaps they both agree!
To hide their trouble, and to couzen me;
'Twas dull and fooliſh to betray my flame,
Deſigns that hit ſhou'd be as ſwift as aim.
They ſhou'd go quicker off; Powder not dry
Does ſeldom hit, but makes the foul more ſhie.

Enter Servant.

O *Claudius* welcome.
Ser. Have you ſped Sir?
Sulp. Indifferently; but ſtill thy merits
Deſerve more then I promis'd: Here, take this,
And ſtill continue conſtant to my wiſhes;
I ſhall need thy further help.
Ser. You ſhall not fail to have it Sir.
Sulp. Meet me an hour hence
Hard by the *Flavian* Bridge: fail not.
Ser. You need not Sir repeat commands to me.
Sulp. Thy rewards ſhall fall like ſhow'rs upon thee. [*Ex. Serv.*
My plots fall ſhort, like darts which raſh hands throw
With an ill aim, and have too far to go;
Nor can I long diſcoveries prevent,
I deal too much among the innocent:
Their tracks are not ſo ſoon diſcern'd that go
Thorow foul paths, as theirs that tread in ſnow. [*Exit,*

Enter

Enter Sertorius *and* Caska.

Sert. When will *Tiridates* meet?

Cask. Preſently, Sir; he promis'd to be there as ſoon as you. A little farther brings you to the place.

Sert. He's noble.
Why ſhou'd it eaſier prove
To agree more in Virtue than in Love!
Thoſe that are Rivals in their Piety
Are kind, yet all bow to one Deity:
We both have but one Altar and one Flame,
Our Honour, Love and Wiſhes are the ſame;
From thoſe fair Springs true Friendſhip us'd to flow;
But from thoſe Fountains now our Quarrels grow.

Enter Mutius.

Mut. Noble *Sertorius.*

Sert. You mean *Sulpitius.*

Mut. I ſhou'd be glad to ſee him.

Sert. Prethee look him. [*Exit with* Caſka.

Mut. What's this! I have been better entertain'd:
My Sword has help'd this Man to Victory;
But now it ſeems there is no uſe of me:
There may come yet a time-----

Enter five or ſix Veterans.

1. Brave *Mutius.*

Mut. Mighty Plebeians, yours.

1. A hard time, *Mutius.*

Mut. Eaſie enough for you, brave *Veterans*;
I take it you are not cloy'd with buſineſs.

2. 'Troth we have ſcarce buſineſs for our teeth.

Mut. Draw 'um then;
Hunger is the worſt kind of tooth-ach.

1. We have been courted *Mutius,*
Speeches made to us, and call'd the Bulwarks of the Country;
Now we are ſlighted.

Mut. Did you intend that for a jeſt?
I hate a Souldier that is poor and witty;
Wit is the peace of every man; hang it,
A Souldier ſhould be blunt and mutinous.

1. We ſhou'd be hang'd then.

Mut. Not if you'd hang together, puppies.
O the brave days of *Julius,* when he flew
The *Roman* Eagles at the ſtooping World,

And dar'd it like a Lark!

1. I, I, those were days.

Mut. Peace is the rust of Minds; brave Souls refine
By great Examples, and with use they shine.
I remember *Pharsalia*'s dreadful Field,
When the first Ranks came so neer a view,
The *Roman* Souldiers all each other knew;
In vain the Generals gave their fierce Commands,
The eyes of both the Armies held their hands;
While Brothers gaze, and Fathers Sons behold,
Nature in whispers her fond stories told;
Friends gaz'd on Friends, forgot they were to fight,
And made a halt as shameful as a flight;
When *Crastinus* advanc'd before the rest,
And struck his Pyle into a *Roman* breast:
As from one Cloud vast Tempests fill the Skies,
So showr's of Piles from his began to rise:
Had not his great example set us free,
We had been rob'd of that days Victory.

1. I Captain, our Emperor has shut up *Janus* Gates,
The World's at peace now.

Mut. Let him lull in't,
Till he forget the way how to Command;
'Tis a dark Lanthorn in a Princes hand;
'Tis Peace that shines, while he in darkness lives,
Hid by the light which he to others gives.
The Gown-men now by cherish'd Vices thrive;
Virtue is starv'd, or hardly kept alive;
Mischief is fed, while out of Policy
They keep some to betray, and some to lie.

1. No employment now for Souldiers.

Mut. You are dull Blockheads when y'are out of pay;
The Souldiers Vices lie another way.
D'ye think that States mens kindnesses proceed
From any principles but their own need?
When they'r affraid, they'r wondrous good and free;
But when they'r safe they have no memory.

1. The Great men swallow all.

Mut. Mankind upon each others ruines rise
Cowards maintain the brave, and Fools the Wise:
Honour and all Religion bears a price,
But as the rates are set by death and vice.

Enter Sulpitius.

Sulp. Brave *Mutius*, never more happily met.

Mut. That's well; did you not meet *Sertorius*?

Sulp. No, why d'ye ask?

Mut.

Mut. Nay nothing;
I thought he had been going to keep an Oracle,
He practis'd to ſtare and ſwell ſtrangely.
Sulp. Let him ſwell and burſt, it matters not.
-----Who are theſe, *Mutius?*
Mut. Quiet Rogues; they were brave Souldiers.
Sulp. Have they loſt their Spirits?
Mut. I know not; they are out of practiſe;
They have been bob'd;
They might be train'd agin perhaps, and enter'd.
Sulp. This way a little, *Mutius*; you are my Friend.
Mut. I wou'd cut any man's throat
That ſaid the contrary.
Sulp. I muſt uſe your Sword, *Mutius.*
Mut. Here it hangs ready, 'tis almoſt ruſty.
Sulp. Be not ſtartled when I tell you
'Tis againſt my Brother.
Mut. Let it be againſt your Father,
'Tis all one to me.
Sul. The quarrel is *Herſilia.*
Mut. A Woman is the worſt that cou'd be.
Are you to fight who ſhall have her?
Sulp. That ſhe muſt only judg.
Mut. So then, ſhall we fight to make her ſport?
A parcel of ſuch Lovers
Wou'd make excellent paſtime in the Amphitheatre:
I had an eaſier way with my Damſels;
Kind or cruel, they never ſcap'd me.
Sulp. Not if you cou'd come at 'um, *Mutius.*
Mut. If they were hid in Houſes
I made 'um bolt with Fire,
And pitch'd my toils on all ſides ready for 'um.
Sul. Ha----
1. Noble *Mutius*, farewel; we'l wait on you
Another time.
Sulp. Pray let your Friends ſtay a little.
Mut. Stay Gentlemen.
Sulp. Fire a Houſe, *Mutius!*
Mut. There's no ſuch way; the coyeſt then
Will leap into the next mans arms:
I have been thank'd for ſaving them
Out of the very Fire that I kindled.
Sulp. They may live to love *Herſilia.* [*Seems troubled.*
Mut. If we kill 'um, 'tis two to one however
That you'l ne're have her.
Sulp. Dare theſe men ſtick by us?
Mut. Pay 'um well, and let the buſineſs
Be wicked enough; Then never fear 'um.

Sul. They ſhall eat gold.

Mut. 'Troth I believe they can digeſt it too.

Sulp. Thou haſt put wild thoughts into my head:
If I ſhou'd fall, ſhe crowns their Victory;
Or if Prince *Tiridates* falls by me,
I muſt live hated by her. You Pow'rs above,
Let either Death or Life reward my Love.

Mut. You are troubled, Sir: I did not talk
To ſave the fighting part: I wou'd ſerve you in your love
Through greater dangers.

Sulp. O *Mutius*, adviſe me ſomthing;
My blood and thoughts ſtand ſtill within my breaſt;
Reaſon's aſleep, and torments ſeem at reſt.

Mut. Why I have told you my beſt ſtratagem;
If you get her Father's houſe but fir'd,
Let us alone, we'l help to quench it;
And in the hurry we may get your Miſtreſs;
There's no ſuſpicion waits on ſuch diſorders.

Sulp. Dear *Mutius*, thou reviv'ſt my drooping Soul;
There is no other way left probable.

Enter Claudius *a Servant.*

See *Mutius*, Fortune ſeconds thy advice,
Here's one may prove the inſtrument----walk off.
Claudius, welcome; here I have been ſhort in my Rewards.
[*Gives him money.*

Cl. You have been, Sir, too bountiful
To my ſmall ſervices.

Sulp. I have a buſineſs, if thou dar'ſt attempt it,
Shall treble thy Rewards, and yet leave me thy debtor.

Claud. Name it Sir, and think it done.

Sulp. Thou know'ſt
How unſuccesful I am like to prove;
One Act of thine may help me to *Herſilia*,
Then think what thy reward ſhall be.

Cl. Speak but the thing, Sir.

Sulp. Preſently then in ſome convenient place
Set fire on thy Maſter's houſe; do not wonder,
I'le have thoſe ready that ſhall quench it quickly;
And in the hurry, under pretence of help,
Bring *Herſilia* forth at the Eaſt-gate,
That looks towards the *Tiber*;
There I'le wait for her; and by my happineſs
Meaſure thy own Rewards.

Claud. Whither ſhall we fly, Sir?

Sulp. Trouble not thy ſelf, leave that to me:
Dar'ſt thou do it?

Claud. When wou'd you have it done, Sir?

Sulp.

Sulp. Preſently, before ſuſpicion can have time to grow.
Claud. I'le do it Sir; be ſure that you wait ready.
Sulp. Be gone about it, let me ſee it flame
Before an hour's expir'd: truſt to me,
And have no fears.
Claud. I know an unfrequented room
Fit for my purpoſe; I'le do it inſtantly:
Expect me at the Eaſt-gate. [*Ex.* Claud.
Sulp. I will not fail.
'Tis done *Mutius*, 'tis a fire already;
That fellow is a ſervant to *Emilius*,
Whom I have made my Slave with Bribes;
He's gone about it: Are your friends prepar'd?
Mut. Beyond ſick men, ready to dye for you.
Sulp. 'Tis well,
I'le place you in your ſeveral ſtations
That ſhe may ſcape no way:
Then if we can but carry off our plunder.
Mut. Piſh, the fire will have all the enemies,
We ſhall have none.
Sulp. Where ſhall our rendezvouz be?
Mut. At my houſe of pleaſure
That ſtands upon the *Tiber*;
That will be leaſt ſuſpected, becauſe I live
Moſt in the City: beſides, we have the River
To help us to eſcape if need require.
Sulp. No better place.----Gentlemen,
Pray obſerve ſuch orders as my friend *Mutius* gives you.
He ſhall have money to reward you
Equal to all your ſervices, and beyond modeſt wiſhes.
1. 2. Doubt us not, Sir, we will be punctual.
Sulp. Come *Mutius*, as we go
We will agree on the particulars:
Juſtice has took away all my compaſſion;
And when their flames in cruel brightneſs ſhine,
I'le ſmile, ſince there was none that pittied mine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sertorius *and* Caſka.

Sert. Have you plac'd the Horſes where I appointed?
Cask. Yes Sir.
Ser. I have but one thing more then to enjoyn thee;
If I ſhou'd fall by *Tiridates* Sword,
Carry the news thy ſelf unto *Herſilia*,
And watch her as thou woud'ſt an Arrow ſhot
To ſee whether it hit or no.
Cask. To what purpoſe Sir?
Sert. If ſhe had any pitty for me living,

Her

Her ſorrow for me dead, will ſhew it.
Caska. But how Sir ſhou'd I ſend you word?
Sert. 'Tis true, abundance travel through the Grave;
But there's not one of all the multitude
Will carry more then his own news about him:
Why ſhou'd things ſo remote beget ſuch ſtrife
Beyond our knowledge, and beyond our life?
Succeſſion thus ſome to fond joyes betray,
For whoſe vain hopes their ruine muſt make way.

Enter Tiridates.

Cask. Prince *Tiridates* Sir.
Sert. O 'tis well; leave us now *Caska*,
And watch where I appointed:
If *Tiridates* comes without me,
Let him receive thoſe helps that I ſhou'd have.
Cask. This is a cruel ſervice Sir.
Sert. Diſpute it not. [*Exit.* Caſka.
Tir. Your pardon *Sertorius* that I ſeem'd thus ſlow.
I was enforced to make ſome little ſtay
To ſcape *Sulpitius*; he and *Mutius*
Were earneſt in diſcourſe.
Sert. May be they are looking us; *Mutius* is bold,
Nor is that baſe *Sulpitius* leſs then he;
And thus much *Tiridates* I'le acknowledge,
Had they now met us with their Swords about 'um:
I ſhou'd with much more pleaſure as your friend
Have took my ſhare againſt 'um. [*Draws.*
Tir. Aſſiſted by *Sertorius*, I ſhou'd have been
As ſure of conqueſt as he is now of Victory. [*Draws.*
I have one motion only left to make,
He that ſurvives let him go tell *Herſilia*
That though his Rival in the fatal ſtrife
Was loſt in death, yet love out-liv'd his life.
Sert. I will be juſt to you; but if I fall,
Carry no news of love; nor me at all;
For I have thought upon't, and finde it vain,
To me no meſſage can come back again.
-----So, to our fortunes. [*Fight.*

Enter Caſka *haſtily.*

Cask. Hold, hold, as you have honor hold.
Sert. Ha, *Caska*, what tempts thee to this folly?
Cask. The ſadeſt ſpectacle that ever was:
Emilius houſe ſeems almoſt wrapt in flame;
The noiſe of people, and the fire encreaſe.
Sert. Take heed you do not play the fool.

Cask.

Cask. Go but to the place where you appointed me to wait,
And if it be not true, cut me to pieces:
While you doubt,
You but delay to help *Herſilia.*
Tir. Can this be true!----
Cask. Or I am more a villain then I was us'd to be.
Sert. We may believe him. Come *Tiridates,*
Herſilia's danger now our quarrel ends,
And when ſhe is unſafe we muſt be friends:
Our actions ſome fantaſtick planet guides,
Ill fortune can unite whom good divides. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

The Scene appears a burning houſe.

Enter Artabaces.

Artab. WHat noiſe is this! ----How! [*noiſe.*
A houſe in flames! where e're I go I ſee
Ruines of ſeveral natures wait on me.
----Hark, they cry for help---- [*noiſe of help.*
'Twere pitty to devote my ſelf to flames
To ſave I know not who; what need I care?
He that is wretched has a life to ſpare;
Fate ſhall not need look after me, I'le try
Which is moſt careleſs grown, Fortune or I,
[*Exit as into the houſe.*

Enter Mutius, *and two Souldiers.*

Mut. No ſtirring yet?
1 *Sould.* Not as we can ſee.
Mut. They are not ſing'd yet:
Nor do I gaze with ſuch a guſt of joy,
As *Pyrrhus* had to look on burning *Troy*:
That this might grow to be *Romes* funeral flame,
And in its aſhes bury its own name.
2 *Sould.* Shall we go to th'other ſide?
Mut. We'l keep our motions in this compaſs.
1 *S.* How ſhou'd we know the right Lady, *Mutius*?
Mut. Troth 'twas high time to aſk;
Yet to ſay truth, I ſcarcely know my ſelf;
But that we may be ſure not to miſtake,
Catch up every thing that looks but like a woman.
Come ſoftly this way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Artabaces *with* Verginia *vail'd, and in a ſwoon.*

Art. Here's ſomething yet, ſhe was well ſing'd,
And had been over-roaſted preſently. [*Sets her down.*
----Now, let me ſee my purchaſe.----
----Ha,----my eyes dazel as if they ſtar'd on Sun-ſhine.
----I'le wipe 'um, and then look agin;
Her eyes are clos'd; and though with her 'tis night,
Her beauty ſhines without the help of light:
A darker form has hid a deity,
But death's too near for immortality.
I'le bow her gently;
Nature begins to triumph in the ſtrife,
And through her lips ſoft whiſpers ſteal of life.
How freſh they ſhew, the Roſes almoſt gone,
For want of aire, by breath ſeem newly blown.
Ver. ----Ha.----where am I?
Herſilia, Siſter, *Herſilia*,----
Ha----who are you? are you not my Father?
Art. No, by no means fair creature.
Ver. Are you not a man?
Art. That's an odde queſtion----yes.----
Ver. You ſhou'd be then my Father.
Art. That's right, a man indeed ſhou'd be her Father. [*aſide.*
Ver. Or is there any other man beſides my Father?
Art. She's mad, overheated with the fire.
Ver. Pray pardon my want of knowledge,
I never ſaw a man beſides my Father,
Till I ſaw you, if you be one.
Art. This is the likelieſt thing to be a Virgin
That I e're met with. [*aſide.*
——Where have you liv'd, to be ſo ignorant?
Ver. Among the *Veſtal Virgins* from an Infant,
And helpt to keep the Sacred Fire alive.
Art. O that my flame, as pure as thoſe, might be
Fed by your pitty, though not piety!
Ver. Help me but back again, and I'le attend
With true devotion thoſe pure flames you ſend.
Art. From ignorance alas her pitty grows,
Her innocence above a vertue ſhews.
Ver. I had forgot, my Father and my Siſter
May want the help that you ill plac'd in me.
O pitty, there's rather my miſery;
Their merits and rewards far exceed mine.
Art. Rewards cou'd never yet my ſoul encline.
Ver. I can invite you then no other way.
Art. Command me to my death, and I obey.
Ver. Sure all mankinde are not thus vertuous too.

Art.

Art. All woman-kinde do leſs reſemble you.
Ver. Hark, a noiſe agin; O my Father! [*noiſe.*
Gentle Sir, that gen'rous pitty ſhew,
Which thoſe above gave you but to beſtow. [*weeps.*
Art. Dry up your tears, fair innocence;
I only beg if I return
That I may finde you in this place agin.
Ver. Here you ſhall finde me ſending up my pray'rs
For your ſucceſs and happineſs.
Art. I had forgot to aſk your name. [*bows, and as going.*
Ver. Verginia, Sir; my fathers name's *Emilius*,
You never aſkt me that.
Art. Nor never ſhou'd;
I have your word to ſtay juſt in this place.
Ver. You need not doubt; I know not where to go.
Art. 'Tis all I aſk for my reward;
Think bright *Verginia*, all your cares are mine.
Fortune has play'd her tricks, now Love pay thine.
[*Exit, as into the burning houſe.*

Manet Verginia.

Ver. Does heaven on all mankinde ſuch good beſtow?
My Fortune's excellent, or they are ſo:
I grow ſtrangely concern'd, ſome unknown cauſe
A ſecret warmth into my boſom draws;
I bluſh I know not why; my confus'd ſenſe
Whiſpers, that ſhame can live with innocence;
Minds like ſmooth paper never writ upon,
When folded up, by ſome impreſſion
Marks will remain it never had before,
And ne're return to former ſmoothneſs more.

Enter Mutius, *and three or four.*

Mut. No news yet of *Sulpitius*!
----The women are all burnt I hope.
----Ha, here's one yet left, a very fair one too.
----Come Lady, you muſt along with me.
Ver. What are you?
Mut. Why, men.
Ver. You wou'd not be thus rude then.
Mut. Who the Devil ſhou'd be rude, if men ſhou'd not?
Away with her, and ſtay for me
Under the Grove I told you of.
1 Come along.
Ver. Whither? why d'ye pull me?
Alas, you'l frighten me.

Mut. She's wond'rous fair.——Away with her.
I hope this is not *Herſilia.*—— [*aſide.*
Then 'tis fair play: Equal danger, equal plunder.
Ver. Pray do not pull me, I promis'd to ſtay here
Till a friend come; I muſt not break my word.
Mut. Indeed you muſt.——Away with her.
Ver. What d'ye mean. O my heart fails me.
—Oh. [*ſwoons.*
Mut. Up with her, ſhe'l wake with jogging:
Stay where I told you; I'le ſee a little farther,
And then come to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitius *and* Herſilia, *with* Claudius *and others.*

Sulp. Follow ſtill behinde, and give me notice
If any overtakes us: Is *Cinna* gone to *Mutius*?
1. Yes Sir.
Her. Whither d'you carry me?
I do command you let me go.
Sulp. When we are a little farther,
Free from the danger that concerns your Honor,
I will obey you; till then believe it was your ſervice,
That made me throw my ſelf into this danger.
Her. This is ſtrange, I miſtruſt ſomething.
Sulp. You might if you knew all I know;
Pray aſk no queſtions in this place,
All is unſafe about us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sertorius, *bringing out* Marcellina *out of the fire.*

Mar. Set down your wretched load, for I am grown
Your burthen, that only wou'd have been my own;
Had you preſerv'd *Herſilia*, you had prov'd
Happy to ſave the perſon we both lov'd;
But now you are as much unfortunate
To ſave a wretched thing whom we both hate. [*he ſtands amaz'd.*
Sert. Forgive the mixture which in me appears;
Wrong not my joyes, nor yet condemn my fears.
Mar. Why do you ſtay, look on thoſe ſhining walls,
And think that from thoſe flames *Herſilia* calls.
Sert. O what a wonder does your friendſhip prove!
Forgives ungratitude, and urges love.
---I know not what to do.
Mar. ——— ——— ———Go, go,
And pay what you to Love and Honour owe.
Sert. Then I muſt ſtay; for there is nothing due
From Love or Honor juſtly but to you.
Mar. All debts to me, to her I thus reſign;

Be

Be gone, and think *Herſilia's* danger's mine.
Ser. And leave you thus!
Mar. ——————If you ſtay here
Your formal gratitude will look like fear.
Sert. It is my ſhame to ſtay, my ſhame to go;
Yet not my Virtue, but yours makes it ſo:
If in theſe flames I meet my death, they'l prove
As gentle, but more juſt then thoſe of love.
[*Exit as into the houſe.*
Mar. ——What ſhall I do, my thoughts are tyr'd I finde,
With tedious journeyes up and down my minde;
Sometimes they loſe their way, ſometimes as ſlow
Like Beaſts o're-loaded, heavily they move,
Preſt by the weight of ſorrow and of love.

Enter Artabaces.

Art. So much for this; I'le have no more of theſe fiery trials,
My hair ſtinks like new burn'd Tinder:
See, ſhe has kept her word.
——Beſt Lady.
Mar. Sir.
Art. 'Slife, 'tis not ſhe.
Mar. You ſeem concern'd at ſome miſtake.
Art. A little Madam; it was my good fortune
To ſave a Lady from theſe flames,
That I expected here: 'twas her commands
That ſent me back, to ſee what help
Her Father and her Siſter might have need of.
Mar. She was not tall Sir.
Art. No Madam, her beauty and her ſtature
Shew'd her very young.
Mar. You are happy Sir, to be the fortunate preſerver
Of ſo much Innocence and Beauty.
Art. D'you know her Madam? or to whom
This wretched houſe did once belong?
Mar. She was my Couſin Sir, and that was once
Her Fathers Pallace: you ſeem a ſtranger by theſe queſtions.
Art. I am Madam, and but arriv'd this minute:
The firſt thing I almoſt ſaw, at leaſt took notice of,
Was this ſad ſpectacle.
Mar. Is all conſum'd?
Art. Every one now is ſcapt or periſht,
And need no help, or elſe are paſt it:
The laſt I met with was a noble Gentleman,
Concern'd it ſeems above the thought of danger;
For he appear'd careleſs of cracking beams,
And uncheck'd flames: A ſuddain noiſe
Without the houſe call'd him away.

Mar. O *Sertorius*! which way Sir was the noise?
Artab. 'Twas on the other side.
Mar. That way *Sertorius* went, and I must follow.
----Pardon my disturbance Sir---yet---
——Reason and Honor check my haste----
But our unsteady actions cannot be
Manag'd by rules of strict Philosophy;
There is but part belongs unto our care;
Fortune has right, and title to a share. [*Exit.*

Manet Artabaces.

Art. Shou'd fortune count with me unto this day,
She'd finde there was a mighty debt to pay;
The Roman Conquest o're my Countrey spread,
My brother lost, or worse, in Triumph led;
Sure such full Empires have no aim or guide,
And those that reach 'um do not move but slide.
Man is too weak to manage with frail sense,
Such a resemblance of Omnipotence.
A Storm at Sea threw me on *Italy*,
And here I thought to finde my death or thee:
Poor *Tiridates*,----how cou'd fortune prove,
So curst among my woes to mingle love!
Which way to go I know not, nor need care;
I have been us'd to wander in despair.
All by uncertain wayes pursue their ends,
And unto every object Reason bends. [*Exit.*

The Scene shuts.

Enter Emilius, *and* Tiridates, *and followers.*

Emil. You have sav'd my life brave *Tiridates*;
Wou'd I cou'd pay you with *Hersilia*,
That wou'd appear more then a common gratitude.
Tir. Hersilia is a happiness beyond
My hopes and merits.
Emil. This fire was kindled by some treachery;
I fear *Hersilia* is the purchase
Of their designs and mischiefs.
Tir. Let us not now waste time with vain conjectures;
Hersilia and *Verginia* may want help,
While we are talking how they come to need it.
Emil. 'Tis true, let us take several wayes,
And meet down by the *Tiber*, hard by *Numa's* Grove.
Tir. If I have life I'le bring it thither. [*Ex.* Emil. *and followers.*
—What did I say! how cou'd I talk
Of carrying any longer life about me!

---But

----But humane things have ſuch variety,
Neither the wiſe nor brave know when to die;
For neither juſtly can their deaths intend,
Till they are ſure all hopes have firſt their end.

Enter Sertorius.

Sert. ----Ha----*Tiridates!*
He's it ſeems no happier yet than I.
Stay,----Sir,----what news?
Tir. None that either of us wiſh;
Herſilia is for certain forc'd away
By unknown perſons.
Sert. So I have heard.
Tir. *Emilius* has took the great *Flaminian* way;
Let us divide our ſelves,---and when----
Se. Stay *Tiridates*; Fortune ſeems wiſe in bringing us together,
She knows not what to do with both of us;
In the purſuit of Honour ſhe can be
Liberal to many in one Victory:
When Fame's the Miſtreſs, more than one may prove
Happy at once; but 'tis not ſo in Love.
Tir. He that blind Fortune will have happy made,
Let her guide him unto *Herſilia's* aid.
Sert. She ſhall guide me no farther; you and I
Will not aſk her opinion which ſhall die;
Our Swords will tell us all that ſhe can know;
Her means are quick, though ſhe her ſelf be ſlow. [*draws.*
Tir. I draw for my defence, not my deſign; [*draws.*
You urge a wrong both to your Love and mine;
While your Revenge above your own does prove,
And force my Honour to exceed my Love.
Sert. 'Tis only Love that does this quarrel breed,
And ſo my Love my Honour does exceed.
Tir. Wou'd Love attempt to ruine its own aid?
We fight for them by whom ſhe is betray'd:
Whoe're o'recomes, his guilty Conqueſt ſhews,
Herſilia nothing to his valour owes.
Sert. 'Tis true,----
'Tis againſt her that I my Sword employ,
And ſhe may want that help which I deſtroy.
----Forgive me, Sir:----Yet all things that can move,
As well as I, have felt Revenge and Love;
Unruly heats are with our Eſſence ſpread,
And by cr[illegible]'d paſſion Nature's cemented.
Tir. While ſhe has Enemies let us be Friends,
And now by ſeveral ways purſue our ends.
Sert. Stay, I am yet confus'd; 'tis a hard fate

To

To help to make my self unfortunate.
Tir. We waste that time which takes too fast a flight,
And 'tis more guilt to talk than 'twere to fight.
Sert. How weak these wild distractions make me prove!
I am taught when to fight, and how to love;
Yet one thing more, if in yonr breast you have
No mix'd designs but what are clear and brave;
Let us engage, whoe're is happy made,
To find *Hersilia* first, and bring her aid,
That he shall make no use of his success,
Nor the least story of his Love express,
Till first by our own Swords our cause is try'd;
It is too great for Fortune to decide.
Tir. To keep this sacred here I freely yow;
You learn'd at first, but teach me Honour now.
Sert. Till then let us embrace; whoe're Love guides
Unto his bliss, for t' other Fate provides.
Now to our Fortunes; I'le pursue the way
Which leads through *Numa's* Grove.
Tir. -----But stay,
Where shall we meet?
Sert. Under those stately ranks
Of Cypress Trees that shades the *Tiber's* Banks,
Neer *Mutius* house; for still I apprehend
That Man; he's Mischiefs and my Brother's Friend.
Tir. Agreed;----in equal hopes now both are tied.
Sert. But when we meet our wishes must divide. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Artabaces.

Art. How ignorant of every thing I move!
I know not where I go, nor what I love:
Yet though she's gone, her Image still I find,
And I pursue what she has left behind.
Ah, my dear Brother,----poor *Tiridates!*----
Cast on these Shores I came to look out thee,
And by my bonds or death to set thee free;
But into other fetters I am thrown,
Not by my honour but my Love put on.
Quite tir'd I seem, like a hard-hunted Beast,
That does not seem to go, but sinks to rest.
Spent Nature's weight hangs heavy on my eyes;
Sleep can cure Fevers, why not Miseries?
A Souls disease can few Physitians find;
For Emp'ricks only practise on the mind:
Yet sleep her Image might convey to me,
And shew in dreams what I must never see.

Enter

Enter two of Mutius *men with* Verginia *ſtill in a ſwoon.*

1. On, on, to the *Tiber* with her,
And ſcrifice her to *Neptune.*
2. The devil we will;---what,
Go twice as far as we need,
To try to be apprehended for Murderers!
The next ditch will ſerve. ---Ha,---what's here!
A dead man! 'Slife, a moſt excellent Companion for her;
If he be aſleep let him wake and anſwer for't;
Gently, gently; ſo, lay her behind him.
[*They lay her behind* Artabaces.
So, now to *Mutius*, and ſwear ſhe was dead.
1. I, and cold too. [*Exeunt.*

Artabaces *after a little time wakes.*

Art. Sure 'twas that Beauty which appear'd ſo bright;
My eyes by waking rob me of my ſight;
When they were ſhut her Image did appear;
I ſtar'd too boldly ſure, and made her fear.
[*Turns and ſees her.*
Ha!----look where ſhe is; alas, I do miſtake;
For I dream ſtill, and think I am awake:
Some pitying Pow'r this Viſion does beſtow,
And helps me to deceive my ſorrow ſo. [*She groans.*
What's that! my Senſes ſure are not my own!
Can empty dreams and aiery viſions groan!
Her eyes begin to move and ſhine with life,
Now ſink again in deaths ungentle ſtrife:
In doubtful weather ſo the Sun reſigns
Sometimes his light to Clouds, and ſometimes ſhines.
She lives again; O ceaſe your cruelty,
And ſhe'l by that example pity me. [*She revives.*
Ver. O me!
Have I not ſlept too long, and am to blame,
Neglecting to attend the Sacred Flame?
Art. Here is that Flame to which your Eyes did give
Life firſt, and promis'd it ſhould always live.
Ver. Where are the Veſtals then, or where am I?
Some confus'd thoughts now ſhake my Memory;
I do remember I was ſeiz'd upon
By ſome rude men; I thought there had been none.
Pray, who are you?
Art. -----Alas, I have no Name,
But that which is my trouble, or my ſhame.

Ver.

Ver. Sure both my eyes and ears deceive me now,
Once I ſaw ſomething lookt, and ſpoke like you;
But by my fond deſires he was betray'd;
I ow'd him life, which with his death I paid. [*weeps.*
Art. Thoſe flames you ſent me too has let me live,
Perhaps reſerv'd to dye by thoſe you give.
Ver. Pray do not wrong me, are you he indeed?
I feel ſome unknown joyes that do exceed
The uſual meaſures of my happineſs;
I fear there may be guilt in the exceſs.
Art. O do not fear that pitty e're can prove
A guilt in any, ſhou'd it grow to love.
Ver. Pitty is love, and then it need not grow.
Art. In the worlds common Charity 'tis ſo;
Such love is only in obedience ſhown
To thoſe above, the other is our own.
Ver. We ſhou'd deny our own affections ſtill.
Art. Theſe paſſions are all ſtrangers to the Wil.
When I firſt ſaw your eyes my heart was free.
Ver. O that I cou'd reſtore your liberty.
Art. That way there is no pitty to be ſhown,
Reſtore not mine, but try to loſe your own.
Ver. Will that ſtrange way a remedy procure?
Can a Diſeaſe in one, another cure?
Art. In loves Diſeaſe neither their cures obtain,
But both grow well by one anothers pain.
Ver. I know not what you mean, but I incline
To think that your misfortunes wou'd be mine.
Art. May I not dare to wiſh a little more?
Ver. ——————————Take heed,
Our wiſhes may be faults when they exceed.
Art. Do covetous men, or the ambitious finde
Their vaſt deſires by any bounds confin'd?
If pow'rful nature lets no paſſion move
Within known limits, why alas ſhou'd love?

Enter the two men of Mutius.

1. On, on; we are dead men;
Look where ſhe is alive too: O happy chance.
Ver. Help, help, theſe are the Villains.
Art. Your buſineſs Raſcals. [*he ſteps before her.*
1. That woman is our buſineſs.
Art. You ſhall have her thus, dogs. [*fight, kills one, th'other runs, and as he purſues,*

Enter Mutius, *and others behinde him, and ſeize him.*

Art. Unhand me ſlaves.

Ver.

Ver. O help.
Mut. You call for that you need not.
Art. Slaves, Dogs.
Mut. Ha, what's this, *Tigellinus* dead?
Thy life for his is juſtly forfeited.
[*Offers to run at* Artabaces, *ſhe ſteps between.*
Ver. O hold, I was the cauſe that ſtain'd his innocence
With that man's blood, for 'twas in my defence;
Beſides, I'm tir'd with life and fit to dye.
Art. There's none ſo weary of a Life as I;
Yet if you Romans wou'd be thought ſuch men,
Give me a Sword, and try to take it then.
Mut. 'Tis for her ſake I do not puniſh thee.
This fellow is not to be truſted free; [*aſide.*
Bring him along.
Art. ——————Slaves, I will not go.
Mut. Drag him along.
Ver. ——————O do not uſe him ſo.
Alas, what d'you mean?
Mut. ——————Why do I ſtay
Thus trifling? Madam, come, here lies our way.
Bring him alive or dead. [*Exit.*
Ver. ——————Pray hold your hands.
Good Sir, obey their pow'r, or my commands.
Art. Come, lead me where you pleaſe; how much above
My reaſon and my courage is my love! [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Mutius, *and* Verginia.

Mut. STill weeping Madam? theſe are unkinde tears,
Love is ill paid with ſorrow, or with fears.
Ver. If Love's ill paid with Grief, it needs muſt be
As ill expreſt by ſigns of cruelty.
Mut. Is it a cruelty to my ſoul expreſt,
Becauſe I keep it priſ'ner in my breaſt?
Ver. Not while 'tis willing, but it wou'd be ſo
Had it as much deſire as I to go.
Mut. Since life and you in me bear equal ſway,
Be not leſs willing then my life to ſtay.
Ver. If bondage only does expreſs you kinde,
Why does the ſtranger ſuch harſh uſage finde?
Can you pretend that the ſame act ſhould be
Cruel to him, and yet ſo kinde to me?

Mut. O my vex'd soul! how true my fears do prove!
Love betrayes me, and she betrayes her love. [*aside.*
I le try her yet——— Shou'd I not seem to be
In all things kinde, to set this Stranger free?
Ver. Alas, what shall I say!----I think you were,
He offers all I wish, and all I fear. [*aside.*
Mut. How brightly her betraying blushes move,
And seem a glorious Traitor to her Love! [*aside.*
Ver. Sure when he has his freedom he'l be gone. [*aside.*
Shou'd I beg his that am deny'd my own?
Mut. You need not now your pow'r or tears employ,
The stranger does his liberty enjoy.
Ver. But is he gone already? can it be?
Mut. What, are you troubled at his liberty?
Ver. Did he not ask to see me e're he went?
Mut. He say'd not much: I know not what he meant.
Ver. Perhaps you did refuse that small request?
Mut. I cou'd not grant that which he ne're expres't.
Ver. Why, did I owe my safety to his aid?
O kindeness ill bestow'd, but worse repay'd?
Mut. Thou hast betray'd thy self, the Lovers part
I'le act henceforward with a Souldiers heart.
Ver. Alas, what do you mean, what tempests rise?
The gathering Storms lie rowling in your eyes.
Mut. I blush that I have been so calm and tame;
Conquests in Love and War are but the same;
Both reach'd by boldest hands, and Fools alone
Thank Fate or you for that which is their own.
Ver. Alas, what have I done?
Mut. ———— How cou'd you be
So foolish to think I had set him free?
I quickly found he was too fortunate:
You may cheat those you love, not those you hate.
Ver. O be more gentle.
Mut. ———Yes, when you are kinde.
Ver. Storms hardly will teach calmness to a minde.
Mut. You rais'd the storm which shall his ruine prove,
And he shall owe his Fate unto your Love.
Ver. Alas, 'tis your suspicion does engage
Your fury thus; this object of your rage
I never saw, till from the flames just now
He brought me forth, and gave me life to owe.
Mut. What flames were those?
Ver. ———Those wretched flames which burn'd
My Fathers House, and all to ashes turn'd.
Mut. O happy, *Hersilia*'s Sister!
How the kinde Fates still nearer Bonds provide,
For me, and for *Sulpstius* to be ti'd.

Ver.

Ver. Are you not yet appeaſed? or can it be,
That gratitude ſhou'd cauſe ſuch jealouſie? [*walks muſing,*
In gentle mindes love takes the moſt delight; *ſhe after him.*
Rough natures urge not paſſion, but affright.
Mut. Come dry thoſe gentle ſhowrs, for there will be
No need of tears, unleſs to pitty me.
Ver. Will you no more appear in ſuch a rage?
Mut. You need not fear the Storms you can aſſwage:
Teach me by your example, I ſhall prove
The apteſt Scholler, when I'm taught by love:
----But I forget *Sulpitius*,----Whoſe there?
----Here———————— [*Enter* 1.
Receive this Virgin with reſpect and care,
Safely till I return, and let her be
Obey'd by you that is ador'd by me. *Exit.*
Ver. I finde his jealouſie has told him true,
And found my love ſooner then I cou'd do;
What ſhall I ſay? which will the hardeſt prove,
To hide my hate, or to conceal my love?
How can I practiſe what I never knew?
And appear falſe, that ſo I might be true?
And yet if they ſhou'd take his life away---
Will none of theſe as well as I betray? [*looks on the men.*
———Is your Captain gone, my friend?
1. A little way.
Ver. When will he return?
2. That's uncertain.
Ver. He was very kinde to me;
You know it beſt, with whom he left
Commands that were ſo civil.
2. Yes, I think he did.
Ver. I do believe there was no need;
Your natures wou'd have urg'd you to as much
As I ſhall beg.
2. What does ſhe mean?
Ver. I have a ſmall requeſt.
2. Well, what is't?
Ver. Nay, do not aſk me harſhly;
A kindeneſs may be leſſened by the manner.
2. What the devil does ſhe mean? [*aſide.*
Ver. How ruggedly they look.———— [*aſide.*
Yet I ſhou'd take it well, nay, very kindely.
1. 'Slife how ſhe tempts.--- [*aſide.*
----Well, name it.
Ver. 'Tis only———If they ſhou'd deny me, [*aſide.*
I know you'l think it but a ſmall requeſt.
1. Well, let's hear it.
Ver. I wou'd ſee the ſtranger that was taken with me,

I have a little busines with him.

1. We dare not do it.

Ver. Your Captain said you shou'd obey me;
But I wou'd owe it to your Natures,
Rather then his commands.

2. 'Tis impossible to deny her.

Ver. Yet I wou'd be grateful too; not to bribe,
But to reward your gentle natures.

1. If we do not take the better care,
She'l make us think w'are honest too.

2. We can easily convince her.

Ver. Why d'you delay? pray make more haste to goodness;
Here, divide this between you. [*offers money.*

1. Do'st think we shall be able to deny her?

2. 'Tis impossible to deny her, and her money too:
Our Captain has a brave prize.

Ver. Alas, I fear they will deny me:
Are you not yet resolv'd?——here, pray accept it.

1. Well, for once we'l strain a point;
Come follow us, we'l bring ye to him:
But 'tis two to one whether he'l speak to you or no;
He's as sullen as a new taken Eagle.

Ver. I'le venture that.

1. My companion will guide you to the place;
Follow me slowly, for I must step before
And prepare those that guard him.

Ver. I thank you, may you finde full rewards
In the succes of all your just desires: [*Exit.*
When shall the fears of mindes concern'd grow les
I tremble now at my own wisht succes:
Courage in great distres can only aid,
But fear of what shou'd help will be afraid.
The Gods from passions might have made us free,
Or gave us only those which best agree;
For such as mine a wretched mingle prove,
The want of courage, and exces of love:
They were not jealous sure that we might be
By vertue rais'd too near Divinity;
For since within their pow'r dwells all our breath,
The distance is preserv'd enough by death. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene a solitary Room.

Enter Artabaces *out of it.*

Art. That I cou'd fly from every thought I have,
And lie as senseles in my life as grave:
I that had pow'r of thousand lives am thrown

In

In bonds out of the Title to my own. [*Lies down.*
Why did the gods----
Make us ſo fit for Vice and Miſery?
In goodneſs their immortal Chequers lye:
They might have given our Souls better Eſtates,
And ſet our Bleſſings at far cheaper rates.

Enter one of thoſe that went from Verginia, *with another Comrade that had the keeping of* Artabaces.

1. Come, come, here's that will conquer
Both thy Fears and Honeſty.
2. If *Mutius* ſhou'd return.
1. Piſh, he's engag'd to look *Sulpitius*;
Beſides, he bid us to obey what ſhe deſir'd.
2. Well, let's go to him; to tell thee true,
I pity him; 'tis a brave fellow.
1. I cou'd pity too; but we are paid too well
To be good-natur'd;---prethee tell him
That one deſires to ſpeak with him.
2. He's horrible ſurly.---Sir,---
D'hear Sir? there's one without deſires to ſpeak with you.
Art. 'Tis a queſtion whether I'le ſpeak with him or no.
2. You muſt needs.
Art. I am buſie, Raſcals.
1. 'Tis but a word, Sir.
Art. I will not waſte half a one, Slaves, for you.
2. Fetch her in man; he'l ne're be perſwaded. [*Exit* 1.
Art. What d'you ſtay for, gentle Sir?
D'you ſuppoſe your Company is pleaſant?
2. You'l be made tamer. [*Starts up.*
Art. Yes, thus Raſcals.
2. 'Twere a juſt act to take away your life,
It troubles you.
Art. Prethee do me but that curteſie; if not,
Lend me the Sword, and ſee how kind I'le be.
2. He does amaze me.

Enter Verginia *and* 1.

Ver. Hold, hold; what's this? why a Sword drawn?
2. This madman wou'd provoke his death.
Ver. Pray hold, you do miſtake:---does he not Sir?
2. How he ſtares on her!
1. And how his fury ſlides away!---Sir---
---The Lady---Sir---
Art. Peace, Slaves.---I was conſidering. [*Stamps.*
2. What, Sir?

Art.

Art. That, Raſcal. [*Strikes him; the Fellow offers to draw.*

Ver. Pray hold; here, take more; pray hold:
For my ſake, Sir, be gentle.

Art. I have done.

Ver. Pray be gone; you do diſturb him. [*Exeunt.*
Why are your furious eyes ſo fix'd on me?
I do confeſs I caus'd your miſery.
Propoſe your own revenge, and my juſt heart
Againſt the life it feeds, will take your part.

Art. Alas, if your juſt heart ſo kind can prove,
To ſhare in Griefs, teach it to ſhare in Love.

Ver. 'Tis you muſt teach my heart what it ſhou'd do;
'Tis apteſt to learn any thing from you.

Art. Love's hardly to be taught, eaſie to have;
'Tis ſtrange you ſhou'd not know the thing you gave.

Ver. Though what I gave perhaps I do not know,
Sure I ſhou'd underſtand what you beſtow.

Art. Fortune, alas, has taken all from me;
Love ſeldom is the guift of Miſery.

Ver. You ſaid Pity was Love, and then 'twill prove
Misfortunes that give Pity may give Love.

Art. A common Pity does not Love expreſs;
Pity is Love when grown into exceſs.

Ver. If that be all, Love is not taught I ſee;
For before you cou'd ſpeak 'twas learn'd by me.
Sure Nature's Laws are above Heavens got;
Love need not, though Religion muſt be taught.

Art. O ſpeak again; the breath that tells your Love
Approaches like the gentle Winds that move
Over the tops of fragrant flow'rs, and brings
To the bleſt Senſe their Souls upon their wings.

Vir. Alas, I have ſaid ſomthing which I fear
Had ſuch a ſound a Virgin ſhou'd not hear;
My Spark's too quickly ſhot into a Flame;
To own my Love I ſeem to quit my Shame;
And yet it is not loſt, but chang'd in me;
For Shame refin'd grows into Modeſty.

Art. O do not teach your Love a common way;
Loves power is ſmall, unleſs it can betray.

Ver. You'l then confeſs y'ave pow'r enough in me,
If for your ſake I'me pleas'd with Treachery.
But tales of Love make us forget our woes;
A ſudden fear upon my ſpirit grows,
Like people that tell tales of Ghoſts at night,
So long till they are talk'd into a fright.

Art. Such phancies, from no real cauſe, will prove
But dreams, that hinder the repoſe of Love.

Ver. You call my phancies dreams; but if they are,

All

All thoſe muſt wake that do their dreams declare.
Think I am ſleeping when you ſee me ſad,
And when I wake I'le tell what dreams I had.

Enter Mutius *ſuddenly.*

Mut. I cannot find *Sulpitius*; all's in an uproar.
——Ha!——
What ſight is this, at which my ſtiffened hair
Starts from their ſhaken roots! I ſhou'd not ſtare
So frightened, had I met every Ghoſt
Started from Hell which *Roman* Conqueſts boaſt.
Ver. Ah me! what ſtorm is falling on us now?
Art. No Thunder dwells upon a humane brow.
Mut. Yes, you ſhall feel the Thunder that you ſlight:
It ſhews more pow'r to ruine than to fright.
Art. Vain ſlighted Villain.
Ver. ——Pray let me ſpeak;
Perhaps he'l leaſt reſiſt what is moſt weak:
Pray be not angry; did you not engage
That I ſhou'd never ſee you in a rage?
Mut. You Pow'rs, what an ungrateful confidence
This Woman hides with painted Innocence!
Art. Wou'dſt thou have thanks for want of liberty?
Which way is gratitude grown due to thee?
Mut. While thou doſt ſpeak 'tis with ingrateful breath,
Which I cou'd ſtifle if I wou'd in death.
Art. Prethee then do.---
Ver. ——Cannot my tears incline?
Will you provoke your ruine, perhaps mine?
Art. I've done; and though death's buſineſs I deſpiſe,
Yet when you talk that it may cloſe your eyes,
This too fond heart of mine, that did not fail
At death in groſs, ſhrinks now at the retail.
Mut. Come, have ye done? I long till I remove
With him thy hopes, if not deſtroy thy love.
Ver. Hold, hold, your paſſion guides you to miſtake;
Alas, 'tis the wrong life that you wou'd take.
Mut. My juſt revenge is this way beſt expreſs'd,
To take that life away which you love beſt.
Ver. Yet hear me ſpeak; Had I no life to pay
To Nature, wou'd you then take his away? [Mut. *ſtudies.*
How plain it is, if death to him you give,
The reaſon only is becauſe I live?
Art. Do not on my loath'd life ſet ſuch a rate;
It is unkind to plead for what I hate.
Mut. One thing may ſave all yet;
If you will ſwear by all that you adore

From

From hence, never to see each other more.
Ver. What shall I do? I fear that this may be
An easie Oath for him, though not for me.
Art. ——Then hear me swear.
Ver. ————Alas, I thought 'twou'd prove
My fears wou'd be far truer then his love.
Art. By all that's good, thus, in this blest amaze,
I wou'd for ever on this object gaze.
Mut. They trifle with my rage. Without there, ho.

Enter one or two.

Here Take 'um away.
----Hold----be gone with her, but let him stay.
——Now Sir,
Once more I ask you, will you swear?
You'd best consult with wisdom, and with fear.
Art. Let fear upon the prosp'rous hearts take hold,
Cowards themselves in miseries grow bold.
Mut. Fortune by me now offers to be kinde.
Art. And raise me on the ruines of my minde;
Though I am sunk, my honor keeps above.
Mut. 'Tis not thy Honor urges, but thy love.
Art. Those are the same. Poor frighted men at Sea,
To save their lives cast all their goods away.
In storms of Fortune, where there is a strife
Which shall be sav'd man's honor, or his life,
Who wou'd preserve this tottered Bark from fate,
But sink the Vessel to preserve the freight?
Mut. I'le shake thy stubborn spirit, while I feed
Thy life with tortures, death shall death exceed.
Art. Life may be less then life, as it does waste;
But death cannot be more then death at last.
Mut. Who's there?

Enter one or two.

—Here----
Take him away, and shut him up from light,
Let him see nothing but death's image, Night.
Art. Thou canst not reach the light that I shall find;
A generous soul is Sun-shine to the minde.
Mut. Be gone,
In the least tittle he that disobeyes,
His own neglect his wretched life betrayes. [*Ex. with* Art.

Manet Mutius.

In what encrease of Tempests I am tost,

Like

Like thoſe in ſtorms afraid of any Coaſt:
Now every way to me unſafe appears,
Reaſon has left the Helm, and Love now ſteers:
Yet one trick more I am reſolv'd to try;
Loves wiſdom is compos'd of treachery.
——Ho---*Corbulo*.

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Your pleaſure Sir?
Mut. Fetch *Verginia* hither,
And ſend *Titus* to ſpy abroad,
And bring what news he can; however
Let him not ſtay, for I intend at his return
To look my ſelf after *Sulpitius*.
Cor. I will Sir. [*Exit.*
Mut. This fellow fits my humor;
Like flies he feeds upon the fouleſt things,
And to the rugged'ſt places faſteſt clings.
----But---I forget my buſineſs, I muſt now
With all that's gentle ſmooth a rugged brow,
And tempt her with feign'd goodneſs to believe;
The ſhape of vertue ſtill can beſt deceive.
Thoſe that in faithleſs Oceans take their way
Sink in the Storms, but 'tis the Calms betray.

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia.

She comes.----Now leave us *Corbulo*,
But ſtay within my call.--- [*Exit* Corbulo.
Still drown'd in ſorrow? ſure my rage appears
As juſt, and far more gentle then your tears;
You fear the ſtorms, yet make the tempeſts riſe,
While you retain foul weather in your eyes.
Ver. Tempeſts by ſhow'rs ſometimes are laid to peace.
Mut. And when you weep for me my ſtorms will ceaſe.
Ver. To ſhew my gratitude I ſhew my fears,
And poorly pay the debt of life with tears;
Secure me only this, that he ſhall live,
Or do not blame the ſorrow that you give.
Mut. Does not feign'd gratitude true paſſion hide?
But ſince only by this it can be tri'd,
Here in a ſacred vow my ſelf I tie,
By me, nor by my means he ſhall not dye.
Ver. Now you are gentle,
And as in tears I paid to him his due,
Now with dry'd eyes I'le pay my thanks to you.
Mut. Your gratitude might finde a better way,

And my kinde Vow with one as gentle pay:
'Tis the same Oath which he has took before,
To avoid ever seeing of him more.
Ver. If he has swore, alas, what need I swear?
A Vow shou'd be as gentle as a Pray'r.
Mut. Can Pray'rs to all alike so gentle be,
Since all the worlds devotions disagree?
None beg the same, the pray'rs of all the best
Are little more then curses for the rest.

Enter Corbulo.

----How now----
Cor. *Titus* is return'd Sir, and sayes there is most noise
By *Numa*'s Grove; another joyn'd to him
To scout on either side might bring you full intelligence.
Mut. No, I will go my self----In the mean time
Think gentlest maid how little I deny;
Whoever you command must live or dye. [*Ex. with* Ver.
—— *Corbulo* —— Come back.————
I have a business that I dare commit
Unto no care but thine.----Give out that I am gone,
And with a shew of pitty offer *Verginia*
To bring her to the stranger; in the mean time
I'le place my self to over-hear their passions:
The business will be easie.
Corb. If 'twere hard it were all one to me.
Mut. Dispatch then my brave *Corbulo*,
And send *Spurius* along with *Titus*. [*Ex.* Corbulo.
I will search out the secret of her heart,
And finde that passion which she hides with Art:
May be 'twas charity that fear'd his harm,
But charity does seldom shew so warm.
No, no, such deep concerns appear above,
All taught affections, 'tis unlessen'd love:
When this disease of jealousie can finde
A way to seize upon a crazy minde;
Most things instead of help or giving ease,
The humor feeds and turns to the disease. [*Exit.*

Enter Marcellina.

----Hark----
I listen still for noise to be my guide,
And want, yet have too much on every side.
---O *Sertorius!*——
How I pursue, with what uncertainty!
Yet though I lose my way I follow thee:
Hurried along upon loves wings I move,
Pursuing Fate, and am pursu'd by love. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sulpitius *with* Herſilia *and others.*

Sulp. Be pleaſed to pardon me Madam,
I was enforced to lead you a by-way,
Something about; we are nearer a place of ſafety now.
Her. I wou'd not cenſure, but this ſeems to be
A mingle between force and curteſie.
Sulp. Since 'tis ſo hard to gain your clear belief,
I muſt be innocent, though it gives you grief.
Yet for your own ſake do not wiſh to know,
Time is too haſty, and my tongue too ſlow:
Why ſhou'd his guilt and miſchief blemiſh me?
Yet ſilence ſeems a vertuous treachery.
Her. Why do you ſhew ſuch ſtruglings in your breaſt?
Sulp. Nature and friendſhip are at a conteſt;
Know then, I wou'd you cou'd and I not tell,
That *Tiridates* by *Sertorius* fell:
You were the quarrel, and for you they ſtrove
With equal courage, and with equal love;
Till fortune blinder now then ever prov'd,
And deny'd victory to what you lov'd.
Her. Ha, *Tiridates* dead! [*weeps.*
Sulp. We have no time to talk, or to lament,
Leſt we meet dangers which we ſhou'd prevent.
Her. Alas, my griefs the greateſt dangers are:
Who wou'd flye death that cannot flye deſpair?
Sul. Sorrow deceives that bids you ſtay and die;
'Tis from *Sertorius*, not from death you flie;
Whoſe rage had blown it ſelf to ſuch a height,
It ſtopt not at th' unpappy Princes fate,
But preſently your Fathers Pallace blaz'd
In circling flames which his revenge had rais'd,
As if 'twere juſt he ſhou'd the ruine prove
Of his own hopes, that had deſtroy'd your love.
Her. Methinks my love looks mean in ſorrow dreſt,
Sure 'twou'd ſhew greater by revenge expreſt.
Sulp. Though nothing of your heart you will reſign
To me, let your revenge at leaſt be mine.
Her. O *Tiridates*!
I have condemn'd my ſelf to dye, and grieve;
Revenge does only my ſhort life reprieve.

Enter Sertorius.

Ha! the horrid monſter comes; you pow'rs above,
Revenge at once death and an injur'd love.
Ser. Have I o're-took you villain with your prize? [*draws.*

Sul. There's none is overtook but he that flies.
Her. Defend me now *Sulpitius.*
Sert. ——————Ha, does *Herſilia* want ſuch aid?
O heavens, her Virtue's loſt, or ſhe's betray'd;
I will not trifle out my cauſe with words.
Her. Let my revenge and wrongs aſſiſt your Sword.
Ser. What riddle's this? ſhe courts his treachery,
Then through their deaths I thus make haſte to dye.
[*fights amongſt 'um and kills one.*

Enter Marcellina, *takes up his Sword, and hurts another that is running at* Sertorius; *he turns, and ſhe and he fight, and* Marcellina *kills him, and then falls her ſelf: in the mean time* Sulpitius *and the reſt wound* Sertorius *ſo, that they fall together.*

Her. What, do I ſee? *Marcellina!*
Mar. Herſilia!
Sulp. Come, we muſt not ſtay,
All is unſafe, and pity will betray. [Sulpitius *pulls her.*
Sert. Here my laſt words, have ſo much Charity;
My life was yours, but here 'tis juſt I dye;
I feel new fires, my ancient flames appeaſe,
And I own health unto a new Diſeaſe.
Her. Do'ſt thou not ſhrink at thy approaching fate?
Are all my ſorrows, and his blood no weight?
Ser. What ſorrows do you wear, or what's my crime?
Sul. We trifle out our ſafety with the time. [*pulls* Herſilia
Her. Stay---let me tell him.----
Sulp. —— —'Tis in vain, away.
Sert. That Villain does betray you.
Her. ——————Hold, I will ſtay.
O *Marcellina!* O *Tiridates!*
Sert. ——————What is the myſtery?
Why do you call on them from whom you fly?
Her. What does he ſay?
Sulp. ——————He raves, no matter what.
Her. I'le hear him ſpeak.
Sul. ——————Away, it is too late.——————
[*hurries her out, Exeunt.*

Manet Sertorius *and* Marcellina.

Ser. What can this mean?----farewel my unjuſt fires,
New warmth grows in me, though my life expires.
How ſlow I crawl? my love would make more haſte,
But weakned Nature cannot move ſo faſt.

My

My ſinking Soul this bleeding Current drownds;
How equal we are now in all our wounds?
O ſpeak and tell me if you can forgive;
Or if that be too much, tell me you live.
Mar. I wou'd deny you nothing; ſhou'd I ſay
I live, Life while I tell it ſteals away.
Be not concern'd; Death has the ſame event
By Nature call'd, or brought by accident.
Sert. Do not ſo willingly your life reſign;
Or if you muſt, let your Soul go with mine.
Mar. It will go ſoftly if it goes before,
And wait for yours where they ſhall part no more.
Sert. And ſhall we thus know one another there?
Mar. Elſe we ſhou'd want a bleſſing we have here.
Sert. I feel Deaths ſhades creep upon Natures light;
O guide your hand to mine, 'tis almoſt night.
Mar. Here, where is yours?
Sert. ——————Searching to find yours out.
Mar. Have it I now? weakneſs and love may doubt.
Hold faſt,----farewel.----There's ſomthing----hides. [*dies.*
Sert. 'Tis death, that kindly thus it ſelf divides. [*dies.*

Exit Act IV.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Artabaces.

Art. WHy to our Bodies are the Gods more kind,
Then to the place where worſhip dwells, the Mind?
Nature provides defence, and yields retreat
From piercing cold, and from the ſcorching heat;
But for the paſſions which about us wait
There is no means allow'd proportionate.

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Are you buſie, Sir? [Mutius *overhearing.*
Art. O wondrous buſie.
Cor. In what?
Art. Why I was thinking that the World's ill ballanc'd,
More Knaves than honeſt men.
Cor. An honeſt man wou'd then be welcom ſure.
Art. Not to this place.
Cor. To you, I hope.

Art.

Art. Troth I have but little buſineſs for him.
Cor. Do you not want a curteſie?
Art. Yes, and one to do it.
Cor. Pray try me, Sir.
Art. With all my heart;----help me to a Sword.
Cor. That's hard.
Art. So are moſt curteſies; prethee do me an eaſie one.
Cor. What's that?
Art. Begon, and leave me.
Cor. I wou'd firſt willingly do ſomthing for you,
And wou'd help you to a Sword too;
But they are too ſuſpitious at this time,
Strict ſpies are ſet on you;
Somwhat more liberty is allow'd the Lady.
Art. The Lady!----ha----didſt thou not ſay the Lady?
Cor. Yes, I did.----It takes. [*Aſide.*
Art. Cou'd you help me to ſpeak with her, or ſee her,
Though but for a look or two?
Cor. Um'n.
Art. That's too hard too.
Cor. No, I will do't.
Art. Are you ſure of it?
Cor. Stay there a little, and you ſhall ſee. [*Steps to* Mutius.
Art. This fellow ſure has inclinations to be honeſt.
Cor. 'Tis done; watch there. [*Comes back and exit.*
Mut. My beſt *Corbulo.*
Art. I have been thinking
Why thoſe above, ſo full of tenderneſs,
Made ways ſo hard to good and happineſs:
Through graves we travel to felicity;
The road unto Religion's miſery.
The ways might have been eaſier to find out,
Not left ſo rugged, and ſo far about:
To every object we ſubmit our ſenſe,
And call our accidents their providence.
There is no ſatisfaction here below,
But ſuch as Chance or ſtrange extremes beſtow:
Secure Content can only be acquir'd
By bruitiſh minds, or ſuch which are inſpir'd,
Where Reaſon muſt not come, or can't encline,
Sunk unto Beaſts, or rais'd to be divine.

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia.

Cor. Then, Sir, now believe. [*Exit.*
Art. H'as don't indeed.
Juſt ſo when welcom light begins to riſe,
An unknown Comfort ſteals on troubled eyes.

Here

Here let me kneel for ever in this place,
And cling like Ivy to my firſt embrace.
Ver. Alas, in ſorrow ſhou'd we plant our Loves!
Priſons are barren Soils where nothing proves.
Joys may ſpring up and make a little ſhew;
But faſtning roots in proſperous places grow.
Art. Love may, like Vertue ſtarve in full content:
Misfortunes are their nobleſt puniſhment.
Ver. If Love fares well do not his Feaſts betray,
While Death ſtands ready to take all away:
Let rather Art and Wiſdom act their parts,
And hide our Love from all things but our hearts.
Art. Dull order takes from Love its edge and grace;
He ſtumbles in all ſteps but his own pace;
His ſacred liberty is in fetters tied,
When Art or Wiſdom his looſe ſteps wou'd guide.
Ver. Perhaps there is a way to ſet you free.
Art. Can I be ſo, and you want liberty?
Ver. Do but at leaſt comply with my deſign;
For here your life's in danger more than mine.
Art. Without your ſight my life is leſs ſecure;
Thoſe wounds you gave your eyes can only cure;
No Balm in abſence will effectual prove,
Nature provides no Weapon-ſalve for Love.
Ver. Might you but live a Pris'ner ſtill with me,
It were unkind to wiſh your liberty;
'Tis offer'd from my love,----and yet I find [*Sighs.*
You that deny to take it ſeem more kind.

Enter Mutius *haſtily.*

Mut. 'Tis I muſt bring you freedom at the laſt. [*Draws.*
Ver. O hold, remember what a Vow you paſt.
Mut. It is thy falſneſs makes me call it back;
No Vows ſo ſtrong but juſt revenge will crack.
Ver. Revenge will be no plea to thoſe above,
Mut. But they will hearken unto injur'd Love.
Art. The gods will hear no buſineſs comes from thee.
Mut. I'le ſend you on my errand.
Ver. ——————————Oh through me
Guid your kind Sword:---Methinks your looks appear
[*He pauſes and ſtudies.*
To me at leaſt more gentle than they were.
Mut. O yes, I am grown very tame, and now
I think on't better I will keep my vow.
Ver. The Gods reward what I can never pay.
Mut. Hold, hold, take all together when you pray;
For you ſhall ſee me take ſuch wondrous care,

That

That neither of you both ſhall need to ſwear.
Ver. What do you mean?
Mut. ——————Without there, ho, *Corbulo.*

Enter Corbulo.

Art. O treacherous ſlave.----
Mut. ——————Yes, y'are in the right;
Since you were ſqueamiſh to forſwear her ſight,
I will ſecure your eyes without your vow.
Ver. Oh Sir, by all——————
Mut. ——————Nay, no diſſembling now:
Take him away, and on his charming ſight
With burning Irons ſear eternal night.
Cor. How, burn out his eyes!
Mut. ——————Yes, burn out his eyes.
Does *Corbulo* demur at Cruelties?
No more, be gone
Ver. ——————O hold, he bids you ſtay.
Mut. He ſtays to meet his death that dares delay.
Art. Farewel, fair Veſtal;
By my Souls eyes your Image ſhall be ſeen;
And when 'tis dark without, I'le gaze within.
Ver. O ſtay, I know you will relent, you muſt;
Need you be cruel, when you ſhou'd be juſt?
Preſerve your Vow without your Cruelty;
And do not make your Sin your Piety. [*Exit with* Artabaces.
Mut. Begone. I'le practiſe what you taught before.
I'le ſhew no pity, nor ask yours no more.
Ver. But you may want pity from thoſe above.
Mut. Not now, ſince they deny'd it in your Love.
Ver. They'l make me pay, if you will make me owe.
Mut. You are too cunning, and the gods too ſlow.

Enter Corbulo.

How now, is't done?
Cor. No.
Mut. Ha!----the reaſon, Slave?
Cor. I think ſuch horrid buſineſs was not in our bargain.
Mut. Pitiful raſcal, take that ſoft reward; [*Strikes him.*
I'le truſt ſuch tender ſlaves no more. [*Exit* Mutius.
Cor. Am I thus paid?
Ver. Alas, what does he mean to do?
Cor. Miſchief, no doubt.
Ver. Look on my wrongs, or your own injury;
Revenge on him will prove pity to me.
Cor. A blow! this my reward!----follow me;

I will

I will do ſomthing, but I know not what.
Ver. The Gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears meaſur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitius *with others, leading in* Herſilia.

Her. Hold, or you ſhall drag me on:
There's ſomthing in all this like treachery;
Sertorius now is dead, what need we fly?
————Leave me;————
You may be innocent if you obey.
Sulp. No, we have wander'd, you may loſe your way.
Her. Take heed leſt I ſuſpect ſome ill deſign.
Sulp. Suſpicion will be more your fault than mine.
Her. I fear that I have ſhar'd his guilt, I find
Poor *Marcellina's* Ghoſt walks in my mind.

Enter Tiridates.

Ha!----*Tiridates!*----falſe Villain.
Sulp. Piſh, 'tis his Ghoſt: Here lead her away
To the appointed place; hold, you two, ſtay.
Her. Help, *Tiridates.* [*Exit with* Herſilia.
Tir. Villain, look back, and ſee thy death.
Sulp. Death is more us'd to obey me than you.
----Diſpatch him. [*Fight,* Tiridates *falls.*
----'Tis done; come for *Mutius* Houſe, away. [*Exeunt.*
Tir. It will not be. [*Strives to riſe.*
I bleed ſo faſt that wither'd life begins
To fade away for want of Natures Springs:
And yet I feel no ſuch decay of Love,
Though life and paſſion from one fountain move.
---*Herſilia,*-----*Herſilia.*----- [*Swoons.*

Enter Artabaces *with his Eyes out, and bound.*

Art. Where am I now?
I thought the way to death had been ſo broad,
Though I were blind I cou'd not miſs the the road:
Death's lodgings ſuch perpetual darkneſs have,
And I ſeem nothing but a walking Grave.
----*Verginia,*----I muſt never hope to ſee;
All Natures windows are ſhut up in me:
The Sun too me brings an unuſeful light;
About me now I always carry night.
There's yet one grief added to all my ſtore,
Never to ſee poor *Tiridates* more.
Tir. Who's that names the unfortunate *Tiridates?*

Art. What noiſe is this which ſadly ſtrikes my ear?
A ſound like *Tiridates* voice I hear.
Tir. 'Tis yet his voice; were not my ſenſes broke,
I ſhou'd think too 'twere *Artabaces* ſpoke.
Art. 'Tis *Artabaces* ſpeaks, and ſeeks about
For *Tiridates*.
Tir. ————Why d'you not find me out?
It is not dark.
Art. ————Alas, 'tis dark with me.
Tir. Here, here; that I ſhou'd live once more to ſee
My long-loſt Brother! 'twill ſcarce ſhew like death
In thy embraces to reſign my breath.
Art. O take me in thy arms for mine are tied;
If they were free I have no eyes to guide.
Tir. Aſſiſt me, my weak ſtrength, but to unty
Thoſe arms, to make my ſelf a place to die.
[*Unties him, and* Artabaces *ſits down and takes him in his arms.*
Art. How diſmally we meet like death and night!
My arms are now thy ſtrength, thy eyes my ſight.
Tir. What hand or chance ſhut up thoſe eyes of thine?
While I enquire the cauſe death cloſes mine. [*dies.*
Art. He ſinks; *Tiridates*,----Brother: His pulſe is gone;
'Tis grown a dead low ebb with lifes warm flood:
How proper are my tears? my eyes weep blood.
He's gone before to reſt, why muſt I ſtay?
Eyes that are wounds might weep a life away:
They drop too ſlow, life will not at this rate
Diſtil away; I'le ſeek a quicker fate. [*Starts up.*
Now I have hands, they will ſome death afford;
I had forgot to ask him for his Sword;
I'le grope it out;----'tis hard, I cannot find [*He creeps up and down for't on's knees.*
The means of death; Fortune ſhou'd help the blind
---O----I have it now.
All ſteps of life were going to this home;
But this does not bring death, but ſhew 'tis come.
So motion cauſes what it can't expreſs;
'Tis the laſt ſtep declares the wearineſs.
One thought for dear *Verginia*,----then----

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia.

Cor. This way I'me ſure.----
----Look where he ſtands: I dare not ſtay. [*Exit.*
Ver. Heaven reward you.
Art. Who's there?
Ver. ----The horrid deed is done! ——
Look down on him you Pow'rs, with Pity too,

That

That has no eyes left to look up to you.
Art. Who's that which does too late the Gods implore?
A muſick like that voice I've heard before.
Ver. That I were dumb.
It is too much that I can ſpeak and ſee;
Each Senſe is but a ſev'ral miſery.
Art. It is *Verginia*; guide me where you ſtand,
To leave my laſt kiſs on your ſacred hand.
[*She comes to him, and gives him her hand.*
Ver. O do not to deſpair your Soul reſign;
You eyes have been my guides, now ſee with mine.
Art. 'Tis life, not you, that I forſake or fly;
I do but go before you when I die.
Ver. Hold, hold;
Give me your Sword, 'tis fitteſt for me now;
I dare not uſe it, and you know not how.
Art. In this condition I can uſe it beſt;
I need no eyes to guide it to my breaſt.

Enter Mutius, *and pauſes a little.*

Ver. Hold, hold; Oh, *Mutius* comes! Stand behind me;
Give me your uſeleſs Sword, for I can ſee.
Art. Away, away; thoſe Pow'rs will ſend ſupplys,
And guide my Sword, that took away my eyes.
Mut. Fair Cous'ner, have I overtook you now?
With juſtice thus I break my ſlighted Vow.
[*Runs at* Atabaces; *he ſtands ſtill, and catches the hilt of* Mutius *ſword as it paſſes through his body, and kills him.*
Art. So, I heard him fall;---I think
My Sword feels him now.——
Is he——not——dead?—— [*Staggers and falls.*
Ver. Are you not dying too? O, let me know.
Art. Yes, all the while I liv'd I have been ſo;
Time equal ſteps to death and life does give;
And thoſe that fear to die, muſt fear to live:
Death reconciles the Worlds and Natures ſtrife,
And is a part of order and of life.
Ver. 'Tis out of order without Nature's call.
Art. It were the ſame if accident paid all.
We have no right in time to come, no more
Than we had title to the time before.
Ver. Yet to my life ſome pity ſhou'd be ſhown,
(*Verginia's* life) though you deſpiſe your own.
Art. Reviving comfort from that Name is ſent;
And though my---fainting---life---is almoſt ſpent,
It baits upon your Name, and then----goes on;
But 'tis ſo tir'd it cannot---travel---long. [*Sinks.*

Ver. Oh! [*Starts up a little.*

Art. I cou'd have ſmil'd at loſs of life and Crowns
But at the loſs of you I---die---in frowns. [*Dies*

Ver. Oh, do not leave me thus; for pity ſtay
A little.---'Twas but juſt now he went away;
I have not ſince had time to ſhed a tear;
And yet the diſtance does the ſame appear
As if h' ad been a thouſand years from me.
Time takes no meaſure in Eternity. [*Weeps over him.*

Enter Herſilia *with the Fellow that went off with her.*

Clau. This is th'unhappy place, and there the wretched object.
---Now, your promis'd pardon.

Her. Go, and live honeſt.—— [*Exit.*

Oh my *Tiridates*,---ſpeak but one word. [*runs and kneels by him*
He's gone for ever;---has he not left his Sword [*She riſes.*
To help me after?---Ha!---who's that appears [*Sees* Verginia.
Like me in griefs, ſo drown'd in hopeleſs tears?

Ver. ---Ha!---my Siſter *Herſilia!* She will prevent my death,
Unleſs I quickly counterfeit ſome way
To deceive her, and my own life betray.

Her. 'Tis ſhe;----Ah, poor *Verginia*!-----
Who's this who in his blood thus weltring lies,
Mourn'd like a Lover by thy tender eyes?

Ver. 'Twas one made me concern'd I know not how;
But all is paſt, for he is nothing now;
So we are told we muſt account the dead;
And tears are waſted when for nothing ſhed.

Her. Alas, you do but think that you have lov'd:
Juſt ſo when Heaven, by ſome trouble mov'd,
Unto ſome tender place its flames deſigns,
It ſeems to burn, becauſe the Lightning ſhines;
But when 'tis gone, after its ſwift retreat,
It's left, like you, without a flame or heat.
Do but look on, and ſee me take my leave
Of my dead Love, and you muſt learn to grieve.
[*She goes to kneel by her Love.*

Ver. 'Tis life that muſt to griefs their being give;
And ſhe that learns to grieve muſt learn to live. [*goes to* Artab.
Come,---lend me your Sword, that I may find my heart,
It keeps me now from you:--Sure it will ſmart; [*tries the point.*
---Yet---all's but death,---by Nature,---Sword, or Flame;
But we find choice in that which is the ſame;
And when the Gods our life ſeems to deny,
'Tis kind to let us chuſe which way to die.
---Why d'ye hold your Sword ſo faſt? let go: [*Tries to get the Sword.*
This does not like your Love but Courage ſhew.

I have

I have been told, and do believe it true,
Love out-lives death, which courage needs not do.
----Let go.
Her. Stay----I had forgot to take my leave of her, [*She riſes.*
'Tis juſt that nature ſhou'd ſome ſhare receive,
Since ſhe in death for ever takes her leave.
----Ha,----poor girle, what art thou doing there? [*Sees* Ver.
Do not conceal thy Love, nor hide a tear. *by* Artab.
Ver. Nothing indeed, I only look'd to ſee
Why the dead gave the living miſery;
I fancy'd Death ſome horror did expreſs,
It rather ſeems to promiſe quietneſs.
Her. In ſorrows death's ſecureſt payment lies,
But youth like thine, untouch'd with miſeries;
As if it hop'd to ſcape and never pay,
Puts off the Creditor from day to day.
Ver. In grief the moſt ill husbandry's expreſt,
It makes us poor with paying intereſt;
I've heard ſome Romans at a chearful Feaſt
Invited Death to come and be a Gueſt:
What wond'rous act can you with ſorrow do,
Not to be equall'd with a chearful brow?
Her. You may be one day touch'd with miſery,
Sorrow will teach you then to think of me:
Farewel *Verginia*, theſe for thee I ſhed,
All my laſt tears are due unto the dead. [*She goes to* Tirldates.
Ver. O quickly now let go your Sword,---Unkinde,
Why do you make me ſtay ſo long behinde?
Indeed I ſhall not finde which way you went,
Yet Arrows ſwifteſt fly from Bowes moſt bent.
----Let go,----thank ye----I cou'd afford to pay
A thouſand thanks; but that I cannot ſtay, [*She gets the Sword.*
My Love's in haſte, yet not one tear ſhall move,
I will no more be childiſh in my love.
----*Herſilia*----Siſter.—— [*She ſtarts up.*
Her. ----Ha----
Ver. Pray ſee, you have good ſkill in grief you ſay,
Does any look in all this face betray
Sorrow within? can you the leaſt deſcry?
See how I ſmile----and now----ſee how I dye. [*kills her ſelf.*
Her. Thou haſt indeed deceived me, thy brave fate
I will not poorly praiſe, but imitate;
In every thing, I'le fall as thou haſt dy'd,
And take my reſt by my dead Lovers ſide. [*kills her ſelf.*

Enter Emilius *with his followers, bringing in* Sulpitius.

Emil. Come Monſter, ſhew me the place

Of

Ver. Oh! [*Starts up a little.*

Art. I cou'd have ſmil'd at loſs of life and Crowns
But at the loſs of you I---die---in frowns. [*Dies*

Ver. Oh, do not leave me thus; for pity ſtay
A little.---'Twas but juſt now he went away;
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Ver. Pray ſee, you have good ſkill in grief you ſay,
Does any look in all this face betray
Sorrow within ? can you the leaſt deſcry ?
See how I ſmile----and now----ſee how I dye. [*kills her ſelf.*
Her. Thou haſt indeed deceived me, thy brave fate
I will not poorly praiſe, but imitate ;
In every thing, I'le fall as thou haſt dy'd,
And take my reſt by my dead Lovers ſide. [*kills her ſelf.*

Enter Emilius *with his followers, bringing in* Sulpitius.

Emil. Come Monſter, ſhew me the place

Of

Of all thy miſchiefs and my miſery.
Sulp. By all theſe ſigns of Death here it ſhou'd be.
Emil. Ha,---*Herſilia* dead, and poor *Verginia!*
----Where ſhall my griefs begin!
Death like a Froſt on a too early Spring
Stole on thy bloſſoms.----Monſter, come and ſee
What heaps of ruine thou haſt rais'd for me.
Sulp. Ruines for you? trifles:----there, gaze on mine;
----The love-----
Of forty thouſand Fathers that can whine
Their ſorrows out, make but a formal ſhew,
Short of a Lovers grief. Let me but go,
And I will ſhew you why.
Emil. Hold, keep him faſt:
What wou'dſt thou do?
Sulp. Since all the miſchief's paſt,
I might be truſted now---I wou'd dye there
Between them too: Thoſe Lovers lie too near,
I fancy they enjoy each other,
For all they are as cold as cakes of Ice;
That I might dye but once, or kill him twice.
Emil. One wiſh be ſure thou ſhalt obtain, for I
Endure to live only to ſee thee dye.
Sulp. We are at laſt agreed it ſeems----Come---
Lend me a Sword then.
Emil. Monſter, thou ſhalt bleed
By juſtice only.
Sulp. O, I underſtand you, you mean
Thrown down from the *Tarpeian* Rock; if you ſhou'd ſee
My tumble, pray do not leap after me:
Troth it may ſpoil your whining.
Emil. Stop his vile breath,
Till the infection is remov'd by death.
Farewel *Herſilia*,----and farewel my ſweet *Verginia*,
I'le firſt revenge your deaths, and then I'le dye;
So, though I take my lerve, my eyes are dry;
Sorrow for ſuch a loſs too mean appears,
Griefs were a Romans ſhame expreſt in tears.
The world ſhall weep for me when ever Fame
Does but relate the *Veſtal-Virgins* name.

FINIS.

Juſt as the laſt Words were ſpoke Mr *Lacy* enter'd and ſpoke the *EPILOGUE.*

BY your leave Gentlemen.-----
After a ſad and diſmal Tragedy
I do ſuppoſe that few expected me;
But when I ſaw things grow ſo Tragical,
I thought the Poet wou'd have kill'd us all;
And craftily perhaps, ſo to prevent
An Epilogue when all his Wit was ſpent:
Beſides, having been once a Poet, it does breed
A fooliſh Itch to ſee how others ſpeed.
We Poets have had ill ſucceſs of late,
But what you call our Faults, we call our Fate.
I have rais'd a Scheme, and finde that Poets are
Damn'd with the Influence of the Blazing-Star.
Here has been Rhime good ſtore, and very fit,
For well made noiſe ſometimes has paſt for Wit.
-----'Twou'd make you ſmile.------
To ſee what confus'd faces Poets make,
This walks about, and cryes 'twill never take:
There's not one word of Mirth, nor Shew, nor Dance;
A Man of Farce thought I may then advance;
For I had promis'd, and I think you know it,
A proper Crown for the next dulleſt Poet.
Your Judgement is deſir'd, and pray be free,
Whether this ſhall be Crown'd by you or me.

Thus it was Acted the Comical way; the Alteration beginning in ACT IV. *towards the latter end, after these words,*

Sarah Page 210 Harriott

——————And injur'd Love——————

Sulp. Come Madam, flythe sight of what you hate;
If he pursue us stop him with his fate.

Ser. She call'd me Monster, and implor'd their aid;
Hersilia or her Virtue is betray'd.
Slaves, let me pass.

1. ——————————Stop, or we'l make you stay.

Sert. When 'tis deny'd I use to force my way.

[*They fight, he kills one*; Marcellina *enters and takes up his Sword and kills another*; *the rest fly.*

Sert. How like a helping Deity you prove!
At once your pow'r has given Life and Love.

Mar. What Love *Sertorius*?

Sert. ——————That which was due
Once to *Hersilia*, is now so to you.

Mar. Take heed; for though this passion seems to be
A gratitude, 'tis still inconstancie.

Sert. If Love admits a change, though it does grow
From Virtue, will the change a Vice still shew?

Mar. I fear it must; for Constancy's above
All other Virtues that belong to Love.

Sert. If virtue meerly dwells in Constancy,
By that strange rule then all mankind shou'd be
Firm to the error which they first embrac'd;
For error is no more than Love ill plac'd.

Mar. By this large rule, if ever you confess
Your Love ill plac'd, 'tis just to love me less:
If Love to those that most oblige is due,
Fortune disposes of your Love, not you.

Sert. In Loves adventures Fortune busie shews;
But 'tis not she, but you, the Love bestows.
What diff'rence in this Argument is shewn,
To shake my Love, and to confirm your own!

Mar. Mine is the same, and never can be less.

Sert. Yours will enough secure my happiness.
Come Fairest, let us thus pursue our Friends;
Where you begin to help, misfortune ends.
Thus as you are appear a Deity,
Like an arm'd *Pallas* crown'd with Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Exit ACT IV.

In ACT V. *the Alteration begins at theſe Words.* Page 224

Cor. Am I thus paid!—— — Stay, Sir,
If it muſt be done, I will not for a little ſqueamiſhneſs
Loſe my Rewards at laſt.
Mut. O, I thought you wou'd repent.
Ver. This is a ſtrange Religion to be taught,
To ſhew repentance but for one good thought.
Mut. Well then, you are reſolv'd?
Cor. I'le do't, Sir, as unconcern'd
As you are to command it.
Mut. Take her away, and inſtantly about it.
Ver. The Gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears meaſur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Veteran.

Vet. Sir, *Titus* brings word,
He ſaw *Sulpitius* with a Woman
By *Numas* Grove; his haſte ſhew'd ſome diſorder.
Mut. What luck is this, thus to be call'd away!
I wou'd have made a little longer ſtay;
But I'le haſte back.-----It muſt not be delaid;
For ought I know *Sulpitius* may want aid.
No thought I have but comes clogg'd with a doubt:
When ever buſie man does but ſtep out
From his own uſual track, he does confer
More power on Fortune than belong'd to her. [*Exit.*

The Scene opens, and Corbulo *appears buſie heating his Irons.*

Enter Mutius *peeping.*

Mut. O, I am ſatisfi'd.------When thou haſt done,
My beſt *Corbulo*, turn him out alone,
To wander up and down in his own night,
And let him ſeek his way without his ſight. [*Exit.*
Cor. He was jealous ſure. Now to my buſineſs.
Within there, *Titus*; go fetch the Priſ'ner, and then [*Ent.* Titus.
Wait at the Gate that opens on the *Tiber*,
And ſtir not till I call; 'tis *Mutius* Orders.
Tit. ----Well, we know it. *Exit.*

Titus

Titus *goes out, and fetches in* Artabaces.

Cor. Come, Sir, are you ready?
Art. For what?
Cor. For darkneſs.
Art. ——————Hadſt thou ſaid for death,
T' had been more gentle: I'le not waſte my breath
To ask for pity; bleſs but my laſt ſight,
To let *Verginia* come and ſay, Good-night.
Cor. Time's precious.
Art. Miſchief was ne're ſo haſty bu 'twou'd ſtay
If dying men ask'd a ſhort time to pray:
So in the midſt of all your Cruelties,
Allow me this devotion of my eyes.
Cor. Well, ſuch a ſmall Requeſt I'le not deny.
Art. Then I forgive thy former Treachery. [*Exit* Corbulo.
I've copied fair *Verginia's* eyes within;
Perhaps it wants a little finiſhing;
My laſt looks in my heart will perfect all,
And make the Copy ſerve th' Original.

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia; Corbulo *goes to his Irons.*

Forgive me, Sacred Virgin, if my eyes
Begg'd their laſt looks might be your Legacies.
Ver. What do you mean! what is he doing there?
What horrid inſtruments does he prepare?
Art. Such as muſt rob me always of your ſight,
And without death bring a perpetual night.
-----O do not weep!------
I ſeem to ſhrink under the load of fate,
Not as 'tis mine, but as it proves your weight.
Ver. My fears for you as kind and grateful are,
Leſt in your ſuff'rings I ſhou'd want a ſhare:
My grief ſeems great for want of miſeries;
I ſhou'd not weep if I might loſe my eyes.
Art. O do not grieve! ſee for your ſake I'le prove
Injurious to my ſelf, more to my Love:
To make your ſorrow prove the leſs for me,
Know that you love your Countries Enemy,
Th' unfortunate *Armenian* Prince, that ſtrove
Againſt all *Roman* Conqueſts but your Love.
Ver. 'Tis no concern to love whate're to me,
Becauſe y' ave been my Countries Enemy;
Shou'd therefore my uninjur'd love decline?
I fear it hardly wou'd had you been mine.
Art. Yet think my Love's grown to a ſad exceſs,

When its own greatneſs makes me wiſh yours leſs.
Cor. Come, are you ready?
Art. ——————Yes, for miſeries.
Cor. Here are hot Looking-glaſſes for your eyes.
Ver. Before your own let 'um true Mirrors ſtand.
And ſhew how death ſtays bluſhing in your hand.
Cor. My Irons cool.
Ver. ——————What gentleneſs they ſhew!
They from forc'd heats to cooler natures grow.
Art. Fortune and Intereſt are diſpoſers grown
Of men, they have no natures of their own.
Fair Veſtal, let your ſacred hand receive
This kiſs as pure as they; and when you finde
My eyes are ſunk in darkneſs, be ſo kinde
As but to tell me if it can be true,
That I have only loſt my eyes, not you.
Ver. My eyes ſhall ſtill be yours, when you have none;
But if you apprehend when yours are gone,
Some other object may my heart encline,
I'le beg him if you will to burn out mine.
Cor. Come, I muſt ſtay no longer:----If you dare----
Art. Yes, exquiſite Villain, I can ſtare
On death in any ſhape.
Cor. ——————Then gaze on this;
'Twill make brave muſick when you hear it hiſs; [*Puts his Irons*
What ſay you, does it ſound unpleaſantly? *in the water.*
Ver. What does he mean?
Cor. ——————I'le tell you inſtantly:
Stay, I muſt fetch another Inſtrument. [*Exit* Corbulo.
Art. His miſchief varies only, not intent;
Unleſs he means a gentle death to give,
That with my life my torments may not live.

Enter Corbulo *with a Sword.*

Cor. See how you're both miſtaken: Here,
I bring you fate to give, and not to bear.
Here, Sir, at once receive this Sword, and mine;
Thus to your Fortunes all my own I joyn.
Art. I have ſeen ſudden ſtarts to miſchief grow;
But turns to good are uſually more ſlow.
Cor. What, do you wonder at this change in me!
Needs Courage arm'd admit ſuch jealouſie?
Follow me quickly, while the Coaſt is clear;
To ſtay or wonder wou'd be faults like fear.
Art. Forgive me, *Corbulo*;
And ſince thou doſt reſolve to ſhare in mine,
My gratitude will make my Fortunes thine.

----O

-----O my *Virginia*,-------
My joys like men in crowds preſs out ſo faſt,
They ſtop by their own numbers and their haſte.
Ver. I fear diſeaſes may this health purſue;
For ſudden Fortune has relapſes too.
Art. Baniſh theſe fears; againſt the Plagues of Fate,
A Sword and Courage is a ſure Receipt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitius *with* Claudius, *bringing in* Herſilia.

Her. Stay, what d' you mean? or whither ſhou'd we fly?
There's ſomthing in all this like treachery:
Take heed leſt I ſuſpect ſome ill deſign.
Sul. Suſpition will be more your fau't than mine.

Enter Tiridates.

Her. Ha, *Tiridates!* O Villain!
Tir. Look here, falſe man, and ſee thy death purſue.
Sul. Death will as ſoon be ſent from me as you.
Hold her faſt *Claudius*, that ſhe now may ſee
Whoſe due her Conqueſt proves by Victory.
Tir. 'Tis brave thy Courage ſeems from Juſtice ſent,
To make thee ſtay and meet thy puniſhment.
Sul. Is there a better or worſe Cauſe in Love,
Where all their Titles by their Paſſion prove?
Loves Thrones by Conqueſt only are made good,
Like Empire where there is no claim in Blood.

Enter Mutius.

Mut. How's this? *Sulpitius*, ſtay thy Sword, for thine
Muſt ne're engage without the help of mine.
Sul. Stay *Mutius*, do not ſo injurious be,
As to deprive my Love of Victory.
Look on that Sun, whoſe power's not leſs great,
Since ſhe as well diſpoſes life and heat.
Rob me not of my hopes while ſhe ſtands by;
Love hovering ſeems to wait a Victory.
Tir. Not all your Swords can ſo ſucceſful prove;
Though they may reach my life, they can't her love.
Mut. Diſpatch him Sir; I have much more to ſay;
Though your love does, mine will not brook delay.
Sulp. Thine *Mutius*! then Love has pow'r I ſee.
Her. *Sulpitius* hold, or be my enemy,
Beyond the pow'r of Mercy to forgive.

Mut.

Mut. Come, come, we trifle Sir, he muſt not live.
-----Ha!----

Enter Artabaces, *with* Verginia *and* Corbulo.

Art. Whate're this foul play means, juſtice does guide,
Where *Mutius* is, my Sword to t'other ſide.
Sir, you ſeem to want---- What miſt does riſe!
Or has not *Corbulo* put out my eyes,
And I gaze on my Brother, as I uſe to do,
Within my mind! Pray ſpeak Sir, who are you?
Tir. Your happy Brother, dear *Artabaces*,
And ſtill the ſame in all things but my joy;
Fortune ſeems now grown weary to deſtroy.
Mut. Ha! my Priſ'ner by that treacherous Slave ſet free!
Art. What do you ſtare----
Mut.——————O, It ſeems you can ſee.
Look there *Sulpitius*, nothing leſs divine
Than that cou'd charm a heart ſo rough as mine.
Theſe are our Rivals too; juſt Fortune draws
Our Swords together in an equal Cauſe.
Art. Now know, fierce *Mutius*, though no cauſe can be
So great as Love to make an Enemy;
Yet to raiſe up thy horror to a height,
Armenias Prince is ſent to bring thy fate.
Thou cruel man, that didſt attempt to prove
The ruine of my Country and my Love,
Now thou ſhalt ſee whe're Conqueſt be thy due,
And without numbers what thy Sword can do.
Her. Sulpitius, hold; obey me yet at laſt,
And I'le forgive all thy offences paſt.
Sulp. While I am arm'd I ſcorn ſo mean to prove;
You may forgive when I repent my love.
Tir. We trifle time.
Art.——————*Corbulo*, that charge is thine.
Cor. Kind Fate provides another Sword for mine.
Art. Now, idle Fortune, modeſtly ſtand by,
And let juſt Love diſpoſe of Victory.

They fight, Mutius *falls, and* Sulpitius *ſtands ſtaggering.*

Tir. Now *Sulpitius*, to whom's *Herſilia* due?
Sul. Wou'd ſhe were ſo to any one but you.
Uſe your advantage to th' unfortunate;
Honor is cruel that denies a fate.
Muſt I fall thus, and in *Herſilias* ſight?
I ſtand to talk, that cannot go to fight. [*Falls.*
Tir. Sulpitius live;

As

As thou wert once my Friend, my Friend ſtill prove.
Sulp. That life thou giv'ſt is death unto my Love.
Herſilia, now I beg your cruelty;
I want no help to live, but ſome to die.
Art. Brave man! I pity his ungentle fate;
I wou'd have none that love unfortunate.
-----Come *Tiridates*,———
How trembling after Victory we go,
To pay Devotions which to Love we owe!
Fortune at laſt ſeems kind in her deſigns,
To bring our Victory before our Shrines.
Tir. Ah Brother, I am ſtill unfortunate,
Not leſs by Honour now than once by Fate.
Art. What's this!
Tir. Faireſt *Herſilia*, can you pity me,
Not for your own but Honours cruelty?
I muſt not ſpeak of Love; yet though her ties
Bind up my tongue, I thus may uſe my eyes.
Art. Fair Veſtal,
Though Fortune now at laſt ſeems kind to me,
Without you ſmile 'tis uſeleſs Victory.
Ver. My joys muſt always wait on your ſucceſs,
Since they take being from your happineſs.
I beg now to return from whence I came;
And there while I attend the Sacred Flame,
My true concerns for you ſhall never ceaſe,
And pray for yours while I enjoy my peace.
Art. Will you forſake me now, and be leſs kind,
Than you once promis'd if I had been blind?
I had been happier then by miſeries:
Now I loſe you, that had but loſt my eyes.
Ver. Then you did need my help, now you are free:
Does Love exceed the uſe of Charity?
Art. Yet let not Charity your Love exceed;
But grant me Almes as long as I have need.
Ver. Alas, the World is full of ſtorms I find;
I wou'd return for ſhelter to my mind.
Come, dear *Herſilia*, which way muſt we go?
Ah me! why do you look upon me ſo?
At once I weep and tremble too; my tears
Spring without grief, and without cauſe my fears.

Enter Sertorius *and* Marcellina.

Sert. Look, *Marcellina*, ſee what Heaven beſtows,
As a full recompence of all your woes.-----
Mar. *Herſillia* and *Verginia*!
Let me embrace you both, leſt I ſhou'd wrong

My

My love, which elſe wou'd ſtay from one too long.
Her. Dear *Marcellina*, joy ſeems perfect now:
Nor Love nor Fortune gives it without you.
Tir. Sertorius!-----
I now demand my freedom from your Sword;
In ſpight of torments I have kept my word,
And ſilently endur'd my Miſeries,
Though all the while wrack'd by *Herſilia's* eyes.
Sert. To ſuch ſtrict Honour all rewards are due;
All I once hop'd I now reſign to you.
Here, fair *Herſilia*, may you as happy prove
In his, as I in *Marcellina's* Love.
Tir. How all my happineſs together flows,
If with *Herſilia's* Love your Friendſhip grows!
Her. If I deny it wou'd ingrateful ſhew;
I give not Love, but pay you what I owe.
Sert. How, *Mutius* and *Sulpitius* too!
Dead both together!
Sul. ——————No, wou'd it were true;
Mutius you ſee has better luck than I,
He's quiet, paſt the ſenſe of miſery.
Sert. By whom fell *Mutius?*
Art. ——————By th' unfortunate;
One that came here to fetch not bring a fate:
While *Tiridates* liv'd and was not free,
I bluſh'd at my own life and liberty;
Hither I come either or both to pay,
But loſt my freedom by another way.
'Tis I, *Armenias* wretched Prince, whom yet
Rome wants to make her Victory compleat:
Let *Tiridates* live, and let me find
But a ſwift death, and *Rome's* as great as kind.
Tir. Sertorius, if your Friendſhip can extend
To love *Romes* Enemy, becauſe my Friend,
No Conqueſt that you ever gain'd before
Can exceed this, or will become you more.
Sert. Dear *Tiridates*, were he not to you
So lov'd a Brother, to his worth were due
All that you ask; 'tis more than Victory
Thus to embrace ſo brave an Enemy.
Art. You *Romans* all the World ſure muſt obey,
Since you know how to Conquer every way.
Tir. Permit me, fair *Herſilia*, to preſent
Him whoſe dear loſs I did ſo long lament.
Ver. If for my ſake you can more love beſtow,
My life and honour unto him I owe.
Her. Either of theſe are ties enough to prove
Strict Bonds, not Motives to oblige my love.

Mar.

Mar. My debts, Sir, and *Herſilia's* are the ſame.
Art. You oblige one has nothing but a Name.
My heart, though not o'recome by miſeries,
I loſt a Conqueſt to *Verginia's* eyes.
While I was mis'rable ſhe did expreſs
Concerns like Love, but they are all grown leſs;
For ſhe will now forſake the World and me.
Good Gods, give me again my miſery.
Dear *Corbulo*, repent, and make me blind;
For when I'me wretched ſhe'l again be kind.
Ver. What have I done, that you ſhou'd tempt your Fate,
And beg the Gods to be unfortunate?
Art. Did you not ſay you wou'd forſake me now?
Ver. To go to Heaven, do I fly from you?
There by my pray'rs my love will beſt be try'd;
You ſhall have more than all the world beſide.
Art. It is a ſtrange devotion takes away
The happineſs for which it ſeems to pray.

Enter Emilius *and others.*

Ver. My Father!
Emil. -----Ha, *Herſilia* and *Verginia!*
Does not the fondneſs of my eyes betray!
O let me thus confirm my happineſs,
Till my embraces grow to wearineſs:
My joys encreaſe. Ha! *Marcellina* too!
All Comforts next to them are brought by you.
And ſince *Sertorius* finds his happineſs
In yours, to *Tiridates* I'le expreſs
My promis'd care, that he may happy prove,
Like you, in mine and his *Herſilia's* love.
Tir. Thoſe bleſſings that you give are ſuch a ſtore,
I almoſt bluſh that I muſt ask you more.
See, Sir, my long-loſt Brother, that here brought
His life for mine, and his own ruine ſought:
Our Country gave the *Roman* Victories,
Its King's now vanquiſh'd by a *Romans* eyes:
Yet Sir, your pity will like Juſtice ſhew,
To pay a love where ſhe a life does owe.
Ver. I owe him, Sir, my life, I do confeſs,
And mean to pay him more than love, not leſs:
I wou'd return and ſee the World no more,
And there for him unwearied Heaven implore.
Emil. No, dear *Verginia*, ſuch a piety
That robs me of thy ſight, were guilt in thee.
Nor need you fear, brave Prince, your own ſucceſs;
Our gratitude enjoyns your happineſs.

Art. Fair Veſtal, ſince you muſt no more return
To thoſe, pity the flames that in me burn.
You ſhall for ever have a Veſtals Name,
And like them always keep alive a flame.

Ver. Since 'tis my Fathers pleaſure that I ſtay,
'Tis you that make me willing to obey.
Preſs me no more, till I by time may prove
In yours as well inſtructed as my love.

Art. That breath all my misfortunes blows away;
The loſs of Scepters Love can over-pay.

Sert. Brave Sir, y'ave loſt no Crown; for you ſhall find
A Prince that loves the Conqueſt of the Mind;
The great *Auguſtus*, whoſe bright Nature brings
More ſurer Conqueſt than his Sword or Kings.
Take up that wretched Man, that nothing may
Hang heavy on the joys of this bright day:
He's ſtill my Brother, and may yet repent;
A hopeleſs Love muſt be his puniſhment.
How all our Joys are ſet in foils of Woes!
As after Darkneſs Light the brighter ſhews,
So from our Sorrows all our Joys encreaſe,
And unto Love *Rome* owes a Friend and Peace.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE Spoken by Mr *Lacy*, who is ſuppos'd to enter as intending to ſpeak the Epilogue for the Tragedy.

BY your leave Gentleme-------How! what do I ſee!
How! all alive! Then there's no uſe for me.
'Troth, I rejoyce you are reviv'd agen;
And ſo farewel, good living Gentlemen.
1. *Nay* Mr Lacy. La. *What won'd you have with me?*
I can't ſpeak Epilogues ex tempore:
The Poet has done craftily to day;
H'as ſpoild my Epilogue, perhaps his Play;
H'as cur'd 'um all; a very pretty prank!
And from a Poet turn'd a Mountebank.
Well,---If nothing pleaſes but Variety,
I'le turn Rageu *into a Tragedy.*
When Lacy, *like a whining Lover, dies,*
Though you hate Tragedies 'twill wet your eyes.
Letters of Marque *are granted every where,*
And one Prize-Office *is kept always here:*
All that are Phlegmatick are Enemies,
Which makes Poets and Dutchmen *certain Prize.*
All that I wiſh is that the Dutch *may fight*
With as ill fortune as we Poets write.
I thought to have ſpoke ſomthing of the Play;
But you'l think what you pleaſe, what'ere I ſay.

FINIS.

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